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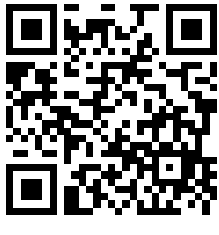

THE CAVALRY JOURNAL

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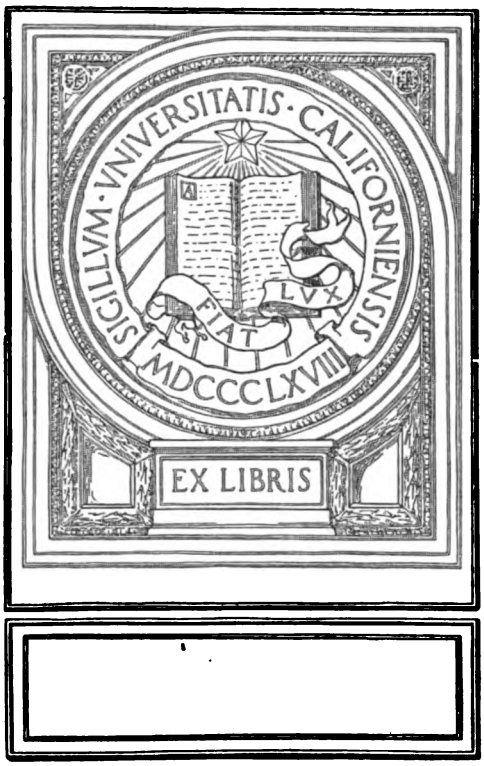

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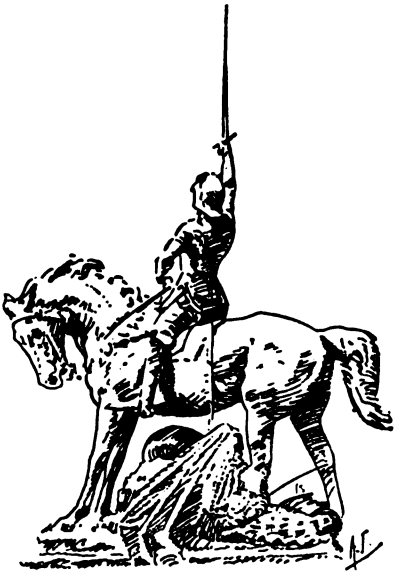

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WITH THE SANCTION OF THE ARMY COUNCIL.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

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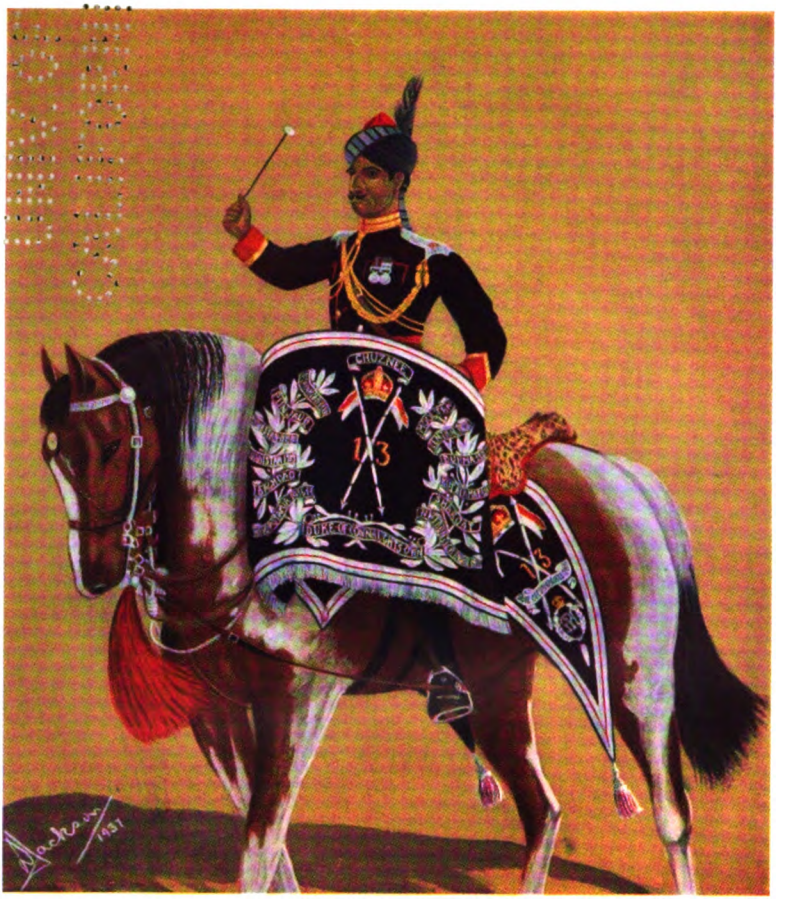

"THE LAST DRUM HORSE OF INDIA"

The 13th Duke of Connaught's Own Lancers are the only Indian cavalry regiment to maintain a band; the two or three others existing in 1914 not having survived the Great War. The 13th have done this since 1846. Now that the unit has been mechanized the mounted band disappears —a pity. A very high standard of musical efficiency had been reached under a British bandmaster, the musicians coming from the ranks no special enlistments being permitted.

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OF INDIA.

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

HORSED AND MECHANIZED

JANUARY, 1939

EDITORIAL.

It is rather difficult to find very much to write about in this Editorial.

Those responsible for the Journal, are anxious to keep it up-to-date, and to make it not only interesting and amusing, but also mildly instructive.

There is no difficulty in obtaining articles about cavalry in the past, but it is not easy to get articles about the present mechanized cavalry, and about the future.

Readers, however, must not be too impatient. Rome was not built in a day, and the tremendous change in the cavalry is still too recent for its Journal to tackle in an informative manner.

The Editor hopes, however, that anyone who reads the Journal, and has any ideas will send them to him in the form of an article and if suitable it will be published, and incidentally paid for, at a very low rate.

It is also hoped that readers will send letters, both criticising the articles which have appeared, the Journal as a whole, and suggesting any improvement.

The Journal is produced to please officers and other ranks of the Cavalry both past and present, and those responsible for it hope for their co-operation.

EDITOR.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor, THE CAVALRY JOURNAL.

Dear Sir,—In the October number of the CAVALRY JOURNAL, under the heading "Some Cavalry Honours and Distinctions," on p. 571, the extra Drum Horse of the 3rd Hussars is mentioned, but not the fact that the 5th Lancers had won a similar distinction.

Again the Greys were not the only regiment to win the distinction of wearing the Grenadier cap. This was also won by the 5th, and in addition "Hochstätt" on the guidon.

Yours faithfully,

October 23rd, 1938. B. GRANVILLE BAKER.

To the Editor, THE CAVALRY JOURNAL.

Dear Sir,—I read the article by Captain Hitchcock entitled "Germany of To-day" and note in the final paragraph the writer states: "Whilst a section of the English Press was publishing reports against Germany mainly due to non-Aryan influence, etc."

I would be interested to know what proof the writer has that non-Aryan influence played any part in publishing reports against Germany in the English press.

I feel sure the CAVALRY JOURNAL is frequently read in German Cavalry Officers' messes, etc., and I feel it most unfair that statements of the kind made by Captain Hitchcock should go unchallenged.

Though a non-Aryan myself I feel that the treatment accorded to Jews by Germany is one of the chief obstacles which prevents England and Germany having the relationship which I and practically every other Britisher would like to see and which we all hope will arise out of the recent efforts of the Prime Minister.

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I submit that statements such as Captain Hitchcock's give a false impression of the British press to German officers in particular and to the German public in general.

Yours faithfully,

J. SEBAG MONTEFIORE,

October 10th, 1938. Late 21st Lancers.

To the Editor, THE CAVALRY JOURNAL.

Sir,—In a note at the end of my article on "The Hanoverian Cavalry" in the July Journal, I wrote:—

> "In the 1914 German Army List, under the *Hanoverian Army Corps*, appear 2 Dragoon, 1 Hussar and 1 Uhlan Regiment. Only one of these, the Konigs Uhlanen carried any Battle Honours. As this regiment bore Peninsula—Garcia Hernandez—Waterloo, it must claim descent from the Garde du Corps and the Guard Cuirassiers of 1866, and ultimately from the Heavy Dragoons raised by the Duke of Cambridge at Weymouth in 1803."

In the October Journal, Colonel Ryan writes:—

> "In a most interesting article on the Hanoverian Cavalry in the July Journal, Major Teichman says that only one cavalry regiment of the pre-War German Army is recorded as having any battle honours derived from the former Hanoverian Cavalry."

Colonel Ryan then goes on to prove that there were three other Cavalry regiments which displayed K.G.L. Battle Honours.

If he had read *and* copied my words correctly, he would have realised that I stressed the Hanoverian Army Corps, because only one of the old Hanoverian Cavalry regiments of the K.G.L., was perpetuated in this Corps. Two of the regiments which he mentions were in the Metz and the third in the Altona Army Corps.

OSKAR TEICHMAN.

October 12th, 1938.

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THE MECHANIZED INDIAN CAVALRY.

"The 13th Duke of Connaught's Own Lancers."

"The Scinde Horse (14th Prince of Wales' Own Cavalry)."

By "INVICTA."

ALTHOUGH the recent experiences on the North-west Frontier of India had shown the armoured fighting vehicle to be an essential factor towards success, it was not thought that any Indian cavalry formations would be motorized quite so soon. Simla had certainly been toying with the idea, but finance seemed to the onlooker to present an effective obstacle; while the Indian cavalry re-organization of 1937 gave no inkling of any near future contemplated change. Later it was announced that certain British cavalry units would be mechanized at speed—a proceeding made possible by grants from the British Exchequer. No mention was made concerning the future of Indian cavalry; but following debates in the Central Legislature it was evident that the blow would fall, but upon whom there could only be guesses during the cold weather of 1937-38. The secret was well kept and not until the morning of the 15th March, 1938, did disclosure come.

That day the Commandants of the two regiments selected received private letters from the Commander-in-Chief conveying his personal decision. The choice, His Excellency said, had been his own, and had been largely actuated by the knowledge that

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THE LAST MOUNTED PARADE OF THE SCINDE HORSE
Rawalpindi, April 14th, 1938

Marching past before H.E. General SIR ROBERT CASSELLS, G.C.B., etc., Commander-in-Chief in India—himself an old Bombay Lancer. Shorn of the glamour of full-dress and martial music, the parade ended upon a poignant note—"Make much of your horses."

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he could rely upon the whole-hearted co-operation of the units to carry on the high traditions of loyalty and efficiency both in peace and war which had been built up during so many years of distinguished service with the aid of their horses, the parting with which could not be anything but one of sadness. Sir Robert Cassels visited both regiments taking from them their last salute as mounted units during April, 1938.

Both the regiments are descended from the old Bombay Army, the 13th being the Commander-in-Chief's own corps. Both are composed of classes—Pathans, Sikhs and Ranghurs (Moslem Rajputs)—which have an aptitude for mechanical talent, certainly the Sikhs; and this may have had something to do with the decision. Both were in the field army, stationed at Jullundur and Rawalpindi. One in future will be based on Peshawar with a detachment in Waziristan; the other for the time being at Sialkot where a training depot for both will be established, and where a British mechanized cavalry regiment is also cantoned.

The loss of horses which are such a help to officers to keep themselves fit during the long and trying Indian summer, has been very generously dealt with by the Defence Department. Each officer will be allowed one charger, and the unit an additional fifty per cent., for the number of officers on the peace establishment. Special rates have also been laid down for the purchase of horses from the Remount Department.

In the Indian Army prior to the war of 1914-20 there were—excluding the household troops of the Viceroy and the three Presidency Governors—thirty-nine cavalry regiments. An extra six were raised for the war. All save three—the old Madras Cavalry—were on the "silladar" basis. The post-war economies decreed a reduction to twenty-one together with a fifty per cent. cut in the pre-war establishment totals of personnel. To effect this amalgamation rather than disbandment became the policy, and the thirty-six paired regiments were required to produce one regiment each to be upon an establishment and organization much akin to that of British cavalry. Three regiments, the two oldest in the service and the only descendants

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extant of the cavalry of Eyre Coote and Wellesley, now the 7th and 16th, as well as the Cavalry of the Corps of Guides were left undisturbed as separate entities, but nevertheless to conform to the new system. The new regiments were to be numbered from 1 to 21. But such are the peculiarities of India that the new numbering was not delegated in order of precedence of regiments, and thus the 13th Lancers and the 14th Scinde Horse take their places on parade as the sixth and eighth regiments of the cavalry of the Line. As will have been seen both are combinations of two regiments each of which possessed long and proud histories.

The forbears of the 13th were originally formed from the old Bombay Squadron raised for service under Lord Lake, which from 1805 took part in many engagements with the armies of the Mahratta confederacies, including the gallant but unsuccessful siege of the Jat citadel of Bhurtpore. The squadron was divided in 1817 and from two existing troops were formed the nucleus of two regiments, the 1st and 2nd Bombay Light Cavalry which after many changes of title were finally in 1903 numbered the 31st and 32nd Lancers under the re-organization scheme of Lord Kitchener.

Both units saw constant service in Sind, Gujerat and Kathiawar during the early consolidation of the Bombay Presidency. The 1st and part of the 2nd were in the Grand Army of Sir John Keane which invaded Afghanistan in 1839 in pursuance of Lord Auckland's policy of placing a weakling ruler whom no subject wanted upon a throne he had been unable to keep. After storming Ghuznee the army reached Kabul, Shah Sujah was installed, and the Bombay troops returned to their peace stations while a Bengal army remained in occupation of Afghanistan.

The difficulties of keeping intact the communications with the Bengal brigade stationed in Southern Afghanistan led to the formation of the Scinde Horse. Sind, to use the modern spelling, was a wilderness except in a few places where there was water; the climate, save for the three winter months, one of extreme heat; the wild Baluch inhabitants were adepts at raiding and not afraid of combat either with sword or matchlock, their

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weapons being superior to those of the troops. During 1839 molestation by these marauders had so increased that a special force to deal with them became a necessity. And so with the Cutch Levy of the Poona Horse then detached for duty in Sind as a nucleus, were raised at Hyderabad the Scinde Irregular Horse.

Border disturbances increased as a result of the reverses in Afghanistan of 1841, and so to the command of the new corps was posted that famous figure of western Indian history, John Jacob of the Bombay Artillery. Jacob's policy was to strike hard and first, and his boundless energy soon produced the desired result. The Corps were of course more armed police than anything else, and until they were mobilized for service in the Sind campaign they had never paraded as a regiment, nor had the men trained or drilled together in formations larger than a troop. The active service and the hard life in the Sind Desert had made them a tough lot and Sir Charles Napier—the Commander-in-Chief—described them as " picturesque fellows very like stage banditti."

Meanee, the first action of the war, was a desperate encounter, the victory only being obtained through the great dash of the Bengal Light Cavalry and the Scinde Horse, the latter capturing the enemy's principal standard, one surmounted by a silver hand which they still carry on occasions of ceremonial.

While the Mirs of Sind submitted to the conqueror, the people did not and another brisk battle followed at Hyderabad. The cavalry thinking the enemy to be in retreat when they were in fact reinforcing their flank, charged at anything but the technical moment, nevertheless with astounding results, for the enemy fled, to be pursued for miles. The leader, Sher Mohammed, however got away, but after a constant hunt for three months fell eventually to the Scinde troopers. For their services, following the East India Company's custom of the time, the regiment received an Honorary Standard.

Jacob's methods and the labour of his corps so impressed the superior authorities, that a further regiment was ordered to be raised which was also to be under his command. This second

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regiment was formed by splitting the first and filling up with recruits. The ranks all came from Hindustan proper, Muslims predominating. Jacob had strong views anent the recruitment of local tribesmen—he himself was a man of intense prejudices. He considered Sikhs inferior soldiers. This was no doubt due to the unattractiveness of service in Sind to the best classes from the Punjab—in fact the place was the most unpopular in all India with soldiers in general. Jacobabad then headquarters of the Scinde Horse is the hottest spot in the King-Emperor's domain.

Before the two regiments were ready for service Upper Sind again reached a state of chaos owing to the inactivity of the small parties of regular troops shut up in mud forts. The climax came when some fifteen hundred Baluch raided the frontier and the regular cavalry regiment sent in pursuit shirked engaging them. The Scinde Horse were at once ordered up and Jacob placed in charge. A different system was now evolved; troops were kept on the move, the forts abolished, and an effective intelligence scheme introduced. Peace of a kind at last reigned.

The men of the Scinde Horse at this time wore olive green coats and red turbans, the officers silver helmets—a most unsuitable kit. But no one seems to have suffered and the silver helmets were worn until 1882. The Corps had no wheeled transport; two men shared a camel or a pony. Each horse carried a water bag under his belly. Within twelve hours they could parade and be on the move for a long campaign. The Bombay Light Cavalry wore in the early days French grey, and later green. The present full-dress of both corps is similar to that shown in the illustration, blue with scarlet facings.

The 1st Bombay Light Cavalry, and a composite regiment of the Scinde Horse shared in the second Sikh War, the former remaining at Multan after the siege, the latter going on to join Gough and fight at Gujrat and in the pursuit of the Afghan Horse to the Khyber. It was to the Scindians that the Khalsa chieftains made their final surrender at Rawalpindi.

The 1st Scinde Horse formed part of the cavalry sent to Persia in 1857. No serious fighting came their way, but after the fall

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of Mohammerah a detachment of 45 landed and pursued two thousand of the Shah's cavalry and several of his infantry battalions for several miles and completed the rout.

In the Great Mutiny all the four regiments were unaffected, although the Scinde Horse were recruited from districts where disaffection was at its worst. Both regiments which now comprise the 13th were in nearly all the operations of the Central Indian campaign that followed. Lieutenant (afterward General Sir James) Blair of the 2nd won a Victoria Cross. The 1st Scinde Horse also engaged in the same operations on their return from Persia. The 2nd Scinde Horse remained on the Frontier where raiding encouraged by tales of loot available on the Gangetic plain had again broken out.

Late in 1857 a 3rd Regiment of Scinde Horse came into being. This unit did very well in the Mutiny campaign, as well as in Abyssinia ten years later. But some authorities hold that they did not do so well in the long operations of the second Afghan War. Be that as it may two squadrons when surprised at dismounted inspection at Khush-i-Nakhud, managed to saddle-up, charge, and rout 1,500 of the enemy. Much too, has been said about the disaster to the Bombay troops at Maiwand in which the 3rd Scinde Horse were also involved. But it must be fairly admitted that the cavalry were hopelessly mis-managed by their Brigadier who, though personally a very brave man, was an infantryman of long service in the police. And if orders and counter-orders follow willy-nilly to troops who have sat motionless on their horses under galling fire for over five hours the fatal muddle that occurred was inevitable. A dastardly Jemadar may have arrived at Kandahar with the tale that he was all that was left; but we had similar experiences during the walk back from Mons in 1914. There does not seem to have been any lack of bravery on the part of the men for nine Indian Orders of Merit, the highest decoration for valour then earnable by the sowar, were distributed among the 220 ranks present.

In the other major operations of the war no Bombay troops were engaged, but the 2nd Bombay Light Cavalry as well as the other two regiments of the Scinde Horse were all employed on

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the lines of communication or the adjacent frontiers during the campaign.

The usual economies that follow costly wars caused the disbandment of the 3rd Scinde Horse in 1882; while in the renumbering of 1885 the title of Scinde Horse ceased to be borne by the other two, they becoming the 5th and 6th Bombay Cavalry (Jacob-ka-Rissalah). The sub-titles were, however, eventually changed to Scinde Horse for the 5th and Jacob's Horse for the 6th, the changes of 1903 adding 30 to those numbers.

We must now go back. The 1st Bombay Cavalry became Lancers in 1880 two years after their return from the Mediterranean where Disraeli had despatched Indian troops as a demonstration to Russia of the military resources of Britain. As Lancers they fought in a campaign unsuitable for cavalry during the " mopping up " of Burma in 1885-87. They also went overseas to Suakin for an arduous six months in 1896 in an attempt to draw off Osman Digna while Kitchener operated in the Nile valley. But the Dervish chief failed to oblige General Egerton's Indian Brigade and so no major service enlivened their time.

Nothing of note occurred to any of the Corps until February, 1915, found Jacob's Horse waist-deep in water in the Festubert trenches. From thence they were engaged with the Indian Cavalry Corps and now bear honours for the Somme, Morval, and Cambrai. The regimental title was always a source of confusion to their British comrades and they were at first humourously mistaken for a Hebrew unit of the New Army. It was not the appropriateness of their name which caused them to depart for Palestine, but the *en bloc* transfer of their Corps to Allenby's command for the greatest cavalry drive in history. In the nineteen-day three-hundred-mile ride over the stony and barren " promised land " only forty horses went sick out of their five hundred—the average weight to the mount being seventeen stone.

The North-west Frontier claimed the 31st Lancers for the whole of the Great War, and the following affair with the Amir Amanullah who mistakenly thought that all real soldiers had left India.

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The 32nd Lancers remained a draft-finding unit until the autumn of 1916 when exigencies sent them to Mesopotamia as corps cavalry. A detachment led personally by the Commandant achieved great fame in India through a gallant, if wild, charge at Istabulat. Riding straight at the enemy trenches they reached their object to the distress of the defenders. Artillery support failed, however; the enemy rallied, and the affair became a minor Balaclava with all of the officers and almost all of the men becoming casualties. Although a failure it was of material assistance in creating a diversion at a critical moment, and will be for ever recorded as an outstandingly gallant effort in the annals of Indian Cavalry.

The Scinde Horse left India in 1920 to see considerable action, mounted and dismounted, in the Arab rising in the new Iraq. The 32nd Lancers also served in the same operations with great distinction. In one action when without water and with only very little ammunition they resisted for three days an enveloping force of Kurds several thousands strong.

For many years the 31st Lancers were the only Indian cavalry to enlist Mahrattas, a full squadron of which existed from 1862 right up to the amalgamation. Mahrattas are very much attached to their homes and do not readily enlist in the army unless obliged to do so by lack of funds. The " silladar " system did not thus suit their characteristics since they obviously could not produce the capital sum required to purchase a horse and a share in the regimental funds, consequently they usually joined the infantry. The 31st, however, continued to enlist them when other regiments ceased to do so by means of a Mahratta Fund which produced the necessary capital on loan. Mahrattas now no longer form part of the Indian cavalry organization and thus has disappeared the last trace of the old famous Mahratta Horse.

The original standards of the Bombay Light Cavalry are still preserved. One the " Kala Baba " the blue or royal standard carries a superstition that its presence in battle brought success to the regimental arms; while the other is of great interest since from whichever edge it is flown the devices are either upside down or reversed. The reason for this curious emblazonment is

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unknown and all attempts to solve the puzzle have failed.

The connection of the 13th with the Duke of Connaught who is Colonel-in-Chief goes back to 1890 when H.R.H. commanded the Bombay Army and became Colonel of the 1st Bombay Lancers who received the title " Duke of Connaught's Own." The Scinde Horse became " The Prince of Wales' Own " in 1922, the present Duke of Windsor being the Colonel-in-Chief from then until his abdication.

And now both regiments continue their traditions in their new and important duties as the precursors of the modernization of the Indian Army. One happy in the thought that their old comrade so selected them; the other remembering that Sir Charles Napier described them as his old advanced guard—a compliment that gave them their regimental trumpet call, the old " Advanced Guard " of the Bombay Army—and that as the mind of General John Jacob was considerably in advance of the age in which he lived, he would have welcomed the orders which have made his old corps the advanced guard of Indian cavalry mechanization.

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THE ODYSSEY OF A CAVALRY OFFICER

By Lieut.-Colonel Ardern Beaman, D.S.O.

CHAPTER I.

I had always wanted to be a soldier, a cavalry soldier, and, if it could possibly be managed, a Bengal Lancer. Accordingly, in the opening term of 1904, I found myself—not without some pride—a fully-fledged Gentleman-Cadet at the Royal Military College.

Generally speaking boys who went to Sandhurst straight from school in those days liked it, while those who came from crammers did not. To the former it offered a life of wider freedom; to the latter, a toilsome round of discipline and irksome restraints. On arrival I found myself faced by a reversal of all the old values. Rugby, where I had been, was an austere school, strong in the Arnold tradition of "muscular Christianity." The tone of Sandhurst, at that now far distant time of which I write, was anything but austere. The great event of the week was the arrival of "The Pink 'Un" and "The Winning Post" on Saturday mornings. Our heroes were no longer the members of the XV and XI—if anything these were mildly despised—but the fellow who could pose as a *blasé* man of the world, knowing all there was to know about wine and women and horses, and all the rest of it. Those who could impose most successfully on our credulity in these respects, were our new demi-gods. It was the epoch of Georgie Grossmith, and a certain air of *blasé-ness* was *de rigueur*.

Very likely, apart from the crammer element, this tone was largely due to reaction from the puritanical discipline of the public schools, which was then far more rigid than in these enlightened days.

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On my first day, before I had grasped the importance of being *blasé*, a Senior said to me:

"Aren't you fed up with this b—— hole?"

"No," I said ingenuously—for had I not been sweating away for months in the Army Class with the express purpose of getting there? He gave me a look of contempt and turned away.

Though no doubt I would have died rather than admit it while I was there, I may confess, now, in my dotage, with life's ambitions far behind me, that I thoroughly enjoyed Sandhurst. The old royal palace with its wide lawns and islet-studded lakes set in the heart of deep woodland, and redolent of the great names and traditions of the Army, was in itself a remarkably pleasant place. The work, most of it out of doors, riding, shooting, map-making, tactics, engineering, were things that no ordinary boy could help enjoying. Added to all that there was excellent food, congenial companions, and variety enough of voluntary games and sports to satisfy every taste.

My father had put me on a generous allowance, so that I enjoyed an unusual feeling of affluence, and could occasionally hire an old screw to go out hunting with the Garth or the Staff College drag. Our Company Officers were first-rate men. One of them, who had the dullest subjects to teach us, Law and Administration, I especially admired. He was then a young captain, Tim Harington by name, of the 8th King's, with a brand new D.S.O. from South Africa. Much I owed to his influence, not least the fact that on half-holidays when there was a football or cricket match, he would whisper a word in the ear of our Company Commander, so that I could play—instead of doing my usual "extra drill" on the defaulters' square.

As a schoolboy I had looked forward to the time when I could sit up as long as I liked. That time had come at Sandhurst, but scarcely was dinner over before most of us, dog-tired from the strenuous out-of-doors work, tumbled straight into bed, sometimes falling asleep before we could get our clothes off. Only one shadow hung over the early weeks. The Fly Walk. Across the roof of the gymnasium ran a narrow plank without handrails, over which every new Gentleman-Cadet would be required to

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walk. Blood-curdling tales were told about it; how fellows had clung shrieking to the ladder leading up to it, or had lain down flat on the plank itself, overcome by the height and unable to move, until Sergeant-Instructors had gone up and let them down with ropes; and how one cadet had actually fallen off and killed the instructor who had arched his back on the floor below to receive the impact. Whether there was any truth in these legends, I do not know. Many of us regarded it every day with uneasy anticipation. Not having much head for heights, and fearful of making a fool of myself when the time came, I used to go down to the gymnasium every evening, climb up a rope on to this wretched Fly Walk, and do a few steps along it at a time, gradually increasing the distance, till, when the day of the ordeal arrived, I found it was a very simple matter after all.

I remember one glorious day of sunshine when I looked over the grounds and lake from the window of the room which I shared, in cubicles, with two other fellows, feeling a little ecstasy of well-being, and thinking, "What a wonderful place—what a wonderful life!"

One of my room companions, Cyril Newall, played football and worked hard, for he wanted to get into the Gurkhas, and the competition for the Indian Army at that time was very keen. He became one of the pioneers of flying before the War, and is now something very exalted in the Royal Air Force. The other, Somerset (that is not his real name), was much older than we were—nearly twenty-one, whereas we were barely seventeen—a great big, knock-kneed, puffy-faced fellow, experienced in pretty well every form of dissipation. After years of various crammers he had at last managed to scrape in as a cavalry candidate, of which there was such a scarcity just then, that they had only to qualify in the entrance examination, without any competition for vacancies. He was utterly lazy and dissolute, he did no work, played no games, but went off directly after parade to loaf about in the neighbouring towns. We often had great difficulty with buckets of cold water to get him sober enough to appear on parade. There was, however, something very likeable about him. He got through a year of his idle course with-

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out mishap; then Newall and I managed to persuade him to do some work. Incredibly, he really did set to, and started "swotting" away level with us. Unfortunately, half-way through the term the authorities decided to do something unusual. They passed out, prematurely, two marquesses into the Blues, and they sacked a few wasters, of whom poor Somerset was one. Joining up immediately on the outbreak of the War, he was quickly wounded, and taken prisoner. Clearly he was not born under a military star.

Discipline, as I have said, was extremely strict: but it has always been the British genius to find some form of expression for its collective sense of liberty. If we became bored by a bad or too long a sermon in chapel, we used suddenly to start rattling our bayonets against the pews, making such a deafening din that the preacher had to stop at once. Nothing the authorities could do ever succeeded in stopping this practice. A thought occurs to me now, as I write, that perhaps they sympathized! We were, however, scrupulously fair-minded, and never resorted to this sabotage unless the preacher's performance most obviously demanded it. There was another form of protest, rare and more serious, which only occurred when the College laboured under some sense of real grievance. That was to drag the Crimea cannons from the grand entrance, and run them down into the lake.

There was an excellent bathing lake up in the woods, and we were very properly forbidden to bathe in the big ornamental lake in front of the buildings. However, we often managed to get over this little difficulty by ramming each other in canoes, upsetting, and so having a swim in our flannels.

The military glamour of the South African War still hung freshly over us: many of our officers wore the ribbons of it, though in most cases the medals had not yet arrived. Our training, tactics, word-painting, were for the most part based on the lessons of that campaign. I used to spend a lot of time in the library poring over "The Times Illustrated History" with its pictures of the veldt, bearded Boers, battles, its portraits

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of the distinguished and the fallen, and—fascinatingly gruesome—of corpses on the field.

We used to dream of active service, medals, and distinction. A great French soldier remarked at about that time that the English had been used to fighting savages for so long that they looked on war as a not very dangerous form of sport. So strong was this passion for being under fire, that we used to go and lie down by the red flag behind the ranges, to hear the wide shots humming about and kicking up the dust. In our room, too, Newall or I would sometimes quietly put a soda-water sparklet in the fire to make old Somerset jump. His habits of life naturally made him rather jumpy. One evening we were all three sitting at the table in the middle of the room, working, when I winked at Newall, and presently an explosion occurred. The jagged metal casing of the burst sparklet cut a lane through Somerset's hair and stuck in the cubicle partition behind him. He then indicated in no uncertain terms that this childish amusement must cease.

We had a financial genius in our company. Always hard up, he devised expedients for raising the wind with versatile resource. Sometimes he would borrow a junior's bicycle, presenting him on the following morning with a pawn ticket for it in some distant town. His favourite method, when he found himself without a farthing in the world, was to go round the company raffling a sovereign, which he duly paid the winner out of the proceeds, getting another sovereign or thirty shillings on top. This, I suppose, is the essence of all high finance—selling something you haven't got for more than double its value. Unfortunately a frontier bullet was to prevent him from becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer.

It can be no exaggeration to say that Arthur Crook, our Sergeant-Major, was the unique example of transcendental smartness, both on and off parade. Neither before nor since has any human being approached the same plane. He was the ultimate, the absolute, product of the Guards. Among his manifold duties was that of librarian, and it was characteristic

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of that amazing, handsome, golden-haired, self-educated man that he had read every one of the many thousand books. During his time, Sandhurst had the reputation—and possibly still may have, since the Staff Sergeants are the pick of the Army—of being incomparably the smartest battalion in the Service. There was, however, one bright spark of a cadet who for several weeks worked off on the Sergeant-Major and the Adjutant an elaborately daring and sensational leg-pull. Before breakfast the battalion fell in by companies on the square in front of the buildings. One had to be standing easy in one's place a few minutes before seven o'clock. At one minute to seven, the drum began to roll, whereupon we stood properly at ease, and on the last tap of the drum the battalion sprang as one man to attention, like a perfect piece of mechanism. To be late on parade was a heinous offence; nobody ever risked the public obloquy and raucous uproar of it; if a cadet found himself a bit late in dressing, he either hopefully reported sick, or formed up at the company office after breakfast to take his punishment for absence. But this intrepid spirit had worked out that he could appear on the grand entrance carrying his rifle at the slope at the moment when the drums began to roll, march down the steps, march across the few yards of gravel to his place, go through the four motions of coming down to the "stand at ease" to the exact second before the drum's final peremptory tap, when, in the one perfect rhythm, as it were, he sprang to attention with the whole battalion. Week after week we watched breathlessly this superb piece of audacity, the measured, unhasting march, the precise Guards-like handling of the rifle; and an almost audible sigh of relief went up when it was seen that the timing had been, as ever, exact.

But in such matters military authority is lacking in humour, and Nemesis inevitably fell. A strong body of opinion held that the Sergeant-Major had "played the dirty," had ordered the drummer to shorten the roll by some seconds. Be that as it may, one morning the jester was caught half way down from the slope when the tap for attention sounded. Uproar! The Adjutant roared, the Sergeant-Major roared, Staff Sergeants roared,

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"Take that gentleman's name!"—as though that gentleman's name was not already immortal!

Our Company Sergeant-Instructor, Joey Heathcote, was, too, a great character, and a stirling guide, philosopher and friend to us all. So fond of him were we, that there was not the flicker of an eyelid when, during a stupendous Royal inspection, he desired us to aim at a stately flotilla of swans on the lake, and came out with the order—"*Hat* the doocks, *hon* the pond—rapid fire!"

Our ruling passion, as I have said, was for active service. We therefore followed the Russo-Japanese War with profound interest, but with a certain technical apprehension, realizing that before long that very complicated campaign with its jaw-cracking names would form a subject in our promotion exams. When the Dogger Bank incident occurred, when the ill-starred Russian fleet on its way to annihilation in the Far East, fired in a panic on our fishing smacks, our excitement rose to fever heat. War at last, we thought, with the Russian Bear—that menace which for so long had brooded over our eastern frontiers. The belief prevailed that within six weeks we should all be in arms on the north-west passes of India. But nothing happened.

It is sad to reflect that of those hundreds of men who were there with me, almost all were destined to fall on the field within ten years, in the spring-time of their lives. The photograph album of that period is like a graveyard.

But, untroubled as yet by the impending shadow, those eighteen months at Sandhurst glided happily by. I passed happy days playing cricket amid the glamour and importance of salmon-and-shandy lunches in marquees or in regimental messes. At the end of the final term I had the satisfaction of being among the Mounted Company for the fortnight's camp, and rode off on the two day's march to Tidworth in the highest spirits; and when the lists were published, I had managed to get a decent place for the Indian Army.

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CHAPTER II.

The Line.

His Majesty's Troopship *Assaye* sailed from Southampton on the 6th September. In those days, I suppose, the departure of a troopship for the East was rather a pathetic affair, for the terms of service with the colours were much longer; enteric, cholera, smallpox, had not been so far overcome by science as they have now, and the death-rate among young Europeans in India was high.

It was a grey, drizzly day; the bell sounded for relations and friends to leave the ship; a light infantry captain near me wept aloud while his wife maternally patted his cheek (years afterwards I met them in India, together again and happy; but he was killed in the first week of the war). A little group of people stood on the quay waving handkerchiefs. On an upper deck the band of the 17th Lancers, whom we had on board, played "Auld Lang Syne" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me." An old soldier on the quay, who had come to see somebody off, shouted, "Now, boys, give 'em a cheer!" There rose a quavering, rather thrcaty cheer, to which we responded more heartily—then we began to slide away into the grey mists, and the fluttering handkerchiefs grew dim and dimmer behind us.

Just below me a young trooper of Lancers stood blubbering over the rail. A burly sergeant came up and clapped him on the back.

"What are you cryin' for, me lad?"

"Thinkin' of 'ome, Sergeant!"

"'Ome? Good gawd, you'll never see 'ome again!"

Whereupon the youngster swiped his eyes with his sleeve and cheered up quite happily.

Personally, I was fortunate enough to be spared all such emotions. I had been born in India, my parents were there, my mind was filled with stories about it, it had always been the Mecca of my desires, the land of romance and war, the paradise of every kind of sport. And now I had great possessions—sword, revolver, guns, rifle, a beautiful pair of Zeiss glasses

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(which were stolen at the first race meeting I went to). My father had promised me a couple of polo ponies when I arrived. Whereas others were leaving home behind them, I felt that I had started for the Promised Land.

I wore the star of a second lieutenant, I had important duties to perform, such as orderly officer and officer of the watch. In the former capacity one formed part of the long procession which accompanied the Captain and the officer commanding the troops on their daily inspection of the ship. Senior officers used to talk of the pampered condition of the troops compared with the filth and squalor of the old troopships of their early days, the *Malabar*, etc. Yet I suppose the conditions of to-day have advanced a great deal further from the *Assaye* than those of the *Assaye* at that time had improved on the old *Malabar*. For, heaven knows, they were wretched enough; often, when going the rounds as orderly officer I used to be hard put to it not to be sick—the heat, the stench, the vomit, the animal-like herding of the troop decks.

Yet the men seemed cheerful and contented; more so, perhaps, than they are to-day, when their condition has been so much bettered. They still belonged to the authentic line of Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd.

Horrible things often happened in the Red Sea. One sweltering evening after dinner a steward rushed up on deck, stark naked, and jumped overboard, immediately to be torn to pieces by sharks. An officer also went mad. As Orderly Officer, I remember the procession standing around and staring at him bound down to his cot in the sick bay, while he raved wildly about lions roaring in Somaliland.

When, after glimpses of many strange lands, we at last reached Bombay, nearly all the officers went to the new, up-to-date, palatial Taj Mahal Hotel. It was so hot that I slept all the afternoon, and we played billiards till dinner. I remember remarking that this was a prosaic way to spend our first day among the novelties of the East. After dinner a party of us climbed rather noisily into a rickety *ghari* with a poor bag of skin and bones between the shafts, and went for a drive around the town. I will not pretend to record my first impressions of

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the great oriental city, because I do not now remember them clearly. I imagine they were tinged with a sense of repulsion, possibly of half-fear, for something strange and teeming and hostile, something incalculable, which I could never hope quite to understand. Multitudes of people slept on the pavements outside their shops or houses, stretched out stark under white sheets with their outlines showing, which gave the effect of streets lined with sheeted corpses.

On the following day I left in the little British India mail boat *Linga* to join the 24th Regiment at Karachi. This journey, the greater part of it along the coast line, was wholly enjoyable. The wonderful blue of that sea, flecked with white sails; the silhouettes of the land—palm and sand and minarets of mosques, and temple domes, outlined against the red sunsets—the dhow-like *bandar*-boats that swarmed around our ship when we anchored off some little port; those deserts behind that green fringe of vegetation where lions still roamed; the land of "Ranji", of romantic Rajahs—all this stirring, colourful panorama completely satisfied my notion of what India ought to be.

There are few places for which I came to have a stronger affection than Karachi; yet, at first sight, nothing more depressing could be imagined—the long drive from the harbour between dreary sand and mud flats, the scarcely less dreary cantonment on the fringe of the desert, the monotonous flatness.

Having heard a good deal on the troopship about the cavalier and contemptuous manner in which officers on the Unattached List for Indian Army were treated by the British Regiments to which they were attached, I drove up to the orderly room in a state of considerable apprehension.

This regiment was a particularly distinguished one of the quieter sort. From what I had heard, I did not expect much consideration at its hands. I resolved to set my teeth and get through the year as best I could, until I really belonged to a regiment of my own. Nevertheless, if I had, now, to pick out the happiest year in my life, that one in Karachi would not come very far from the top of the list. At once I found myself in an atmosphere which I perfectly understood; namely that of my old

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school. If one transgressed, one caught it hot and strong, without any mincing of words; if one tried, did one's work keenly, one got no praise, but somehow one's path became very pleasant; every now and then it would be intimated gruffly, that one might take a few days' leave to go off shooting. To play cricket and football and hockey, to box with the men, to compete keenly with other companies on the rifle range, to help carry the rifles of the weaker men towards the end of a long march over the desert, to out-manœuvre another company at tactical exercises; these things, which were all great fun, were actually counted as virtue. In this sound, quiet, proud regiment I never saw any distinction made between attached officers and its own. If an attached officer slacked, loafed, drank or "poodle-faked", he came in for a very bad time; if one of their own officers followed such a course, he did not remain long in the regiment. On the other hand, if an attached officer played the game according to their standards, they saw to it that in due course he was gazetted into a first-rate Indian regiment.

In some regiments austerity was carried to an absurd length. I dined once with a famous fighting regiment of the line in which no subaltern was allowed to speak until spoken to by a senior. Promotion had been slow. At the time, the senior subaltern had nearly thirteen years' service, was a middle-aged man of thirty-two, but there he had to sit, silent, until spoken to, like a child at the nursery table. Although the 24th Regiment was undoubtedly austere, the tone of its mess was a warm and glowing cheerfulness, no more repression being imposed on the youngsters than that of the ordinary good manners of the period in the presence of their elders—in fact the tone was very much that of a big country house-party in the pre-war days. Indeed, it was easy enough to show this little conventional respect to the seniors, for without exception we loved them all.

I lived with five other subalterns of the 24th in a bare barrack of a bungalow with a little slab of cracked, sun-baked mud in front for garden. It, the bungalow, was facetiously called "The Cheese" because it was teeming with us mites. One of my fellow mites died of enteric shortly after my arrival; most of

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the others were killed in the early days of the war, as, indeed were almost all the officers of the Regiment.

Before I had been there long, a difficult problem confronted me. The bearer (native servant) of one of the other fellows came into my room and said, " Sahib, my Sahib told me to call him at 5.30—but he didn't come to bed till 6. I am a poor man, what am I to do? "

Not quite nineteen, and fairly started in the world! Words can hardly describe the delight and glamour of that first year. On my first Sunday I went with a picnic party, riding on camels across the desert, to a place called Mangha Pir, which consisted of a pool of sacred crocodiles and a leper colony. The poor lepers swarmed around us, begging, while we had tea, gruesome remnants of humanity, like " The Beggars' Ballet " in *Hassan*.

Karachi, so dull and dreary of aspect on the surface, provided us with a variety of entertainment. We played cricket against the Gymkhana, the Parsees, the Borahs, the Hindu and Islamia Colleges. There was a flourishing rowing club on one of the creeks with some challenge cups for annual competition, all of which we managed to win, for we had some keen and skilful oars from Eton and Radley.

There was a pack of hounds mastered by a wealthy young merchant; there was, of course, polo, on a baked mud ground where the dust rose so thick that you could hardly see the other players, much less the ball.There was, for those who cared for it, a golf course, near the polo ground and on the same kind of dusty *pat*—the amenities of the game being heightened by the fact that one had to be preceded by a caddy carrying a gun to drive off the kites, which would swoop down and fly off with the ball. There was sea fishing off the harbour. There was sailing of many sorts in the harbour and among the endless ramifications of creeks.

One could hire a *bandar*-boat with its native crew and take the tiller oneself. On rough Sunday afternoons in the monsoon it used to amuse us to see how far out towards the open sea we could go before the crew struck, and demanded to go about again. And there were cutters and tom-tits. A friend of mine in the Indian Marine owned a cutter, in which I often went sailing

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with him, filling the humble but important rôle of ballast. We sometimes used to throw out a net, hauling in a strange assortment of creatures, including, once, a poisonous yellow sea snake, which made us skip in a lively fashion about the boat.

In the evenings, after the day's work and exercise were done, nearly everybody would go to the club to hear the band and to talk to the ladies or gossip at the bar according to individual taste. As, however, the hour before dinner was about the only time I had to work for the Hindustani examination which had to be passed for the Indian Army, I did not see much of the club life at that period.

Where every hour, almost every minute, seemed wonderful in this first unfolding of responsible life, it is difficult to pick out the more significant moments. Time marched with a glorious slowness, as is always the way when life is crowded with separate events; it is only when the days are monotonous and dull, each precisely like the previous one, as in the up-country hot weather, that they telescope together and have no existence in time. On Thursdays—a holiday instituted by Lord Roberts for the army in India—we used to go out shooting in the neighbourhood on camels—after quail in the crops, black partridges in the scrub of the jungle, and imperial sand grouse by the water pools of the desert, where these noble birds came to drink in the mornings and evenings. And three afternoons a week we played polo.

By dint of not drinking or smoking, except one glass of port to the King's health on guest nights, I was able to take part in all these recreations. There were some very wealthy officers in the 24th, but most of us had an allowance of about £200, and on this, with strict economy, one could do quite well. My father also gave me the promised ponies. What warming of the heart the memories of the first polo pony evoke! He was an old, old, grey Arab, wise beyond description, called "Moushir," who had been a famous tournament player in his day. He was chosen for me with as great care, earnestness and thought as if he were costing three hundred guineas instead of three hundred rupees, by the Polo Committee of the 24th, in conjunction with their star player who had just gone up to Simla as A.D.C. to the Viceroy.

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The subaltern's pony—what a life he led in those times! What would the Trade Union leaders of to-day say about his hours! At dawn he carried his master off to the rifle range or on a tactical scheme. Three afternoons a week he played polo. Two days a week he went hunting. Seven evenings a week he either carried or drew his master in a buggy to the club; and whenever his master happened to be dining out, he performed a similar service. He never had time to be sick or sorry, and he was always of a reverend age.

It is possible that a lucky rejoinder of mine during an unpleasant little incident which received some notoriety, may have had something to do with the wonderfully good time I enjoyed in the Regiment. The feeling between the military and the large community of young business men in Karachi was not always very cordial. Some of the young "box-wallahs," as the merchants were called, imagining that they were looked down on, used to sneer at the soldiers as "gilded popinjays" and brainless half-wits. One evening after I had been a few months with the Regiment, I was changing in the crowded dressing-room of the boat club, when a haughty young merchant began to speak slightingly about the 24th.

"Hi! steady on," I said.

"Oh, I didn't mean you," he answered. "You don't belong to the 24th—you're only attached."

"Yes," I said, "but I'm very much attached," and invited him to come and settle the matter outside, behind the club house.

A vulgar little incident, but it somehow got round to the seniors of the Regiment, and though it was never mentioned to me, I heard long afterwards that it had pleased them.

Perhaps it caused them to take a lenient view of another little incident, less creditable to me, which happened at about the same time.

There had recently arrived in Karachi a girl of such distinguished attractiveness that the whole of Western India was in love with her—oddly enough, the women too. And, of course, myself among the legion. Good Friday came. The officer who had been detailed in orders to march the Roman Catholics to

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church was cursing heartily, for they had a three hours' service, and their church was miles away. I had been detailed to march the Wesleyans, and aware that this girl, Mary, was a Roman Catholic, I offered to change with him. At an unearthly hour I marched blithely away. But while for three blissful hours I sat beside her in a thick atmosphere of incense, grim things were happening on the parade ground. For some reason or other the Colonel decided to go over to the office. Crossing the square, he saw the Wesleyans fallen in on parade, patiently waiting. He looked at his watch; it was nearly three-quarters of an hour after the time that they should have started. He sent for the Adjutant. Who had been detailed to march the Wesleyans?

The other wretched fellow had overslept, and next morning I found myself "on the mat" for his crime, unable to make any excuse. Still, I decided, it had been worth it.

During the winter I enjoyed an experience of an unusual kind. The Prince and Princess of Wales (later Their Majesties King George V and Queen Mary) were making a tour of India. They were to spend a few days in Karachi, from where they would sail for home. I was sent to Government House as an extra A.D.C. for the tremendous occasion. There I had a glimpse of the machinery, the cares and harassments that go on behind the staging of these great spectacular functions. Before this Royal Tour, Government House had remained in much the same state as it has been in the days of Napier, the conqueror and first British Administrator of Sind. Now, very hurriedly, improvements had to be made, including the installation of electric light and marble baths. It was a desperate race against time. On the evening before the arrival, the P.W.D. officer in charge of these works was able to lift an immense load off everybody's mind by announcing that all at last was ready. We assembled in the ballroom to celebrate the event with a little ceremony. We stood with champagne glasses in our hands, ready to drink the P.W.D. officer's health, and success to the visit. He turned on the switch that was, dramatically, to flood the whole building with light. Nothing happened. No light came. The haggard faces in that ballroom! After some hours, however, he managed

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to set matters right. The lighting gave no further trouble. But an even greater agony of mind soon fell upon us. On the evening of the first day, when the Princess had gone up to her room to dress for dinner; when we again stood in the ballroom, figuratively mopping the sweat of the day off our brows, the P.W.D. officer rushed in, in a state bordering on nervous breakdown, and made a terrifying announcement. "I forgot to allow for the Princess's weight!" he groaned.

Putting baths with safety into such a rickety old building had been a matter of the nicest and most anxious calculation. He had considered the weight of the marble, the water, the taps, everything in fact, in relation to the strength of the structure, except that one vital factor. The crowds of guests for the banquet began to arrive; we smiled, made pleasant conversation, but who can describe the feelings with which we kept glancing up at the ceiling, expecting any moment to see Her Royal Highness arrive through the floor in her bath.

Scarcely was that agony of suspense over before we found ourselves in another situation of extreme embarrassment. The band of the 24th played during the banquet, out on the veranda. When the Royal Toast was given, and we stood with raised glasses, waiting for the National Anthem—nothing happened. An awful silence. We stood and stood, everybody wretchedly feeling that some frightful blunder had occurred.

When this long silence became intolerable, I took courage to slip out from my place at the bottom of the table, near the veranda, and tell the bandmaster to get on with it. The explanation was simple enough. On our guest nights, the mess president at the head of the table, would propose, "Mr. Vice—the King!"—whereupon the Vice-President, at the other end of the able, would say, "Gentlemen, the King!"—then the band would begin to play, and the toast be drunk. On this occasion the bandmaster had been waiting, according to the regimental custom, for Mr. Vice's proposal, but of course there was no Mr. Vice at a Royal banquet of that kind. The talented young bandmaster by the way, was Mr. Ansell, now so well-known to wireless listeners.

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Except for these few stresses and anxieties, the Royal visit proved an enjoyable time for me. There was all the pomp and glamour of driving among resplendent personages to the great parades, to the inspections of civic institutions, buildings, the harbour, and so on. There were the great State balls, banquets, and levées at Government House, the brilliant medley of uniforms, the gardens and fountains illuminated like a fairy-land. There was the pride and importance of receiving Mary, my Roman Catholic friend, at the portals as more or less one of the Royal party, thereby going up one, temporarily, on an officer of Jacob's Horse, whose handsome person and gorgeous uniform threatened to put him in the position of favourite. Mary, among her galaxy of attractive qualities, possessed a lovely voice, and on most nights was commanded to sing after dinner.

After the Royal departure, everything seemed rather flat for a while. Then, what seemed in those peaceful days, a rather horrible incident occurred. Our company was out at training camp by an oasis some miles away in the desert. It was glorious fun, the skipper and another subaltern and I, and a section of R.F.A., living in tents among the palm trees in a perimetre camp, just like real war, and the great long breakers booming on the shore to the west. One day a small party of details marched out to us from headquarters under one of the most sporting and popular sergeants in the Regiment. The party arrived, but under a corporal—the sergeant was missing. How he came to be missing, how he strayed from the others, strangely, I do not know. I don't think I ever did know; there was some mystery about it. For two days we scoured the desert for him, and then his body was found, swollen and black. I rode in to Karachi to attend the funeral. I know of scarcely anything more melancholy than a cemetery or a funeral in India—usually in some drear waste spot outside cantonments where the jackals nose about and fill the night with their maniac wailing. The Karachi graveyard, far out in the desert, was if possible, more dreary than most. An air of tragic mystery and depression surrounded the proceedings: the long, slow march out with arms reversed,

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to the dirge of the Dead March; the procession from the gate, where the chaplain met the cortège; the solemn words, as we grouped around the open grave. And then a little incident which somehow emphasized the gloom of the occasion. After the coffin had been lowered, one of the bearer party, a strapping young lance-sergeant, fainted and fell into the grave. It was with difficulty that he was extricated. Then the three stacatto vollies rapped out—the harrowing strains of the "Last Post"; then, in a manner more depressing than all, the jaunty march back to barracks to the quickstep of gay ragtime airs. My first military funeral. Soon one became callous, for during the trooping season a great number of men from the rest camps used to die, and we subalterns of the 24th were detailed in turn to take their burials.

Manœuvres quickly dispelled this air of gloom. These were on a large scale. We marched away into the desert, troops of many kinds, Indian cavalry, gunners, the magnificent Baluch infantry, followed by endless lines of transport on mules or camels. Our battles in that grim and desolate country, which might have been beyond the edge of the world; this mingling of races and corps under conditions similar to those of real war; the breath-taking thrill of seeing our battery take a steep *nulla* at full gallop; the dinner, the astonishing dinner, we hungry youngsters ate in an atmosphere of the highest spirits and camaraderie before we turned into our bivouacs under the stars—all these made up an experience of hitherto unexampled glamour and interest. Luckily for me the battalion scouting officer having gone down with fever, I was appointed in his place. Night after night I used to be out with picked men, searching for the enemy, or watching his movements, till, towards the end, I fell down on the desert and slept, narrowly escaping being taken prisoner. If I had been warned that I should have been shot if I did such a thing, I could not have helped it. After about a week of those nights, nothing on earth could have kept me awake. Indeed, boys of about nineteen cannot go very long without sleep. During the training season, it is no uncommon thing in a regimental mess to see half a dozen or more youngsters asleep at the

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table while dinner is going on; nor for them to go to bed on a Wednesday or a Saturday night and sleep the clock round till the Friday or Monday morning.

It used to seem to me that during the hot weather (not so much in Karachi, where the climate was mild, but in hotter places), the life of the men must have been a Hades. Work being over by breakfast time, they lay the whole long Indian day on their cots, on thick mattresses in their dreary ovens of barrack rooms, sweating and scratching prickly heat, till at about six in the evening they would turn out to play hockey or football, with the temperature standing at about 100, in a heat which at home would make people faint at the idea of cricket or tennis, much less those violent winter games. They had no sort of social life, nothing to break the monotony of that sweltering round, except the canteen at night. Small wonder that there were sometimes suicides, shooting of comrades for slight intangible reason, or, at the least, moodiness and quarrelling.

Yet the unaccountable thing was that the men liked the hot weather in the plains. The women, children, and a proportion of the men, went up every summer to the cool and pleasant air of the hills, but the majority of the men would do their utmost to remain below. It seemed that they preferred the inanimate leisure of the latter to the brisk routine of musketry and parades that went on in the hills. An incalculable fellow, the Thomas Atkins of those days.

Events trifling enough, but which seemed very big to me, crowded my final months with the 24th. A friend and I were given ten days' leave to go shooting up country. Off we went by the Quetta night mail with hundreds of cartridges and taking a flying start on the Saturday (our leave dating from the Monday). We made our headquarters in a seldom used *dak* bungalow, situated near some renowned duck and snipe *jheels*—that is to say, reedy fens. Our *shikari*, a gaunt powerful bearded Baluchi, had gone on ahead to make all the plans and to collect the beaters. Every morning we breakfasted by a smoky hurricane lamp, and were jolting along on our camels, many miles on

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the way, when the sun began to rise over the desert. Arrived at a *jheel*, we would either go in boats to our butts which were hidden among the reeds, or if that was impossible, we would be carried to them through the swamp on the naked shoulders of some of the beaters. Then the beaters, in boats, or wading, according to the depth of the water, would begin their *honking*, and soon every sort of duck would be coming over. Nowhere in the world is there better duck shooting than in Sind; famous crack shots used to come out from England especially for it. Moving to fresh positions after each drive, we would shoot till lunch time, then having eaten our food, take a nap for about an hour, and resume the sport. A clean right and left at wild duck coming strongly over; to see the birds instantaneously crumple at the impact, to hear the deep resounding " plop " as the bodies struck the water—what a thrill these things gave the youthful slayer!

Towards evening we usually waded round the *jheel's* edge for snipe, in some ways the best part of the day. Then, with the sun setting crimson behind the palm trees, came the long camel ride home. Those desert dawns and sunsets! It would need a poet of high distinction to depict them. Even at that early and material age, they moved me strongly. As we joggled along, and the west turned to a deeper dusky red, and the outlines of things darkened to an inky blackness beneath an indigo sky beginning to sparkle with stars, half-formed thoughts would flutter dimly through my mind concerning the vague, vast mystery of the world, the purposes of life and death—a dreamy revolt against the narrow bounds of existence.

What a meal we ate when we got in! Birds we had shot, and hot *chuppatis*, the native bread, flat circles of baked coarse flour, rather the shape of pancakes. On those Sind *jheels* you could go on shooting as long as you had cartridges, or till your head ached; consequently, in spite of our indifferent shooting, we made enormous bags, which we despatched with great pride every day to the mess, and to ladies who had entertained us in Karachi. Mary must have got very tired of game, since whoever in the garrison was out shooting, always sent her the pick.

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During the next month an incident occurred in which I was the unwitting cause of a military riot. I went up to Quetta in charge of the regimental boxers for the Divisional Tournament. There were two British infantry battalions in Quetta, one of them being next in number to the 24th, recruited from the adjacent territorial area, united to it by close ties of kinship, and which, like the 24th, played "Land of my Fathers" before its regimental march. In the final of the officers' catch weights I met an officer of the other British infantry battalion, a solid Midland county regiment. Our fight proved a very close thing; we floored each other two or three times, and the excitement among the men of these two battalions became intense. When the referee ordered an extra round, the Midland regiment started barracking and booing, for they believed that their man had won, as, indeed, did I. The 23rd, uproariously supporting me, raised a counter clamour, the rest of the huge garrison adding to the din with their shouts for order to get on with the fight. It was some time before order could be restored in the enormous open-air, lamp-lit arena. My opponent and I were so done that we feebly tottered round the ring, occasionally knocking each other down, but each too weak to administer the *coup de grace* when the other staggered up again. This time I was quite sure that I had lost, but they gave me the verdict on points—whereupon pandemonium broke loose, the two regiments instantly flying at each other like Kilkenny cats.

Next morning a drummer boy brought around to my room a couple of front teeth which I had had knocked out in the fight.

With a blemished countenance, it is true, but hugging a large silver cup, I returned to Karachi, confident of Mary's approval; but during my few days' absence, the handsome officer in Jacob's Horse had come out with a spanking tandem, in which he completely monopolized her. I failed to see her for some days; till, in fact, my little triumph had been forgotten.

One day an orderly presented me with a note requiring my immediate presence before the Commanding Officer. Such summonses to a subaltern rarely boded any good; I slung on belt and sword and hurried over to the orderly room in a state of appre-

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hension, searching my mind for recent delinquencies. I kicked up my heels on the veranda outside the holy of holies among the raucous marching in and out of defaulters for about an hour, in an ever increasing trepidation, till at last, with knees shaking, I found myself saluting before the table. The colonel spoke with his customary terse gruffness, seeming to find his subject difficult and distasteful. If, he said, instead of going to the Indian army, I cared to remain with the 24th, he would see to the matter.

Taken completely by surprise, I stammered out my gratitude for the honour; in truth, it seemed to me that no higher honour could have been accorded. I said I would write to ask my father about it at once.

My father willingly gave his consent. The necessary papers in quadruplicate proceeded on their long way to Olympus. Our officer who was A.D.C. to the Viceroy was bidden to put in a word at the proper office in Simla. Nevertheless, I was not altogether happy about this unexpected turn. I honestly believed that there could be nothing on earth so fine and great as the 24th; it presented that living spirit which Kipling has immortally embodied in "The Brushwood Boy" and "Only a Subaltern." When I read the description of the Line Regiment in the latter, it seemed to me as if with uncanny insight he had looked right down into the heart of the 24th. But I wanted to be a cavalryman. I wanted to play polo for England. With emotional feelings I had watched an international rugger match where an old school friend had run superbly down the field, scoring a try amid long-drawn roars of "En-gland!" To perform in that manner before vast crowds; to bring off some brilliant achievement to such roars of "En-gland!" seemed to me at that time the very summit of ambition. And there were other reasons. In those days the Indian army was thought to have the ampler opportunity for active service. The pay was far better. I cherished the illusion, on the very slenderest grounds, that at some dimly remote date, I should marry Mary, a thing which would be impossible, although she had means of her own, on British service pay. Marriage appeared at that time as a roseate but rather fearful contingency of a vaguely

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distant future, belonging, as it were, to the land behind the sunset, and having little relation to the care-free present.

But it seemed inconceivable to me that I could ever marry anyone but Mary. Often, when riding with her, or sitting out at dances, or sailing up the harbour creeks, when at loss for something to say, I used to propose to her, and she used to answer, "Let's be friends,"—at which I would be content to leave it for the present, not without a sense of relief.

One little incident the 24th might not thank me for recording; yet anybody who has had experience of masses of men knows that such panics are as common as they are unaccountable, even among the steadiest troops.

We had been out in the desert for a week or so in training camp, on the vivid green margin of a wide river bed, dry except for a few little channels trickling among the stones and vegetation. It had been, I remember, a delightful time, what with tactical exercises in the mornings, and some excellent black partridge shooting among the scrub after our work—all the more delightful for me, as, owing to the absence of one of the senior officers, I had been temporarily put in command of his company, and carried out the exercises importantly mounted on a grey pony. Our return to Karachi, to the excitement of us youngsters, was to take the form of a night march. We started off, after dinner, in a wide formation of line of company columns. My company was in the centre, no doubt so that the Colonel's eye could keep me from erring and straying. Night marches are always difficult, and this one was particularly so, since, once we had left our oasis, there were no landmarks on the wide undulating desert. The weather was damply hot, our clothes were soon sodden with sweat, a mild sandstorm was blowing, we trudged laboriously through the loose sand, in the dark, straining our eyes on the luminous dials of our compasses, anxiously trying to keep touch with our flanks, and soon becoming weary of this novel experience. After some hours, while the right flank company was passing a small cluster of huts in a palm grove, some dim, large shapes suddenly loomed out of it, charging towards the company. The company stampeded. The men

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broke and rushed wildly inwards on the other companies, throwing the whole formation into a state of sudden and indescribable confusion. Before I had any idea of what was happening, I was knocked head over heels into the sand. Two men were knocked down a deep, narrow well. It was only with great difficulty that they were fished out; and one declared he had been bitten by a snake while in the water. He must have imagined it, for he was none the worse next day.

Order was quickly restored. The alarm had been caused by some straying cows. But did the Colonel kick up a row . . . !

Church parade on Sundays was quite an occasion. With one subaltern commanding each company, and turned out to the utmost smartness of our white uniforms, the battalion first underwent a meticulous inspection by the adjutant on the square. Then off we marched, through the cantonment, with the band playing in front, and up the avenue to the church, where most of the ladies in the place stood watching us give " Eyes Right! " to the senior officer, before we formed two-deep and stalked up the aisle with our swords clattering on the flags. And then a rather more elaborate ceremony as we marched off again after the service. How important and debonair we youngsters felt! And how I used to wish on those resplendent occasions that Mary was not a Roman Catholic.

At the beginning of the cold weather another subaltern and I were sent out on an interesting adventure.

The existing maps of the area between Karachi and Hyderabad needed verification and bringing up to date. We were allotted a section of this work. Mounted on our ponies, accompanied by a transport mule-cart loaded up with our tents and over a month's provisions; with our sketching boards and glasses slung on our backs, our revolvers at our sides, we rode off filled with a sense of high importance. We rode out through the pariahs' quarter behind the station. This conglomeration of dwellings, a mixture between primitive barbarism and the squalor of modern slums; a cluster of sordid huts made of rushes and old broken bits of tin, where mangy, raw-skinned pi-dogs

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left off scavenging among the filth to run snarling after us, and scarcely human skeletons of creatures stared unintelligently at us as we passed, caused me to think with a troubled mind over the diversity of human creatures who at the same time peopled the earth. Beyond the animal functions, could there be a single thing in common between these poor wretches and the lordly world we knew? Perhaps, who knows, they had a world as rich, or richer, in real happiness than ours; for every pair of eyes and every spirit makes its own world. For a little while my mind was troubled by the thought of millions of people breathing the same air, treading the same dust, being born on the same day, and yet for ever unknown and unknowable to each other. We lived amid this vast world, each individual, in such a tiny isolation.

The same kind of thoughts would sometimes come to me in the evenings, when after the day's march we had pitched our tents by some oasis or stream near a little native village. The primitive clusters of dwellings, mud-walled or thorn-fenced to keep out the jungle beasts; the men in loin-clothes with glistening bronze skins coming from their labour in the patches of watered soil; the women going in single file, outlined against the sunset, with pitchers on their heads to draw water from the well, singing their immemorial songs; the sounds of worship from the rude altars; grave old men gurgling by turns at the *hookha* under the banyan tree while they related wise weird tales of gods and devils—this wide, wide land of old forgotten far-off things, unchanged as when Ruth wept amid the alien corn; it seemed to us as if we had stepped back into the ageless pictures of the Old Testament. To my friend and me these villagers were as incomprehensible as, say, the peasants of Galilee may have been to a couple of young centurions of the Tenth Legion stationed in Judaea. The vague, vast mystery of the world!

Sometimes on our marches we saw strings of picturesque figures on camels passing across the horizon, or sometimes a solitary figure, throwing gigantic shadows on the sand—speeding over the desert on their errands unknown, yet exciting to us boys.

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Wherever water flowed, a vivid greenness of vegetation contrasted with the wide waste of pale gold sand. In such places we pitched our nightly camp, saw to our animals, took out our guns to get some sand grouse or black partridges for the pot, made out our report on the day's survey; then, after dining with the zest of open-air youth, we fell like logs into our camp beds. In these fascinating surroundings, camped outside a tiny village in an oasis, we celebrated my twentieth birthday. At that time I felt much older, more important, more full of knowledge and wisdom, than I have ever done since. It is almost needless to say that my companion, dear fellow, was killed in the War.

On arriving back at Karachi I learned with mingled sorrow and relief that my application for a transfer to the 24th had been refused. The Indian Government had borne the cost of part of my military education; had paid for my passage out. The only means of joining the 24th would be to arrange an exchange, a long and elaborate procedure, probably ending in my being posted to the other battalion in England.

A few nights later, with a lump in my throat, I swung hands in a circle to the tune of " Auld Lang Syne " in the mess garden; and next day I started off on the long journey to join a regiment of Bengal Lancers—eager for this larger experience, but leaving much of my heart behind me in Karachi.

CHAPTER III.

Bengal Lancer.

I was tactless enough to join by new regiment at a particularly inconvenient time. The Inspector-General of Cavalry was just about to make his annual inspection. I was an additional embarrassment in the prevailing anxiety. I was bundled into a long *kurta*, a kind of khaki frock coat, with a sash round the waist and chains on the shoulders. Somebody bound an endless turban round my head, which soon gave me a splitting headache, being no protection to the eyes against the heat-glare; I was put up on to somebody's second charger, and told to hide myself as much as possible among the serrefile rank, and indeed, to make

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myself as small and scarce as I could throughout the three days of the inspection.

We rode out on field manœuvres. In spite of the discomfort of the turban, and the terror of doing something egregiously wrong, I soon became thrilled by the dust and rattle and shouting and thunder of the galloping, although I only had the haziest notion of what was going on. We charged in line over a stony piece of ground, over a slight bank; a horse came down, struggled up again, and dashed madly away, dragging the rider whose spur had caught in the stirrup.

"Halt!" shouted the gold-and-red-tabbed General. The squadron leaders shouted, and raised their swords perpendicular in the halt signal, and we pulled up, watching the khaki figure going *bump, bump, bump* over the stones, expecting his head to be battered to pulp. Presently the stirrup leather broke, freeing him from the crazy horse: he lay still a moment, then quietly got up.

"*Bach-gaiya*! Saved!" murmured the whole line.

Next we were an outpost line on a low ridge of hills. I found myself in a little *sangar*, a protection of piled-up stones, with about half-a-dozen men. When the last stone had been placed, the young corporal in charge, with exquisite courtesy, made a comfortable place for me, then, with all his companions, lay down and straightway went to sleep. This struck me as an unorthodox way of performing the vigilant duty of outpost, the eyes of the army, but unable to speak the language and altogether at sea among these new companions, I waited on tenterhooks, praying the General would not come our way.

Later in the day I formed the tail of the self-conscious procession of officers who were presented to the Inspector-General. In the War he would rise for a brief period to a dizzy eminence—and fall from it with corresponding precipitancy. (It is curious to consider in retrospect how the War already begins to throw its shadow over all my little world; there is scarcely a person I know, or shall know, whose life will not be radically affected by it). When at last my turn comes to be presented, and the Great Man asks me what school I was at, my cumulative

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agitation has reached such a pitch that I can only stammer unintelligibly. I feel that I have made a wretched start in my new Regiment.

II.

Scarcely a more adventurous and picturesque thing than an Indian Cavalry Regiment, as it was in those days, could be imagined. The vacancies were few and far between, the competition for them very keen, and consequently, it was not at all an easy thing to get into. (I remained junior subaltern for over four years.) Apart from the spirit of adventure, the one great common bond which attracted men to the Indian Cavalry was the love of horses. Boys with a certain amount of private means, but not enough for the British Cavalry, who above all things wanted to have the horseman's life, moved heaven and earth to get into it. To succeed, they would have to show some sort of quality, or to be able to pull influential strings. The Indian Cavalry, therefore, had a fairly wide choice, and was in a manner a picked body. There were many fewer officers than in a British Regiment, only fourteen, of whom four or five would usually be away home on long leave; the life was more free and easy, the scope for individuality far greater. The Adjutant did not hold any rather awesome authority over the junior officers, as he was among the most junior himself, nor did the disciplinary status held by the Senior Subaltern in a Line Regiment exist, because, the rate of vacancies being so slow, there would rarely be more than two or three subalterns.

You had then, in the average Indian Cavalry Regiment, a little collection of men of high and independent spirit, very diverse in temperament and outlook, accustomed early to a large degree of responsibility (a responsibility which did not increase commensurately with their increasing seniority), subordinate to no very rigid discipline, yet united by the common interests of the horse and their *esprit de corps*.

This large, early responsibility naturally enough tended to produce some of the finest young officers in the Service. In South Africa, Kitchener exclaimed, "Give me more Indian Cavalry

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officers." Years later, he is reported to have asked, "What becomes of the magnificent squadron leaders of the Indian Cavalry?" Why was that first promise not fulfilled? The answer is to be found in three words, namely, the Silladar system.

The interior economy was elaborate and complicated in the extreme, resembling in many respects that of our yeomanry at home. Among Indians of high aristocratic caste there is a traditional chivalry and prestige in military service; no other career, however lucrative, is held in such high regard. In the old days a noble would join, bringing a troop or troops of his kinsmen and retainers with him, complete with all their arms, horses, saddlery and equipment. In my day this feudal method had been modified to some extent. A young noble still joined occasionally, bringing a number of his kin, and in this case he would generally be given a direct commission as troop leader. But the men were now organized in pairs, each pair sharing a servant and a mule, a room in the lines, and a little *jori* tent when in camp. The servant did their cooking, cleaning and so on, and took out the mule to cut grass for their horses, while the mule carried their tent and kit on the march or on service. We provided the horses, the mules, the saddlery, the uniform and equipment, the fodder and forage, the rations, the swords and the lances, everything almost except rifles and ammunition. When a man joined, he paid a lump sum of money for his horse and kit; when he left, he received the value, assessed by a board, of these articles. But being usually a poor man, a small landowner, he could not pay the whole amount; he put down a minimum sum and paid off the balance by monthly instalments. This method brought about an enormous and intricate system of book-keeping. Our horses and mules, our saddles, our cloth for uniform, our swords, lances, chains, numerals, badges, iron for horse shoes, hay, grain, flour, and heaven knows how many other things, we bought wholesale in the open market. We were in the position of a department stores. And then, almost more complicated than the rest in the matter of accounts, was the stud farm. Super-added to the full military duties of the soldier, these mercantile matters weighed heavily upon the minds of the

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seniors. Small wonder if many of them lost the dash and professional skill which had characterized the early part of their careers.

After the Inspector-General had once severely slated a regiment at manœuvres, the Colonel was heard to remark in tones of heartfelt relief. "Well, anyway thank God the accounts are alright!"

The weakness of the Silladar system did not, however, end with this crushing of the senior officers. The men, as I have said, paid for everything, owned everything, except their rifles; and although we had a few young nobles and rich ones, the majority were poor. Every morning at stables one had to harden one's heart before one condemned some worn-out article of saddlery or equipment, since the owner had to pay for the replacement out of his own pocket; or before one ordered extra feed for a thin horse, for which likewise he had to pay. Hardly a worse calamity could befall a man than to have a "bad do-er" of a horse. The men often starved themselves to feed their horses, and *vice versa*. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that a fat horse meant a thin man, or a fat man a thin horse. After a hard-galloping parade, the ground would sometimes look like a battlefield, littered with broken bits of equipment. As a squadron leader, one used to suffer a good deal from this Gilbertian state of affairs. There was much to be said for the Silladar system from the sentimental point of view. A regiment was a kind of feudal family affair, where the men served, from father to son, not for the meagre pay, but from ancestral tradition and a genuine fondness of the life. Whole squadrons were often closely inter-related, every man had a financial stake in the concern, and there was a close intimacy between them and the British officers, each of whom generally visited at some time or other the districts from which his own men came, and so knew them in their homes. A Silladar regiment was, of course, an excellent bargain for the government, and in the old easy-going days of small wars, it answered well enough. But the searching test of the Great War quickly gave the Silladar system its death blow, and it now belongs only to the romantic past.

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On the 15th March the leave season opened, when the regiment broke up like a school for the holidays—half of the men at a time being away at their homes to see to their farming. We seldom wore uniform again till October 15th, when the leave season ended. Four or five officers, as I have said, went home on furlough, and of the remaining eight or so, half went on leave for the first three months of the hot weather, and the rest for the latter months, so that there would only be four or five of us present at a time in the summer to do all the duties of Commanding Officer, Second-in-Command, four squadron leaders, Adjutant and Quartermaster.

III.

It happened shortly after my arrival that a good many officers were away on one duty or another, and I found myself throughout the training season in command of a squadron. If I had stayed twenty years in the regiment, I should still have been doing the same thing as in that first year, but at the time no such thoughts ruffled my pride and joy. Barely twenty, and in sole charge of about a hundred and fifty bearded braves, their horses, mules, all their complicated economy! As arbiter of their affairs, not only in small regimental delinquencies and problems, but in more intimate and even domestic matters, I began to grow familiar with the as yet dimly seen, but gradually revealing background of their home life in the villages far away in the vastness of the Indian countryside. This live, exciting organism was mine to lead out for whole long days in the country, to do with it what I liked, and eventually, towards the end of squadron training, to take out into the jungle for a fortnight's camp. One white youth, alone, at the head of these swarthy men of war; imagine the importance of it, and the fun!

Their word for trooper was *jawan*, meaning "young man." "The young men are eating their bread," a troop leader would report, it smacked of a biblical, an epic, flavour, as of David's desperate band in the hills about Judaea. Or, an alternative word sometimes used, was *jungi sowar*, which means "war rider."

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A little group of us is slowly sauntering down the lines, watching the men at their grooming and critically appraising the condition of the horses. There is Sher Khan (My Lord Tiger) the Risaldar Major, who though he courteously conceals the fact from me, really commands this squadron. There is Ressaidar Faiz Muhammed, who commands the Troop in whose territory we are at the moment. There is Muhammed Umar, the Kote Dafadar, that is to say, the Squadron Sergeant-Major; and Ronuk Ali, the pay-sowar, or squadron clerk, and Bismillah (who shortly died of consumption), the veterinary assistant, and Khuda Baksh (The Gift of God), the farrier. The men, to the uninitiated eye, are as like as a handful of peas. They are Ranghars, whose history is curious; pure Hindustanis from the districts around Delhi, who speak the purest Urdu, the one official language among India's innumerable dialects. When Akbar, contemporary of Queen Elizabeth and the greatest of the Moghuls, reconquered the Indian Empire which his fathers had lost, he behaved in a manner strangely unorthodox for those times. Instead of massacring wholesale the subjugated Hindus according to the usual custom, he tried his best to conciliate them by giving them an equal status in the realm. He did, indeed, forcibly convert to Islam the landed families around his capital, but with every circumstance of honour. He enrolled them under the title of Ranghar, a term signifying the Royal Bodyguard. Most of our men were the direct descendants of these converts of about four centuries before. At times they still showed, so slowly do things move in India, some faint, lingering traces of Hinduism. Alone among the Indian regiments, all four of our squadrons were of the same race and religion, a recognition, we never failed proudly to remember, of the fact that they had remained steadfastly loyal in the Mutiny.

We all laugh heartily at some joke of Sher Khan's. They are hard to understand, these Indians. They have a keen, an almost *Punch*-like sense of humour, yet there are strange "blind-spots" in their understanding. Sher Khan is a stupendous big-wig, the Senior Indian Officer, the Colonel's chief adviser in all that concerns the Indian ranks, a man of culture, a shrewd man

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of the world. But show him a photograph of himself and he will hold it upside down, and hazard a guess that it is a camel. Give him, or any of his colleagues, a picket to command, and having dug the trench with great care, they will probably sleep outside it, on the enemy's side. At Ypres, a couple of Sikhs bringing up ammunition to the line, lay down and opened rapid fire at the hole where a shell had just burst near them. Sher Khan is telling us humourously how he had the distinction of being our only casualty in the Boxer Rising, in which the Regiment had taken part. Near Pekin he had been shot in the arm by our allies, the Russians, who had fired on us by mistake. Faiz Muhammed roars with diplomatic laughter. He is a magnificent specimen of a man, a raucous, hearty, swashbuckling fellow with an unerring eye for the main chance. He comes from a lean desert district where the men were strong and hardy until a benevolent Government fructified the arid sand by a masterpiece of irrigation. Then the rich crops grew in plenty, but mosquitoes bred in the new water, till soon the once hardy people became feeble and sodden with malaria. If the Risaldar Major makes a joke, the prudent ones make haste to laugh. Old Muhammed Umar croaks harshly like a bull-frog. He is very old, how old no one knows for certain—a little fellow with twinkling eyes and a great fan of a beard dyed red to show that he has finished with the vanities of the earth. He should have retired long ago, but whenever that subject is raised, he pleads so piteously to stay on, that somehow the regulations have been evaded. If he goes home, he says, to eat his pension in idleness, he will die within a year. This, we know, is true—what happens to many old soldiers like him, but who will live for ever so long as they remain in harness.

Each half-squadron has a double row of long, low, mud-built hutments, a double line of horses picketted between, with the mules behind the horses, and behind the mules the little plain cabin-like quarters of the men. During that first winter in command of a squadron, this great domain of mine opened out a world full of ever-expanding interest. The men, gentlemen all, possessed an exquisite courtesy of manner, such as is found in

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the cabins and hovels of Ireland. I was very fond of them.

But I am standing at the end of the squadron lines, looking hungrily across the bare, dusty parade ground to where the mess bungalow gleams white in its emerald setting, and breakfast waits. Stables are over, the animals are eating their feed, the Indian officers stand around me. We have dealt with some minor faults, with an application for leave from a man whose cow is shortly expected to calve, with the case of a *sais* who has taken another *sais's* wife, with a dispute between two men relating to some water rights in their village. Having given judgment, I ask:

"Anything more?"

"Nothing more, Sahib," say the Indian officers.

I beckon my groom, put my foot in the stirrup, begin to hop, when someone says:

"One more word, Sahib!"

Then will follow the longest, most intricate business of the morning. Later I learn to squash this "*Rickabi-bat*"—this deferred "stirrup-talk" so dear to the East.

What is to be done, I lay down the order, is to be done before I call my horse. Once my foot is in the stirrup, I am away.

CHAPTER IV.

Alice in Wonderland.

I.

The Maharajah of Mahdipur, who was an Honorary Officer in the Regiment, gave our mess a general invitation to stay with him for Christmas week. I made one of the party which left the station on a sparkling winter's morning, on the first of several visits to his State, which gave one a picture of the quaint topsy-turviness of real India, and of what, I imagine, India must have been like in the romantic days of the European adventurers, Skinner, Perron, George Harris, and the like, when a deserting British seaman could make for himself, amid the welter of warring principalities, a considerable empire of his own.

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We drove in a ramshackle hackney *ghari* through the Maharajah's park, to his Guest Palace. The Maharajah's hospitality was large, and here we found a good many other Europeans—some with their families—business men, brokers, technical experts, and so on, of various social degrees and nationalities, with whom the Maharajah did business. We looked on these people somewhat askance, for in those days young military officers affected a certain social superiority, finding little in common with people who spoke the language with a different accent.

After breakfast we walked across the park to write our names in the Visitors' Book—a book which contained many names very well known in England. The Palace was a large, white, very modern building, furnished in modern style by a London firm. Just outside the main entrance stood a little Hindu shrine daubed with red paint, which looked as old as time itself, with a native priest squatting beside it, a naked, ash-smeared, rather gruesome figure, with long, matted hair. A few yards on, sentries paced before the portico. These were resplendent figures, in a uniform resembling that of our Life Guards, except that on closer inspection there would appear some incongruity. A splendid black thigh boot would be patched with yellow leather, or a faulty cuirass tied up with string.

The officers of our Regiment were bidden to dine with His Highness that night, in mess uniform, for, until shortly afterwards he was promoted to the honorary rank of a General, the Maharajah greatly liked to wear our mess dress. He made, indeed, a curious figure in it, a little, short, stout fellow, with his very dark round face, red lips, the caste mark on his forehead, and the "top-knot" on his cropped head. He was, as ever, a genial host, full of boyish vivacity and horseplay, and after dinner, in the great drawing-room, he sang a good many songs, including "My love is like a red, red rose."

His wife, the Maharanee, unseen herself, watched the festivities through a screen of fretted marble at the end of the room. We each, in turn, had a few minutes' conversation with her through this *purdah*. She gave one the impression of

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feminine charm and intelligence, and she, too, sang, "Coming through the Rye," and other songs, in a very small, sweet voice. Hindu custom permitted many wives, but unlike a number of his fellow potentates, the Maharajah was devoted and faithful to this first wife of his youth. Unfortunately she was childless, and pressure was being brought upon him to take another in order to secure the succession.

There was nothing of the traditional oriental gravity in either the Maharajah's appearance or behaviour. His ancestor, not very remote, who had first seized the throne during the collapse of the Moghul Empire, had been of the lowest caste, and this Sovereign in his periods of relaxation loved to behave like a rowdy subaltern.

Save his liking for military uniform, the Maharajah cared little for the external trappings of power. He usually travelled in shabby old shooting clothes; and he told us with the greatest good humour and gusto of times when he had been thrown out of first-class railway carriages by young British officers. The friend, and on his visits to England, the guest, of the Sovereign, welcomed in the most exclusive English society, these little incidents in his own country merely tickled his sense of humour.

We were walking back through the starlight after dinner in effervescent spirits, when a sentry at one of the park lodges challenged us. One of our fellows, Joe Condor, who had rather an unusual sense of humour, shouted, "*Dushman*!" meaning "Enemy!"—whereupon the simple Indian up with his rifle and let fly at us. Happily up to that time marksmanship was a science which had been somewhat neglected in His Highness' otherwise model little army.

Eight years later, on the outbreak of the Great War, I was destined to witness another and more astonishing comedy in that army.

Next day, Christmas Week proper began. We lived in such an atmosphere of *Alice in Wonderland* that sometimes I would chucklingly ask myself if it could be real. Every night there was a banquet at the Palace, followed by a Fancy Dress Ball. An enormous number of male fancy dress costumes were kept in

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the guest palace, but they were of two kinds only, cowboys and pierrots, of which we could take our choice. All the personages in the State, the high officials, ministers, the Europeans technical and otherwise in His Highness' service, as well as the guests, attended these functions. To some of the venerable Indians, like the poor old Commander-in-Chief (wearing mess dress indistinguishable from a British General's) these revels, to judge from the bewildered expressions which they wore, must have seemed as crazy as they did to us. We sat down to dinner at a table of incredible length in the banqueting hall, cowboys, pierrots, pierrettes, *poudrées* and the rest; His Highness seated at the centre, a revolting spectacle in paint and gold leaf representing a nautch girl. He would jump up every few minutes to propose the health of a brother potentate who was also at the time his guest—not for the Christmas festivities, but on some matrimonial business. This prince, a tall, portly gentleman of stately presence, orthodox in the Hindu observances, would rise in a dignified manner and respond to his host's exuberance in a few embarrassed sentences, amid riotous applause from us all—for this jack-in-the-box turn between the two princes tickled us hugely. He had the air of wondering whether he had strayed into the Mad Hatter's party.

As dinner went on and the champagne circulated, the fun grew fast and furious. His Highness had designed an electric railway which ran the circuit of the table, a beautiful model engine in silver drawing a line of trucks, each of which bore a wine decanter. As the train reached you, you lifted the decanter containing the wine you wanted, and this, breaking the electric current, caused the train to stop. When you replaced the decanter, the train ran on again. His Highness was excessively proud of this toy. Unfortunately we discovered that if we touched the rail with our knives, blue flames shot out, and the train stopped. I can see now the poor Maharajah—the gold-leaf and paint-smeared nautch girl with red lips and tongue—dancing with rage on the table while we cheered at the top of our voices amid this coruscation of blue flames.

And then the Ball. Sir Roger de Coverley being his High-

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ness' favourite number, every other dance was a Sir Roger. The vast ballroom furnished like a West End hotel; the crowd of cowboys and pierrots mingled with the fancy dresses of the ladies and the uniforms of the State officials; the stout romping nautch girl leading all the rowdiness: the weary, forced smiles of the elderly native ministers—how they must have hated those Christmas Weeks!

Each day an entertainment was organized for the guests. On one day we went around the Maharajah's stables, envying his innumerable stud of pure-bred Arabs, admiring his elephants, his menagerie of wild animals; then his treasure house, his jewels, which did in fact correspond with the legendary wealth of such Potentates. There they were in sober truth, piled-up coffers of fabulous gems. So rich, indeed, was this Prince, that, a broker told us, he could add great sums to his capital pretty well whenever he wished. His holdings of stock were so enormous that he could manipulate the market at will. Yet he kept a vigilant eye on every anna of the State expenditure. The British officer lent to his army as military adviser, complained humorously that while His Highness would spend thousands on some new trifle such as a range-finding field glass, he could only be got with the utmost difficulty to disperse a few hundred rupees on boots or buttons for the troops.

On another day we made a conducted tour of the Fort. This mediaeval castle, perched on the summit of a craggy rock, had been the original palace of the rulers, and was, indeed, far more picturesque and romantic than the modern one. It had been captured in the British wars of conquest, but had subsequently been exchanged for another Fort. During its siege by Lord Lake, the then ruler had hidden somewhere in it an enormous treasure of gold and gems, but the secret of this treasure had been lost; it still awaits discovery. The Maharajah told us himself that he had once received an anonymous letter informing him that the writer held the secret; that if the Maharajah would meet him, alone, at an appointed place, he would conduct His Highness to it. The letter, His Highness said, was couched in terms of such sincerity and cogency that he felt inclined to believe it.

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On a dark night he kept the tryst; met a figure muffled about the face, who beckoned him to follow, and the two set off without a word. But before he had stumbled very far through the darkness, the fear seized him that this might be some sort of a plot to kill him; and suddenly felling his companion with a blow on the jaw, he ran home as fast as his legs could carry him.

On another day we witnessed a grand review of the Army. There was nothing Gilbertian about this; it was a thoroughly workmanlike performance. The brigade of cavalry, the two brigades of infantry, the batteries of antique muzzle-loading guns (which were all that Indian Princes were allowed to have), the mounted cadet corps of young nobles, all went through the movements of the ceremonial parade with precision. Indeed, people whispered, if the British should ever find it necessary to withdraw from India . . .

A British Heavy Battery happened to be camped near by on its march from Hyderabad, and the Maharajah with his customary hospitality had not only invited the men to come and see this review, but had provided unlimited beer for them in the grand-stand. I can see an enormous gunner standing unsteadily on an empty barrel at the end of the show, and shouting, "Three cheers for the bloody Nizam!"

One day we had a general shoot on a grand scale. As with the fancy dresses, the whole party in the Guest Palace, soldiers and civilians, irrespective of whether they had ever handled a rifle before, were served out with lethal weapons. Several squadrons of cavalry were to act as beaters, and our vast array, men and ladies, set out through the jungle on elephants. I have, now, only the haziest recollection of that astonishing day, except one clear impression that it was very dangerous. We were to shoot any game, from tigers to hares. The long line of elephants swayed through the scrub, and soon, as various kinds of deer got on the move, a tremendous fusilade broke out. I occupied an elephant with James Muirhead, one of our officers, and on our right in the line were some of the suite of the Rajah whose health we used to drink every few minutes at dinner—a wild and dangerous party out shooting, we imagined, for the first

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time. When their bullets kicked up the dust under our elephant and sang about our ears, James shouted at them "Hi! steady on!"

The sirdars, not quite understanding, directed their elephant alongside us, and courteously enquired, "Does the Sahib want a drink of water?"

On another day a selected party were given a tiger shoot. The State was world-famous for tigers. The Maharajah himself had shot nearly eight hundred with his own rifle, and had been present at the killing of about 1,400, which was reputed to be a record. Nevertheless, he told us, tigers were on the increase in the State, since the breeding grounds were never disturbed.

The forests in the State were particulary suited to this form of sport, being neither too dense nor too open, consisting for the most part of either stunted teak or babul.

Another man and I were posted above a clearing on the side of a deep and wooded ravine. "For a time," (to quote the diary of my friend, Bernard Ellison) "everything was quite still, except when the silence was broken by the noise of peafowl flying down the valley. A beautiful white owl hooted, flew across the ravine, and disappeared into a crevice opposite. Sand grouse flew over us at a great height in two's and three's. The beat started with just a few men throwing stones from the cliffs on both sides of the ravine. The whole scene was admirably staged, as only a soldier-shikari like the Maharajah could stage it.

Commencing at the top, the beat gradually worked its way down, and soon afterwards shots were fired from the other side of the valley, and with an "ugh" and a roar, out rushed a big tiger at full speed down the ravine. Everybody saw him, and he made a very good show as he ran down the valley with shots and bangs going off right and left. He was first fired at from the other side, but appeared none the worse for it, as he was still going strong when the shooting began from our side. It was, of course, next to impossible to know who had hit him, but our side stopped him, and he disappeared in some rocky scrub low down the slope beneath us, and evidently lay up in the bushes, probably badly wounded.

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It was a great sight, as all the guns stood high up on the ravine firing at the tiger as he rushed along a couple of hundred feet below. At a time like this a tiger looks ever so much bigger than it really is, and this particular one looked huge when breaking cover and bounding along the bottom of the ravine, its yellow and black markings standing out very well against the bare background.

There was a silence now for a time, and the Maharajah's voice resounded down the huge ravine as he shouted orders to the beaters, for when shooting, he conducted everything himself. Presently the shikar elephants come up, and though we could not see it from where we stood, we heard shots as the tiger was at length despatched.

The Maharajah then decided to beat down the ravine again and round up another tiger, which was supposed to be lying wounded in the thick jungle just below us to the right.

Now commenced an excruciating noise of "*Hara-Hara-Har-r-r-r!*" and shrieks and groans, so that it seemed that any wretched tiger that continued to lie low must be half-witted. The beaters appeared from all sides, running about the ravine like a swarm of ants, when suddenly three bangs went off, one of which was made by a bullet, and the others from blank cartridges. Someone said the tiger was dying, others doubted it. In another minute the tiger's roar decided the question. There was another shot—and that was the end of number two."

And on another day the Maharajah took a few of us for a tour around his State. Part of it we did in motors, which were at that time in a stage of unreliable novelty; part of it on horseback, and a good deal in the State narrow-gauge railway, the Maharajah himself driving the engine. The people seemed to be prosperous and contented; they showed towards their ruler a profound religious reverence, salaaming almost to the ground when he passed. And the State itself appeared to be in every respect a model of benevolent despotism. The roads put those of British India to shame; the public buildings, the public institutions, the materials of the administration, were the last word in modernity. And the Maharajah was the actuating force of all departments;

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he controlled everything himself. He was not inaptly likened to the Kaiser William of Germany, for he possessed the same sense of universal capacity, the same desire to control every detail of the administration, the same tireless energy of spirit and action; and, it must be said, something of the same headlong impulsiveness which occasionally led him into indiscretion. But, unlike his glittering counterpart, he cared nothing for the pomp of power, being never so happy as when a shabby plebeian figure in old shooting clothes and giving rein to his boyish love of boisterous horseplay. It was to be my privilege to enjoy the friendship of this remarkable man for many years, and it was only when I stayed with him, not for such occasions as a Christmas Week, but in his normal times; when I had seen the hours that he spent in his office, the meticulous attention which he gave to the details of his State business, that I began to understand what real work meant.

(*To be continued.*)

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ORDINI
DI CAVALCARE, ET MODI
DI CONOSCERE LE NATVRE DE'
Caualli, emendare i vitii loro, & am-
maestrargli per l'vso della guer
ra, & commodità de
gli huomini.

CON LE FIGVRE DI DIVERSE SORTI DI
Morsi, secondo le bocche, & maneggiamenti de Caualli.

COMPOSTI DAL SIG. FEDERICO
Grisone Gentil'huomo Napolitano.

IN PESARO Appresso Bartholomeo Cesano M D L

"BLOTS FROM A QUILL PEN"

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SIGNS AND OMENS

In Sixteenth Century Horsemastership.

By Piero Santini.

Man has always looked with admiration not unmixed with awe upon that bundle of nerves, muscle and red blood we call a horse. Witness the fables of the Centaurs and of Pegasus, the glorification of Bucephalus and of Caligula's Incitatus. If familiarity eventually bred the knowledge that resulted in more complete control of a magnificently powerful natural mechanism, a certain deference for it has always lingered in men's hearts—a respect which, particularly in the minds of warriors continually exposed to danger, has naturally taken forms suggested by the anxieties of superstition even in times comparatively near our own.

Federico Grisone, the 16th century Neapolitan of whom the Duke of Newcastle* wrote that he was " the first that ever writ " of the " noble art of horsemastership "† is an interesting case in point.

Apart from reasons or prejudices of a purely physical kind, peculiar significance of a transcendental nature has always been attached to white feet or stockings by horsemen of all races and countries. Typical of his credulous times, Grisone is no exception, for he dedicates many closely printed pages to the interpretation of their meaning. But contrary to modern prejudices —such at least as we find recorded in popular jingles—he has no objection to a horse with four white feet which he describes as " honest and willing although rarely very strong " which contradicts the " four white feet and a white nose, throw him to the crows " principle and the Italian

Balzano da quattro
Cavallo da matto

* William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle (1592—1676) author of " Methode et Invention Nouvelle de Dresser les Chevaux " first published in Antwerp in 1657, during the author's exile after the battle of Marston Moor.

† With the exception of course of Xenophon (445-360 B.C.).

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which describes a horse with four white feet as fit only for a madman. Three white feet (*balzano da tre*) give us, on the contrary, a steed worthy of a king (*cavallo da re*) and, incidentally, provides a better rhyme!*

Grisone declares a horse *balzano* "of the two hands" (i.e., fore-feet) "disastrous and unlucky" even if one hind foot is also white, because the one hind foot is not sufficient "to counter-balance the evil influence of the other two"; furthermore "reason (*sic*) exacts that a horse should always show more white behind than in front," a rule, by the way, Grisone applies to white hairs in the coat as well, which he highly approves of in the quarters but dislikes on the fore-hand.

In Grisone's day the four feet were designated according to the riding purposes, (mainly, of course, military) of his time. Thus by *man della lancia* (lance hand) the right hand was meant, while *man della briglia* (bridle hand) was of course the left. Applied to the horse's (fore) feet these respectively designate off fore and near fore. Near hind is called *piè della staffa* (stirrup foot), off hind *piè destro*—right foot.

To Grisone's mind a horse *balzano* of the lance hand is an easy, sensible ride but *disastroso*—unlucky. A *balzano* of the bridle hand does not stand very high in his estimation either, while an *arzeglio* (*balzano* of the right foot,) although he may ordinarily appear excellent, will in combat prove "difficult, vicious and unlucky."

Balzani of the stirrup foot are to be held in high esteem for they almost invariably possess great heart and great speed.

A horse well and favourably marked is the *balzano* of the two (hind) feet; if furthermore he has a star in his forehead, all the more reason for holding an excellent opinion of him.† The absence of the star, added to one white forefoot, particularly if it be the right foot, will however diminish his value.

* *balzano*, a word which has its root in *balza*—border of a different colour at the end of a trouser leg or a skirt—signifies white foot.

† The famous Italian-bred Nearco, winner of the French Grand Prix, has these exact markings.

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Balzano of the lance hand and of the right foot is called *travato*,* and is "dangerous and contemptible." If *balzano* of the bridle hand and of the stirrup foot, a horse is also ill-omened but not so bad as the former.

Trastravato is a horse *balzano* of the bridle hand and of the right foot, and like the *arzeglio*, only worse because he will be most mortal (*mortalissimo*) and will easily fall. Another form of *trastravato* is the *balzano* of the lance hand and of the stirrup foot, which comes under the same evil influence though not quite so virulent. "You will however do well to neglect," says Grisone, presumably wagging a didactic and opinionated finger "the advice of those who take it upon themselves to recommend him"—words which seem to waft across the ages the repressed acrimony of competitive sixteenth century horse-coping. The arguments Grisone was evidently in the habit of employing to prove his particular point are worth noting. He says (without a smile): "Horses with both near, or both off feet *balzani* (*travato*) or, still worse, the horse with white feet on either diagonal (*trastravato*) are dangerous because both are generated in the mother's womb with these white feet joined together, so that after they are born and come to be ridden, these (feet) come together (again) and with every foot-fall interfere with each other, and for this reason they are very bad and disastrous." The *trastravato* is still worse ("of greater malignity") because his white feet, being diagonally opposite, "more confusely interfere with each other in movement."

Grisone advances another naively amusing theory of a purely physical nature with regard to flea-bitten coats—which in Italian are called *fly-bitten*. He says: "A horse *moscato* (from *mosca*—fly) over the whole body is of good quality and often excellent, subject, of course, to what I have said about coats. But if he be *moscato* only on the flank near the back, or in the neck near the shoulders, it will be a bad sign. Horses thus marked are called *attavanati* (from *tavano* or *tafano*—gad-fly) and are born between the middle of June and the middle of August. Being too young to rid themselves of these insects on the flank with their

* Corruption of *traversato*—crossed.

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moustache (nose hairs), or with their tails of the flies on the shoulders, they get their white hairs* not from nature but from these fly-bites. Owing to their late birth they are not so strong, as they lack grass just when they most require it and the dams have insufficient milk—all of which causes these colts to be unprepared for the coming of winter, and therefore they are weak and not strong like the others."

Grisone gives also particular attention to Cow-licks; the small round ones he calls *remolini* (whirl-pools), the long variety *spade romane*—Roman swords.

The steed possessing either the *remolino* alone or, better still, accompanied by the Roman sword on the neck near the mane is lucky—especially so if these portents appear on both sides. A *remolino* on the forehead denotes a steed of "pure soul" and most fortunate in battle, especially if the sign is on the quarters, alongside the trunk of the tail "where he cannot see it." Even if he has a very bad *balzana* its evil influence will be in a great measure, perhaps even totally, counteracted by this sign. On the other hand, if the *remolino* appears on the shoulder or over the heart, or anywhere on the flank or "wherever he can see it," it is bad and an evil omen and "the opposite of what I have said above." Unfortunately we are not provided with the reason why it is important for a horse never to contemplate these particular markings. "Please note, however," Grisone continues "that by *remolini* I do not mean those circles which are natural and that every horse naturally bears on forehead, throat, chest, navel and flanks, but the extra ones which may appear in these or in other parts of the body."

Horses are classified, at the very beginning of Grisone's famous treatise, according to the four natural elements—earth, water, air and fire—"which variously affect their temperaments and coats."

If, for example, a horse partakes more of the first he will inevitably be melancholy, heavy and timorous, and generally black or light brown, mouse coloured or "of other mixed hairs"; if water is dominant in his composition he will be phlegmatic,

* Or, presumably, dark hairs on grey or white coats.

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slow, indolent, and generally white in colour. The horse mainly under the influence of air will be a bay and a free mover, full-blooded, alert and agile.

Fire produces choleric, excitable and impulsive steeds of great courage and jumping ability (very limited in those days) with chestnut coats " resembling flame or burning coal—but if all four elements are gathered in due proportion in the same horse he will be perfect " — at which point the " Gentil'huomo Napolitano," as he proudly calls himself, should be congratulated on having described and found the perfect horse—the latter a feat never before, or since, accomplished!

Careful underlining, in ink long since faded to a pale brown, of many of the startling statements which appear in the two copies of the " Ordini del Cavalcare "* in my possession, prove how seriously all that came from Grisone's pen was taken in his day and probably for a long time after. Blots, doubtless from an old quill, bespatter one frontispiece, and suggest the puckered brow of some studious pupil poring, perhaps still booted and spurred, over the prose of a master, who, in spite of the superstitious weaknessess he shared with all men of his epoch, and a literary style as involved and laboured as his technique, is still remembered and appreciated as the originator of a method that had for centuries an incalculable influence on equitation the world over, and established, four hundred years ago, the basic principles still governing the high school riding of our day.

* First published in Naples in 1550, and followed by numberless other Italian editions and by numerous translations, mostly French, during the next hundred years.

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GENERAL BARON HUGH VON HALKETT

By Major Oskar Teichman, D.S.O., M.C., T.D.

When on the outbreak of the American War George III asked the States-General of Holland to return the Scots Brigade, his request was refused.

Seven years later (in 1782) when an open rupture between Great Britain and Holland occurred, an edict was issued in that country that the officers of the Scots Brigade must declare that they recognized no other power than the States-General as their Sovereign. It was further decreed that the use of the British uniform and colours was to be discontinued, and that the words of command were to be in Dutch instead of in English. Thereupon many of the officers returned home and subsequently joined the British Army. Amongst these was Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Godar Halkett, son of General Charles Halkett of the Dutch Army and a direct descendant of two other famous Scottish soldiers in the Dutch Service—John Halkett who was killed at Bois-le-Duc in 1628, and Edward Halkett who fell at Ramillies.

When Colonel Halkett arrived in Scotland he already had one son Colin, and a year later (1783) his second son Hugh was born at Musselburgh. With such a distinguished military ancestry, extending over a period of two hundred years, it was only natural that both the boys should wish to be soldiers. In 1793, Great Britain being allied with Holland against France, Colin procured a commission in the Dutch Guards, and a year later Hugh became an Ensign in his father's battalion of the "Scotch Brigade"* which was then being raised.

* The three Scottish battalions raised by Colonels Halkett, Ferrier and Cunninghame in 1794 constituted the "Scotch Brigade." This corps after distinguished service in India and in the Peninsula was subsequently disbanded as the 94th Foot in 1818.

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Hugh Halkett thus became an Ensign in his father's regiment at the tender age of eleven, and on his twelfth birthday he was promoted Lieutenant! He does not however appear to have actually served with his regiment until 1798 (having been previously shown on the rolls as "on recruiting service"), when he went out to India, at the mature age of 15, in charge of a draft of 240 men. Halkett reached Bombay in May of the following year, just after the capture of Seringapatam in which his regiment took part, and went with his draft to Madras. His service in India was short, for in 1801 he was invalided home on account of severe sunstroke and a liver complaint.

Halkett spent the next two years on recruiting service in Edinburgh and Dundee, and he completely recovered his health. As a small boy he had been noticed for his love of horses, and he now became a first-class horseman, an asset which was to stand him in good stead in later years.

Europe was at this date "in the melting pot," and an event occurred which was to change the whole course of his military career. In 1803 the King's German Legion was formed from officers and men of the Hanoverian Army, who had migrated to England in order to serve under King George III (who was also their Sovereign), when Hanover was occupied by the French.

Hugh Halkett transferred from the Scotch Brigade to the 2nd Light Battalion of the Legion, commanded by his brother Lieutenant-Colonel Colin Halkett, in which he became Senior Captain. Hugh Halkett joined his new regiment in the Isle of Wight, where it was quartered, and a year later at the age of 21 he was promoted Major, after ten years' commissioned service.

In 1805 the British Government decided to send an Army under Lord Cathcart to North Germany, in order to aid its Allies and if possible to recover Hanover from the French; and Major Hugh Halkett accompanied his regiment on this expedition, which included all the units of the Legion.

But the Allies were too late in the field. Before the British Expedition left England in the winter of 1805, Mack had surrendered with his Austrian Army in Ulm; before it landed Napoleon was already in Vienna; and before Lord Cathcart had

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established his headquarters at Bremen, the Battle of the Three Emperors had decided the fate of Austria. Operations in Northern Germany were consequently suspended and the British-Hanoverian Army was ordered to return to England.

Towards the end of February (1806) the 2nd Light Battalion of the Legion landed at Portsmouth, and a few days later Hugh Halkett sailed with it for Ireland, where it remained in garrison at Bandon and Kilbeggan for a year.

In May, 1807, Halkett's battalion received orders to join Lord Rosslyn's expedition which was going to the assistance of the King of Sweden, then besieged by the French at Stralsund.

The battalion embarked at Cork on two transports; and a couple of days later the one containing Lieutenant-Colonel Colin Halkett ran aground off the coast of Cornwall and was wrecked. Although all the officers and men were saved by a gun-brig, the baggage and arms were lost. Hugh Halkett with the other three companies, commanded by Major Best, was more fortunate; they reached the Downs, joined the rest of the expedition which had been embarked at Portsmouth and in due course arrived at the Island of Rügen. In consequence of shallow water the landing of the cavalry was very difficult, as the transports were obliged to anchor two miles from the coast. By means of a float which was provided with a trap-door, the horses were thrown into the water and were then towed ashore by boats.

During the short occupation of Rügen, Hugh Halkett volunteered to accompany a patrol of Swedish Hussars which was undertaking a reconnaissance. The patrol fell into a trap which had been set for them, and only Halkett escaped owing to the pace of his horse.

In August (1807) Lord Rosslyn's Corps re-embarked in order to join the expedition against Zealand and Copenhagen under General Lord Cathcart and Admiral Gambier.

While the fleet was blockading Copenhagen from the sea, Cathcart's army landed and partly surrounded the city. Hugh Halkett's battalion was part of the left wing of the army commanded by General Sir David Baird.

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GENERAL BARON HUGH VON HALKETT, G.C.H., C.B.

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One morning Hugh Halkett with a few men crept, unobserved by the Danes, into some gardens near the town, and discovered that the enemy was busily engaged in bringing some guns into a newly-finished redoubt. Halkett noted that the Danish sentries were not on the alert, imagining that the advanced posts of the British army were still some distance away, and he realized that a surprise attack on the redoubt might prove successful. Returning to camp he collected three companies of his regiment and led them at the double towards the gardens. The movement was seen by the enemy who immediately opened fire on the advancing Hanoverians, but once the latter had reached the gardens they were able to make use of the cover afforded by the hedges which intersected them. The redoubt was stormed from two sides and Halkett galloped into it amidst his cheering riflemen. Soon afterwards a message of congratulation was received from General Sir David Baird.

Meanwhile the whole of the British line had been alarmed by the firing, and all stood to arms expecting a sortie. Lord Cathcart, who was apparently badly served by his staff, on being informed of what had occurred, ordered Halkett's Hanoverians to evacuate the redoubt at once on the ground that the position was untenable.

In his vexation at being obliged to retire from the hard-won redoubt, Halkett left it by the shortest way and galloping his horse up to the breast-work he jumped it and a very broad ditch beyond. Meanwhile Sir David Baird's message to Lord Cathcart, saying that the redoubt was only being evacuated by him under protest, arrived. Lord Cathcart, who had by this time "appreciated the situation" now ordered the redoubt, which had been re-occupied by the enemy, to be recaptured.

Once more the gallant Halkett led his Hanoverians to the assault, and the redoubt was captured afresh. In after years he often referred to this, his first feat of arms, in the following words: "It was the best thing I ever did." When the whole line had advanced so as to include Halkett's redoubt, some British officers measured his almost incredible leap.*

* Unfortunately the Hanoverian authorities, from whom the writer learned of this incident do not mention the measurements.

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Early in September Copenhagen was captured and the Danish fleet was surrendered to Great Britain. A month later the whole of the Anglo-Hanoverian army embarked for England.

The 2nd Light Battalion with Major Hugh Halkett was more fortunate than some other units of the King's German Legion: for of the two transports conveying these one was sunk in a gale with the loss of some 300 officers and men, and another becoming disabled went ashore off the coast of Holland where its occupants were interned.

After about six months rest, in a hutted camp at Bexhill, Halkett's battalion received orders to accompany General Sir John Moore's expedition to Gothenburg in Sweden.

On reaching their destination none of the troops were disembarked, owing to a difference of opinion between Sir John Moore and the King of Sweden, as to the plan of operations; and after six weeks on board, the army was ordered to return to England.

On arrival at Spithead, Sir John Moore was ordered to reinforce Sir Arthur Wellesley's force of 9,000 men which had sailed for Vigo Bay, and on July 31st, 1808, Halkett sailed with his battalion for the Peninsula.

After landing near Lisbon he accompanied his battalion into Spain and by the end of November he was in Salamanca. Halkett did not take part in the retreat to Corunna or in the battle, his regiment being one of those detailed to make for Vigo and protect the harbour. During the march to Vigo, although not followed by the enemy, he had his first experience of forced marches in bitterly cold weather.

After the battle of Corunna, Halkett embarked with his unit for England and, escaping the shipwreck which was fatal to some 250 officers and men of the sister battalion, arrived at Spithead on January 31st, 1809.

After another six months rest in camp at Bexhill, Halkett took the field once more, for his regiment had received orders to join Lord Chatham's ill-fated expedition to Walcheren. Landing on that island towards the end of July he took an active part

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in the Siege of Flushing, where his battalion suffered considerable casualties. After the capitulation of Flushing, the greater part of the British fever-stricken troops were embarked for England; but the remainder, including Halkett's battalion, did not return until December.

January, 1810, found Halkett in camp at Bexhill for the third time. The rest was most welcome after the attack of fever from which he had suffered at Walcheren. In May of the same year he married Emily, the daughter of Sir James Bland Burgess.

Early in the Spring of 1811, he embarked for Portugal again, where Wellington in the Lines of Torres Vedras was opposed to the Army of Massena. When the latter was driven into Spain by Wellington, Beresford after capturing Olivenza commenced the siege of Badajoz, and it was here that Halkett and his battalion joined the army in April, 1811.

At the Battle of Albuhera, which followed in May, the two Light Battalions of the Legion distinguished themselves in the defence of the village and of the bridge over the river. Halkett as second-in-command of his battalion led several charges and two horses were shot under him. He escaped with a slight wound, and when at the end of the day he removed his cloak, five bullets fell out of it.

A few weeks after the battle Halkett, owing to a return of the liver complaint from which he had suffered in India, was invalided home. In January, 1812, he was promoted Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel and a month later, fully recovered, he returned to Spain where he joined his battalion in the neighbourhood of Ciudad Rodrigo. After the fall of that town and also of Badajoz, Hugh Halkett obtained command of the 2nd Light Battalion, K.G.L., in place of his brother Colin who had been promoted to command the Light Brigade. The first actions in which Hugh Halkett took part as a commanding officer were the storming of the heights of Morisco and the Battle of Salamanca. During the Burgos retreat his battalion formed part of Wellington's rearguard under Sir Stapleton Cotton.

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After the fiercely contested action of Venta de Pozo, in which the two Light Battalions fought with great bravery,* Wellington mentioned Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh Halkett and his unit in Despatches. During the further retreat to Portugal Hugh Halkett received orders to return to England, having been appointed to command the 7th Line Battalion of the K.G.L., then serving in Sicily.

Meanwhile the Grande Armée had been destroyed by a Russian winter, and the Allies were raising new levies in Northern Germany. On reaching England Halkett was about to leave for Sicily, when he was ordered to proceed to Germany with a party of officers and N.C.O.s of the K.G.L., in order to take command of a newly-formed Brigade of Hanoverian troops. Arriving in Hanover during the spring of 1813, he took over his new command and set about to train it with his characteristic energy. Halkett was then in the prime of his life, with the experience of several campaigns behind him.

He was a strict disciplinarian, but was admired by his subordinates for his sense of humour, bravery in the field and horsemanship; the latter was a quality which always appealed to the horse-loving Hanoverians. Although he had not completely mastered the German language, he always managed to make himself understood, and this failing never affected his efficiency as a commander.

During August Halkett joined a heterogeneous force of some twenty thousand men, Russians, Swedes, Hanoverians, K.G.L. and British (the 73rd Regiment and the Rocket Battery) troops which, commanded by the Hanoverian General Count von Walmoden, was operating in Northern Germany.

On September 16th Walmoden with part of his force encountered Pecheux's Division of Davoust's Corps near the forest of Göhrde.

The Allies, who had surprised the French, attacked at once and thoroughly shook the enemy's columns. These, fearing the onset of the cavalry, formed into squares and commenced to

* "The riflemen brought down the enemy as if they had been partridges," wrote one who witnessed the scene. (Fortescue).

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retreat, pouring a murderous fire from each square as it successively retired. After the fire of the Horse Artillery and the Rocket Battery had been brought to bear on the enemy, the 3rd Hussars of the K.G.L. were ordered to charge. The Hussars rode boldly forward against the first square which was in advance, but their impetus failed on account of a hollow way, not visible at a distance, which ran in front of the square. Moving round to the left flank of the enemy, three squadrons then charged one of the rear squares with complete success; whilst the remaining squadrons broke a third square and captured a French General from the midst of the melée. Meanwhile, Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh Halkett's brigade, which had never been in action before, was ordered to charge the square which the Hussars had failed to penetrate.

Halkett ordered one of his battalion commanders to attack, but when the latter suggested halting, reforming and loading in the hollow way before the final assault, the fiery young Brigadier retorted that there would be no halting to load as he relied on bayonets and not bullets. Putting himself at the head of the battalion* he led the assault, being the first to scramble out of the hollow way and the first to encounter the enemy. Halkett's horse was shot under him but he continued to fight with his sword for a few moments until his men arrived. These stimulated by the example of their gallant Brigadier fell fiercely on the enemy with the bayonet and broke the square, while the Hussars chased the fugitives.

The remainder of the French Division however continued to form again in rear and kept up an obstinate resistance in retreat until, after repeated charges by Hussars and Cossacks and the fire of artillery and rockets, they finally broke and fled.

Halkett in this action had successfully blooded his new troops, and what was more important he had gained their esteem and admiration.

In Walmoden's subsequent despatches, Halkett and his newly-formed brigade received a special mention.

* The Bennigsen Battalion, which was equipped with British white shakos intended for use in India, vide illustration.

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After the Battle of Leipzig, in which Halkett took no part, a column of Walmoden's corps was surprised on the march by some Danish regiments at Sehestedt. During the confusion which followed, Halkett had another opportunity of displaying his almost foolhardy courage. He was one of those soldiers, not uncommon in those days, who considered that spectacular feats were essential occasionally in order to encourage the troops; and incidentally he was such a fire-eater that he thoroughly enjoyed these actions.

When a Danish Cuirassier regiment charged his brigade and threw it into considerable confusion, Halkett thought that the time had arrived to set an example to his brigade.

Quite alone he galloped out to the standard bearer* of the Cuirassiers, cut off his head with one sweep of his sword, seized the standard and then endeavoured to return to his brigade. This however proved impossible for the time being, as he found himself almost surrounded by an enemy squadron. Seeing no possibility of breaking through the Cuirassiers on the side where his brigade was, he made for the open country followed by the whole squadron. But the heavy horses of the Cuirassiers were no match for the English thoroughbred mare which Halkett rode, and very soon he was three fields ahead of them. He now found himself in an enclosure with only one way out, and this was blocked by a felled tree which was a very considerable obstacle. The mare cleared the tree with a few inches to spare, and as Halkett landed in the next field he felt that he had escaped his pursuers. These in spite of repeated attempts failed to negotiate the obstacle.

Halkett now galloped round the enclosure in order to discover a way out: but he could find none! The field was surrounded by a black and apparently impenetrable bullfinch with an open ditch. He had just completed his circuit of the enclosure, when he saw that the tree was being removed by the united efforts of the Cuirassiers who had dismounted. There was now no time to lose, the foremost Cuirassiers were preparing to mount, so Halkett caught his mare by the head and, picking out a place

* According to another account this Cuirassier had previously captured the standard from a Hanoverian Regiment.

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where the ground looked least poached by the cattle in the field, he let her go at the fence as fast as she liked. Over and through the fence crashed the Brigadier, the glistening water of a dyke on the landing side flashed for an instant far beneath him, and then he was galloping smoothly in open country once more. Halkett now knew that he was safe, as the Cuirassiers would never be able to cross the dyke until they had cut down the fence, and none of them had taken the precaution of trying to cut him off earlier in the hunt. Making a sharp turn he galloped back to his brigade and entered its ranks, still carrying the enemy's standard, amidst the vociferous cheers of his men.

Later in the day Halkett saw his mounted orderly being pursued by several Danish Dragoons. Immediately he galloped after them, cut one down, put the rest to flight and thus rescued his orderly. When the King of Sweden heard of these acts of gallantry, he decorated Halkett with the Order of the Sword.

In January, 1814, Denmark sued for peace and Walmoden's Corps was broken up, part of it, which included Halkett's brigade, being detached to assist the Russian General Bennigsen who was besieging Davoust in Hamburg. Halkett's brigade was on outpost duty during a bitterly cold winter, and so seriously did its commander take his duties that he never took his clothes off for two months.

After the First Peace of Paris, Halkett was promoted Colonel in the Hanoverian Army, and during the "hundred days" he trained and organized a newly-formed "Landwehr" Brigade.

After the return of Napoleon from Elba, Halkett, whose brigade was now known as the 3rd Hanoverian Brigade, joined Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Clinton's Division and went into cantonments at Lens, midway between Ath and Mons. Clinton's Division arrived at Quatrebras on the night of June 16th/17th, marched back to Waterloo on the 17th and on the 18th took up its position on the right flank of the Army behind Hougoumont.

Early in the day while the 3rd Hanoverian Brigade was changing position, it was attacked by French cavalry which was however repulsed as soon as the brigade formed mass. During this fighting Halkett had his first horse killed.

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About 4 p.m. Halkett received orders to defend the garden and enclosures of Hougoumont. Here he found the 3rd Battalion of the First Guards and also a K.G.L. Battalion engaged, both of which had suffered heavily and were very short of ammunition. Thereupon he ordered his 1st (Salzgitter) Battalion to clear the enclosure and its vicinity with the bayonet.

By 6 p.m. Halkett was able to report that the enclosure was free of the enemy, and shortly afterwards the order for a general advance was given. He now put himself at the head of his 2nd (Osnabrück) Battalion, which he had left behind the wood and sent his Brigade Major back to fetch his other battalions.

The message never arrived as the Brigade Major was killed; but the battalions eventually turned up without orders and were in time to take part in the attack after it had commenced.

Meanwhile Halkett with his 2nd Battalion, leaving the farm of Hougoumont on his right, had encountered General Cambronne's Brigade of the Old Imperial Guard which, after being driven back some distance, reformed its square. At that moment Halkett noticed some French Artillery emerging from a lane on his left front. Disregarding the fire of the Guard he at once led a company towards the guns and, after a skirmish with the escort in which he took a personal part, captured them. As he handed over three Batteries to a British officer on the Brussels road, Lord Gordon Lennox one of Wellington's staff exclaimed, "Well done Colonel Halkett, capital, you ought to be made a Peer!"

He now turned his attention to the Imperial Guard which was advancing for the last time. With great élan he led his 2nd Battalion to meet it and successfully broke up the advance.

Scattered parties of the Guard were now involved in bitter hand-to-hand fighting with British and Hanoverian troops, when Halkett noticed that General Cambronne, who had had his horse shot under him, was cheering on his men on foot. It was he who is supposed to have made the traditional utterance: "La garde meurt, mais se ne rend pas," a remark which Halkett afterwards laconically pronounced to be "damned humbug." Here was an opportunity to inspire his young soldiers; so putting spurs to his

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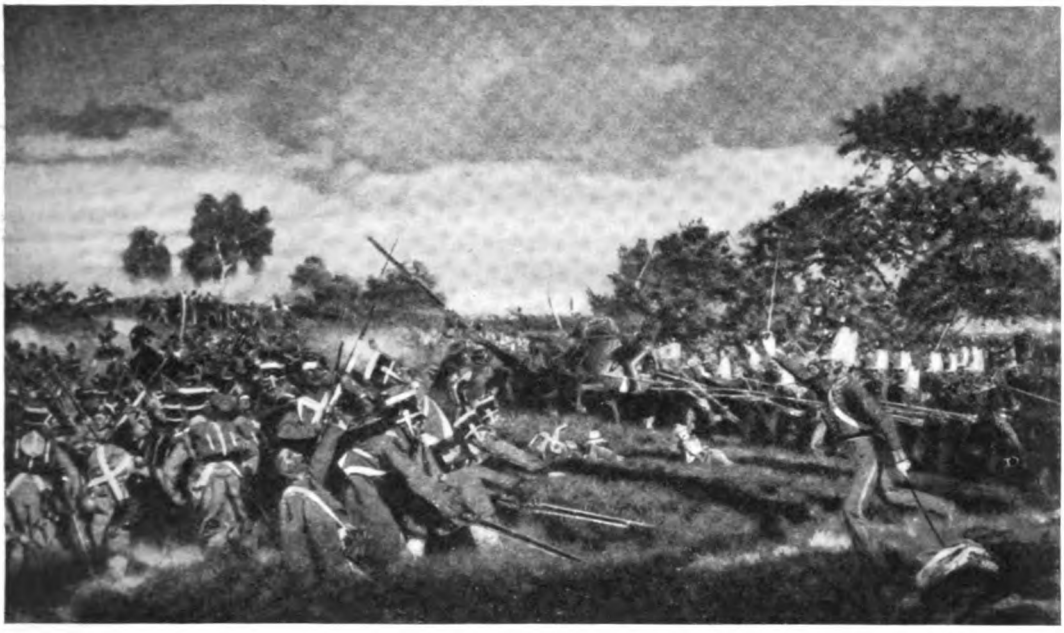

HALKETT (Mounted) LEADING THE ASSAULT ON A FRENCH SQUARE AT GÖHRDE

(From a painting in the Museum in CELLE)

HALKETT CAPTURING GENERAL CAMBRONNE AT WATERLOO

(From a painting in the Provincial Museum in HANOVER)

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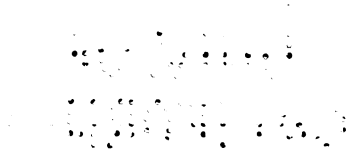

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powerful English hunter he dashed forwards towards the French General, whose men thought that the horse had bolted and at first held their fire.

On reaching Cambronne, Halkett threatened to cut him down, but he dropped his sword at once and surrendered.

At this moment Halkett's horse received a ball and fell, and to his dismay he saw Cambronne calmly walking back to his own troops. By great exertion he managed to get his horse up again, caught up his prisoner and dragged him off by his aiguilette to the Allied lines, where he handed him over to an officer with orders to take him to Wellington. On returning to the fray Halkett's horse received another ball and was killed. His next mount was a French artillery horse, but this also was shot under him almost at once.

The Guard was now retiring and Halkett, who meant to be in at the death, was badly in need of a horse. Seeing a French Hussar escaping on an English horse, he ordered one of his men to fire. The Hussar toppled off and Halkett secured his fourth mount of the day. Soon after this he captured a French officer, who pointed to a group of mounted officers in the distance and said that Napoleon was amongst them; but by the time Halkett had collected some of his men to fire on the group, the officers had disappeared.

By this time Halkett and part of his Brigade had reached the road to Gemappe, where he encountered some Prussian troops and, as it was getting dark, bivouacked for the night.

During the battle he had received several minor wounds and contusions, one of which affected the sight of his left eye to such an extent that it later became almost useless.

Next morning Halkett rejoined his division on the march to Nivelles, where he received the personal congratulations of Sir Henry Clinton and also of his Corps Commander, Lord Hill.

After the Second Peace of Paris, the King's German Legion, in which Halkett was still Colonel of the 7th Line Battalion, was removed from the British Establishment and was transferred to the reconstituted Kingdom of Hanover. He was placed on British half-pay for life and, like several other British officers

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who had served in the K.G.L., received a permanent appointment in the new Hanoverian Army. In accepting this appointment he did not have to transfer his allegiance, as George III was also King of Hanover.

For the next two years Halkett was Second-in-Command to Lieutenant-General Sir Charles von Alten, who commanded the Hanoverian Division of the Allied Army of Occupation in France; and on returning to Hanover he was promoted Major-General.

In 1839 serious disturbances took place in the Kingdom of Hanover on account of Constitutional changes, but owing to the tact and popularity of General Hugh Halkett repressive measures were not necessary.

During the Schleswig-Holstein campaign he commanded with distinction, and during an engagement at Bilschau he nearly lost his life. On this occasion he insisted on visiting his vedettes, and had it not been for the presence of his A.D.C., he would have been cut down by some Danish Dragoons.

Halkett was created a Baron by the King of Hanover, and his decorations included the C.B., G.C.H.,* Black Eagle, Anne of Russia, Military Merit, Dannebrög, Sword of Sweden, Spanish Gold Cross for Albuhera, British Gold Cross for Albuhera and Salamanca, with the Peninsular, Waterloo and various Hanoverian medals.

Three of his sons served in the British Army, but the eldest† was in the Hanoverian Service and commanded the Queen's Hussars at Langensalza in 1866.

It was well that the brave old Scotsman did not live to see this ill-fated year and the eclipse of the Kingdom of Hanover, for he died on July 26th, 1863.

The whole tenor of Hugh Halkett's life may be summed up in the motto of his adopted country:

"Nec Aspera Terrent."

* Knight Grand Cross of Hanover. The Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order, which ceased to be conferred in England upon the death of William IV, was instituted in 1815 by the Prince Regent to commemorate the establishment of Hanover as a Kingdom, and was formerly far more British than Hanoverian. It had its complete array of decorations, with the motto: "Nec Aspera Terrent."

† Lieut. Colonel Baron Colin von Halkett. Vide Cavalry Journal, Vol. XXVIII p. 395.

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FRENCH VIEWS ON MODERN CAVALRY

By Major E. W. Sheppard, O.B.E., M.C. (Ret.).

PART II.

In order to complete our study of modern French thought on the organization and employment of mechanized cavalry formations, it is proposed, in this second paper, to give a précis of various articles that have appeared in French and other foreign military periodicals on this topic during the last two years. The journals in which they have been published appear with the approval or under the direct auspices of official authority, so that, though the articles themselves are the work of the authors alone, and no direct responsibility for their contents is accepted by the French General Staff, they may be taken as being broadly orthodox and more or less in line with the trend of official thought.

According to an article by the German Captain Murau, in the "Militar-Wochenblatt" of April 16th, 1937, the French tried out the first of their new model cavalry divisions in the autumn manœuvres of 1932. This division then consisted of two horsed brigades and one mechanized brigade, and some of their divisions still are (or were at the date of the article) organized on this basis. The idea was to use the motorized brigade primarily in open country with good roads, and the horsed brigades in broken or wooded ground. It was hoped thus to ensure good "all purposes" tactical mobility which would enable the division to carry out any task set it, whatever the conditions of terrain or weather.

After considerable experiment, of course under peace-time conditions only, it was found that this advantage was theoretical rather than practical, or, to be more accurate, that, such as it was, it had to be offset by serious countervailing disadvantages. Command and troop leading of the heterogeneous formation were found to be very difficult and complicated. The varying

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rates of march of the horsed and mechanized brigades required careful co-ordination of their movements, if they were not to get either entangled or out of hand. Tendency to dispersion and loss of control was increased by the necessity of splitting up the division into small temporary tactical groups, each consisting of horsed and mechanized units, for varying tasks as these arose. The brigade commanders thus frequently found all their troops taken from them, and the extemporised group commanders had neither the staffs nor the means of intercommunication necessary for them if they were to function properly. The division therefore tended to split up into a number of small semi-independent bodies acting on a wide front, with indifferent central control, and exposed to serious risk of defeat in detail by a numerically inferior enemy.

The great length of the divisional march column, if it were kept concentrated—45 miles from head to tail—rendered it very vulnerable to air attack. It took a very long time to deploy from column of route to fighting formation owing to the difficulty of finding sufficient suitable roads for the mechanized units and the comparatively slow rate of movement of the horsed cavalry. Normally the process could hardly be completed in under four hours, and this loss of time precluded all possibility of surprise or seizure of a fleeting opportunity, which always has been and always should be of the essence of cavalry tactics.

The principal cause of this difficulty was of course the fact that, both on roads and across any type of country where mechanized or motorized units could be used at all, they moved from three to five times as fast as their horsed comrades. Thus the latter usually got to the scene of action too late to exploit any initial success or repair any repulse resulting from the preliminary encounter of the division's mechanized advance guard. As the rate of march of the division, as always, was that of its slowest elements, its strategical mobility in effect was no greater than that of the old pre-war type of horsed cavalry division. The intermixture of rapid and slow-moving elements therefore merely slowed down the former to the pace of the latter, greatly complicated the question of command, logistics and supply, and

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deprived the whole formation of its power of mobility and surprise—that is, practically, of its whole reason for existence at all.

The French "Cavalry Division Type, 1932," showed itself therefore —as far as peace-time experience can conclusively show anything—to be an unsatisfactory form of organization, incapable of solving the problems, involving long-range operations and a certain degree of fire power, with which it was designed to cope.

In 1934 a new type of modernized cavalry division was therefore devised and tried out—the light mechanized division, from which all horsed units were eliminated entirely. This new type of cavalry formation consists at the present time of one mechanized brigade of light and medium tanks and two brigades of "*dragons portés*" (cavalry carried in lorries or buses) with the usual allotment of motorized artillery, engineers and services. The armament of the motorized units consists of machine guns and light automatic 37 mm. guns and trench mortars, and the artillery comprises batteries of howitzers and anti-tank guns, so that the fire power of the division is considerable. In addition, it has its own specially allotted air co-operation squadron.

In this type of division, of course, the complications of command are much, though not completely, reduced, by reason of its much more uniform rate of movement and much wider radius of action. Administration too is somewhat simplified by the absence of demand for fodder for the horsed units. In addition the division has a higher degree of fire power than the 1932 type. Many of its vehicles however are not adapted for cross-country movement and this necessarily reduces to some degree its powers of manœuvre. This would be less disadvantageous in western Europe, where hedges and ditches are scarce, and good roads plentiful, than in this country or in many other possible British theatres of war. (The possibility that the German cavalry may have to operate not only in western but in eastern Europe, with its wide rolling roadless plains, deep cut river beds, and vast forests, in part accounts for the retention by that power of a larger proportion of horsed cavalry than is considered necessary by France.)

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The views of Captain Murau in the formation and powers of this new type of cavalry, though not necessarily those held in France on the subject, are worth summarizing. Distant reconnaissance must nowadays of course be the duty of the motor vehicle and the aeroplane; in this sphere horsed cavalry has outlived its usefulness. For successful tactical reconnaissance the first requisite is local tactical superiority in the zone concerned, which can best be obtained by speed combined with fire power. Scout cars with armoured protection and cross-country mobility should therefore always assist and supplement the efforts of horsed cavalry patrols, whose value for close tactical reconnaissance, though less than of old, is still considerable. As compared with horsed cavalry, motorized reconnaissance suffers from two main limitations, the poor cross-country capacity of the normal vehicle, which may well be overcome in the near future, and the inherent defect that for the crew of a noisy vehicle with limited range of vision, close, accurate, and secret observation will often be difficult. There will, too, always be certain areas where vehicles cannot go and horses can, and *vice versa*; this last point is too often forgotten by the horsed cavalry school, as is also the fact that major operations usually take place in country where all arms can move and fight.

Strategically, then, according to Captain Murau, only purely motorized units can undertake the tasks of modern cavalry, as they alone possess adequate speed, mobility and fire power. Horsed units acting in conjunction with them serve only as a brake and an encumbrance. Some of the new type cavalry divisions must still remain horsed, but the majority will be completely mechanized. For tactical reconnaissance and divisional duties, horsed cavalry, supplemented by motor scout vehicles, are adequate; in this sphere co-operation between horse and motor is not only possible, but promising of good success.

So much for Captain Murau and his views.

Some six months before this article came out in the German "Militar-Wochenblatt" the French "Revue de Cavalerie" published an anonymous paper on "Cavalry in Liaison with Motorized Divisions." The writer leads off with some interest-

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ing and rather startling facts and figures about the French motorized division—not to be confused, it must be remembered, with the light mechanized division of Captain Murau's article, which has largely replaced the horsed cavalry division in the French Army. The motorized division has the same composition as the normal infantry division, except that all its auxiliary troops and all its transport are motorized, and its infantry can be transported as required in bus columns from a pool held in reserve for the purpose. Such a formation can attack or defend a position in the same way as a normal formation can, but it also has the power to carry out long and rapid marches of from 100 to 150 miles a day when fully motorized. But unfortunately it is very large and unwieldy; when its infantry are marching on foot it takes up over 40 miles of road space, and if the infantry are carried on buses, this will be increased to 68 miles from head to tail; and it takes 4 to 5 hours for it to debus and deploy for action. In order to protect it during movement and debussing, it requires not only anti-aircraft defence along the whole of its long and vulnerable column, but ground security detachments thrown out on a wide all round front to a distance which, to provide complete safeguard against mechanized attack, may have to be as much as 80 to 100 miles. For this latter purpose it has only its own infantry motor-cycle platoons and reconnaissance groups of motorized machine guns and armoured cars. Not only must this adequate security be assured, however, but information must also be obtained in sufficient time to enable the divisional commander to take measures to dispose and deploy his huge and unwieldy force for action in accordance with the mission entrusted to him. The principal tasks of the light mechanized divisions of the French army will be to ensure this security and procure this information.

The author foresees three possible missions for the motorized divisions—acting as a general reserve to reinforce an attacking or defending front; filling up gaps between armies or groups of armies, to exploit a success gained by them during an offensive or to re-establish a jeopardized situation by defence or counter-attack; and acting in a wide outflanking manœuvre.

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In the first role the employment of a motorized division would offer no particular advantage, for a normally constituted division, temporarily carried on buses, could do all that such a division could do. In the second role the chief essential must be speed in getting into action in order to seize the fleeting opportunity of success before it has passed away or avert the danger before it becomes acute. Ground reconnaissance and security must therefore be strongly provided for, and light mechanized divisions alone can adequately furnish them. Front, and flanks, too, in the case of a division advancing into a gap to exploit a success, must be covered, and the protective detachments must be strong enough to hold their positions, if need be, for the five hours required for the motorized division behind them to deploy for action. This task may well call for all the light mechanized division's resources in mobility, power of manœuvre, and fire power. Similarly, in cases where the motorized formation is called up to fill a dangerous gap in a defensive front, its commander must have time to select and occupy the line on which he intends to stand and resist the hostile penetration and to establish touch with neighbouring units on his flanks, so as to stabilize the situation once more. Gaining this necessary time and securing this necessary touch will be tasks for which the light mechanized division is exceptionally suitable.

In the third role of wide outflanking manœuvres the commander of the turning force has the utmost need of all the information he can obtain as to the situation both of his own side and of the enemy, so as to enable him to seize the right moment for his blow and deliver it in the right direction and with the right object. Air reconnaissance must be supplemented by ground reconnaissance for this purpose, and protection will again be required to secure the wide area of ground necessary for the movement and deployment of the turning force. Both flanks of this force will also have to be guarded against the danger of a counter blow, and though horsed cavalry can sometimes be used to guard the inner flank adequately, the outer flank must be covered by light mechanized divisions, which alone have the necessary mobility for the purpose. Their first task

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will be to establish a barrier under shelter of which the turning force can move with security; then information must be widely sought, and at a still later stage it may be found necessary to employ the new model cavalry to seize points essential for the development of the manœuvre or delaying the threatening advance of a hostile counter-attacking force. All these tasks will be far beyond the powers of the small reconnaissance and security detachments of the motorized divisions themselves; only powerful mobile forces such as light mechanized divisions can safely undertake them and surely fulfil them.

In short, the French motorized divisions can carry out their appropriate missions only with the constant and powerful help of air forces and mechanized cavalry, specially organized and trained for such duties. This after all is but the normal role for which cavalry, whether of the old horsed or the new mechanized type, has always been constituted and maintained; means and methods alter, but the role of the arm remains the same.

Another anonymous article in the March, 1937, "Revue de Cavalerie" goes a little more deeply into the question of the combination of horsed and mechanized cavalry units in one formation. Again the author assumes that the tasks of distant reconnaissance will normally be entrusted to the mechanized units, which will spread out widely to the flanks in preference to thrusting too far forward out of reach of support from the slower moving horsed units behind them. If the enemy are met in front, these latter may, on occasion, be called on to relieve their mechanized comrades when these have been held up, so as to allow them to disengage and move forward again on one flank or the other and so continue the advance. Or they may have to seek and seize an opportunity to carry on the advance themselves under cover of the fire of the mechanized units. Or again the task may be the simpler but not less necessary one of mopping up the ground traversed by the forward units in the course of an unsuccessful advance, by disposing of any small parties of the enemy who may have escaped notice or be still offering resistance.

The main danger for the horsed units to guard against is that

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of being surprised and overrun by enemy mechanised force. Should such an attack suddenly take place, they must be ready to scatter at speed to avoid it, which may be their only means of safety at the moment. But the risk of surprise and possible disaster may be minimised by advance by bounds, each bound being secured by motorized infantry and artillery and anti-tank weapons before the cavalry leave it to move forward as fast as they can to the next bound.

To be able to fulfil its difficult role under modern conditions, the cavalry load on the horse must be lightened so as to increase mobility and speed, and the heavier supporting units should be distributed and their transport organized, not with a view to multiplying vehicles and carrying more and heavier loads, but so as to allow of swift and appropriate distribution of their supporting weapons at need. Horsed units will thus consist merely of mounted riflemen with a few machine-guns and anti-tank weapons only, the bulk of these latter being grouped into supporting units with cross-country vehicles acting as distributors of their weapons as and where required.

Another article in the March number of the "Revue de Cavalerie" by General Boucherie, who, it will be remembered from our first article in the October, 1938, issue of the CAVALRY JOURNAL, was the cavalry representative on the compiling committee of the French "Field Service Regulations," also deals from a rather more theoretical and general standpoint with military motorization and its consequences for the cavalry arm. He declares that the evolution of the arm towards the machine is an imperious necessity, and that the process, which at present, owing to exaggerated respect for tradition, is far from complete, should be accepted as inevitable, and expedited by every possible means. The effects of mechanization are to increase fire power and mobility by the motorization of transport, to increase the fighting power of the arm by the use of armoured fighting vehicles, and to endow mobile formations with greater power and radius of action. There should be a new doctrine designed to exploit to the full all these advantages, and that doctrine should form the basis from which to build up the new organiz-

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ations, the new machines and the new methods necessary to carry it into practice. In short, ends should precede and dictate means, instead of as at present, following and being dictated by means.

Motorization's main effect, as regards the cavalry, is to restore to it some of the offensive power it once had, but has since lost. Under these conditions, rapid reconnaissance, sound security dispositions, accumulation of forces for the offensive, and delivery of swift and powerful blows, have once more become possible for new model cavalry. Once the policy of raising formations of motorized infantry had been adopted, similar formations of mechanized cavalry obviously became necessary, since horsed cavalry could no longer fulfil the normal functions of the arm.

Mechanized cavalry formations must have offensive means to make contact with the enemy and break down his local resistance, and defensive means to permit of occupying and holding ground for their own purposes or for the benefit of the formations with which they are co-operating. But their organization and employment will always be governed by the amount and nature of available material, the ground and conditions of supply and repair. Overlarge formations, though in appearance imposing, will often encounter great, if not altogether, insuperable difficulties in securing for themselves sufficient time and space to manœuvre and deploy, and in moving and guarding their enormous mass of vehicles and trains. The basic principle both of organizing and of handling mechanized cavalry, must be to exploit to the full its characteristics of speed and offensive power, and minimize its weaknesses of dependence on ground, vulnerability to air attack, massiveness, and fragility. The author is highly optimistic as to the future of the arm; given a policy of looking ahead and suitable guidance of technical and mechanical development, increased mobility and power of material, closer co-operation between ground and air forces, possible construction of machines capable of moving and fighting both on land and in the air—these and other possibilities forecast a future for

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mechanized cavalry to which it is hardly possible in his opinion to set limitations.

Another interesting article in the May, 1937, number of the " Revue de Cavalerie " by Lieutenant-Colonel Azais, deals with the question of new model cavalry training. After a review of the system of instruction in horsed units, he asks whether these same methods, though they gave reasonably good results in the past, can be retained and adapted for the use of the new mechanized units. Training may be divided into (a) technical, i.e., how to handle and maintain the vehicle, corresponding to the former riding instruction and horsemastership; (b) tactical, in the use of the vehicle on roads and across country; (c) musketry and small arms; (d) specialized training and intercommunication.

As regards (a) this technical training should, in the author's view, be limited only by the petrol available, which however must be strictly economised so as to give the best results. Special driving tracks should be constructed for elementary instruction and full use should be made of the valuable instruction and practice to be got from extensive road tours.

(b) Tactical training must of course be varied in accordance with the type of vehicle in question; but little profit is to be gained from exercises on the familiar bare ground usually to be found in the immediate vicinity of peace stations, and it will usually be worth while to move the troops by M.T. further afield, even at some cost of time and petrol, for the sake of obtaining greater variety and conditions more like those to be expected in war.

(c) Small arms training should have as its purpose the making of every man a good shot from his vehicle in action.

(d) Of specialist training the most important branch is signalling, for on the swift and reliable functioning of intercommunication, the whole efficiency and perhaps the existence of a mechanized cavalry unit on active service may well depend.

The author concludes that the question with which his article opened must, to his regret it seems, be answered in the negative. The system of training which heretofore has worked

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well in a horsed cavalry unit is no longer applicable under conditions of mechanization. It is essential, indeed, for the new model cavalry, if it is to reach the necessary standard of mechanical and military efficiency, to break away altogether from its former ideas and start off from an entirely fresh basis.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the French cavalry has long recognized not only the inevitability, but the great possibilities, of mechanization, and has settled down to make the best of it and to get the best out of it. No doubt with them, as with us, there are lingering regrets for the great days now past of horse and lance and sabre. In a later issue of the very same periodical in which a few months before General Boucherie had called for a policy of forethought and far-sightedness in the organization and use of the new model cavalry, we find him recalling with wistful admiration some of the glories of the mounted arm under Napoleon, but only to draw lessons for the future. But one's impression is that the bulk of the French cavalry, which has admittedly been mechanized considerably longer than has ours, has become quite reconciled to the *fait accompli*, and that if any yearning for a return to the past exists at all, it is no more than sentimental, and recognized as such.

It also appears that the development of doctrine and systems of training has gone considerably further in France than with us. Not only has the French cavalry an official teaching and no doubt an official syllabus of instruction, but a good deal of writing, and much thought which does not express itself in writing, is being devoted to its amplification and improvement. French officers are of course allowed more scope than is the custom in the British army for discussing and even criticising the ideas and methods laid down by their superiors, which, at a time when the whole art of war and even the time-honoured principles of strategy and tactics are in a state of flux, is all to the good. At least the whole subject of the future of cavalry can be fully ventilated in this frank and free atmosphere, so far as theoretical discussion can serve to do so. For all theory and peace-time practice the ultimate test of course can only be war.

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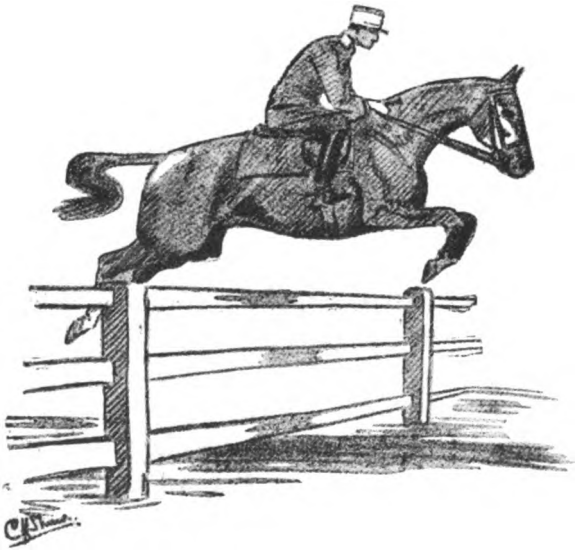
There is general agreement among the writers, both official and unofficial, on this subject, that the broad principles of cavalry action will remain constant in the future as in the past. Cavalry's best weapons will always be its mobility, power of manœuvre, and ability to achieve surprise, and for these it must always train, search, and strive. But the methods employed tomorrow will be very different from those of yesterday, and the cavalry officer, instead of being, as has too often been the tendency in the past, the repository of orthodoxy and tradition, must cast his eyes wider afield to new horizons, and show himself more eager to seek out and apply new ideas and new methods than ever before in the history of the arm. In this respect, the French, who began to undergo conversion from horse to mechanization before ourselves, have undoubtedly much to teach us, though their peculiar problems and ours are of course by no means on all fours. It is for us to profit, not only by their ideas, but still more by their example, now that we have entered once for all on the road of cavalry mechanization and left behind us for ever a glorious but irrecoverable past.



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TIP-AND-RUN.

An Episode of Restoration Days.

By Reginald Hargreaves.

" Painter! let thine art describe a story,
Shaming our warlike island's ancient glory;
A scene which never on our seas appeared
Since first our ships were on the ocean steered;
Make the Dutch fleet, while we supinely sleep,
Without opposers, masters of the deep! "

" Advice to a Painter."
Ascribed to Sir John Denham.

Of all the attempted invasions of British soil, probably the least remembered, harder to recall, even, than the frustrated French attempt on Fishguard in 1797, is that of the Dutch assault, in the July of 1667, on Landguard Fort and the coastline over which it stood guardian.

In effect, this abortive enterprise was the culmination of a long-standing quarrel, whose roots had been sedulously fertilized during the period of the Protectorate.

Throughout the war between King and Parliament, the Dutch had consistently supported the Royalist cause, furnishing Charles liberally with both arms and ammunition. With the triumph of the Republican forces, Cromwell found himself free, not only to seek redress for the earlier grievance, but to exact retribution for the long unavenged massacre of the English traders at Amboyna; and further to strengthen the hands of the New England settlers, existing in some dread of their Hollander neighbours of New Amsterdam.

Moreover, Dutch ships were carrying the bulk of the overseas trade; and the Lord Protector, convinced that the future prosperity of his country depended, very largely, upon her command of the blue waters, determined that the main volume of seaborne commerce should again be diverted to the holds of British-

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owned vessels. The outcome of this resolution was the very stringent Navigation Act of 1651; Parliament's passage of which aimed a death-blow at Dutch maritime predominance; and war was inevitable.

In the initial stages of the conflict which followed, the British triumph was unequivocal. But the passage of arms between the two countries had entirely failed to resolve the problems of dispute outstanding between them; and the struggle for sea dominance continued with unabated bitterness.

Holland, if temporarily beaten in 1654, had by no manner of means been put permanently out of action; and in 1665 war again broke out between the old antagonists. But the fleet that had so handsomely trounced van Tromp off the North Foreland a year or so earlier, by this time had been allowed to fall into a truly reprehensible condition of decay. The seamen had long gone unpaid; mountainous debts remained unsettled in every shipyard; with Parliament's stubborn refusal to supply the necessary funds, such small resources as Charles himself could command* proved but an inconsiderable drop in the ocean. For as yet " the Black Boy " had been given insufficient time in which to mature the subtle scheme whereby a considerable proportion of the money " borrowed " from his brother monarch across the Channel was diverted to the reconstitution of the British Fleet!

Without the protection afforded by the " sure shield " of her navy, England found herself faced with the ever-present possibility of Dutch invasion.

By the June of 1667, however, tension had considerably relaxed, since it was known that a peace treaty between the two nations was in active negotiation. It was probably with the idea that a sudden, spectacular raid on the English seaboard would enable his country to exact better terms of settlement that induced the Dutch leader, Cornelis de Witt, unostentatiously to assemble a fleet of sixty-four sail-of-the-line, with their inevitable tenders, at the Texel; wherefrom he set out for the English coast on the 4th of June.

* It is a fact, unknown to contemporary chroniclers, and too often ignored by later writers, that, in the early years, Charles' private resources were seriously debilitated by his determination to pay off Cromwell's debts in addition to those contracted by his royal father.

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The news of his unheralded appearance at the mouth of the Thames, with the intelligence which followed of the destruction wrought by the invaders in the Medway, where, breaking the chain that had been swung across to bar their progress, the Dutchmen burned no less than six of the King's ships and even threatened the investment of Upnor Castle, threw London into a condition of bewildered consternation which quickly degenerated into a positive hysteria of alarm. Fearing that the next favourable tide would bring the hostile forces to the assault of the capital itself, orders were hastily given for the sinking of a line of vessels to block the channel at Blackwall. In addition, ramparts were hurriedly erected on both banks of the river and armed with artillery; the Trained Bands were called out *en masse*, and a levy of 120,000 men was ordered throughout the country. Some of the more despairful-hearted even went so far as to moot the question of a summary re-assembly of Parliament!

Despite the fact that the King and his principal supporters spared no effort to press forward hasty measures of defence, London continued in a state of panic, ferment and distress. A run on the banks* was followed by a soaring rise in the price of all sea-borne commodities—coal, for example, leaped from 15/- to 140/- a ton—a drastic Order in Council gave unprecedented authorization for the empressment of merchant vessels in the King's service; the news of the subjection of Sheerness Fort and the insolence of the Dutch trumpeter sounding "Joan's placket is torn" from the deck of the captured "Royal Charles," sent Mr. Secretary Pepys to the scattering of his worldly possessions so that, in the event of a Dutch landing in the capital, "something might be saved." The general feeling of alarm was in no wise lessened by the appearance in the streets of a fanatic Quaker, naked save for a loin cloth, carrying a cauldron of live coals upon his head, and calling upon all and sundry to "Repent!"†

* Of Banks as we understand them today, of course, there were none. Money was lodged with the City goldsmiths, who paid a modest rate of interest for its use as capital. It was the widespread discontent with the goldsmiths reluctance to meet demands for cash during the period of the emergency which led, ultimately, to the formation of the Bank of England, under the inspiration of William Paterson in 1694.

† Pepys makes mention of a further appearance of this unfortunate victim of dementia some month or so later, ululating unrelentingly through Westminster Hall.

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This condition of general demoralization is, of course, easy enough to understand; although, as the event proved, it entirely lacked warrant. For, so far as the assault on the capital was concerned, the Dutch had sped their bolt. Lacking sufficient forces, particularly landing parties of infantry, to exploit their initial success, to achieve more than a spectacular raid was completely beyond their power. Taking such booty with them as they could conveniently transport, they turned tail and headed once more for the open sea.

II.

But although London may have constituted the Hollanders' main objective, there were other tempting and apparently vulnerable points of penetration by which they had earlier been attracted; and to one of them, that of Landguard Fort and its environs, they now paused to devote considerable, if ultimately fruitless, attention.

Owing to its geographical situation, on a point of land at the South-eastern extremity of Suffolk, opposite the tip of the Essex seaboard where the two rivers of the Stour and the Orwell join, just above Harwich, to flow into the North Sea, Landguard Fort had long constituted a coastal bulwark of no small importance.

In the general preparations put in hand to meet the threat from the Dutch, this permanent work had not been entirely overlooked. Orders of the Council of State had directed that the fortifications should be strengthened and "finished with bricks and stone, and some outworks made there"; while the normal garrison provided by the Governor's company, 120 to 130 strong, plus a handful of gunners, had been reinforced by another company of the Lord High Admiral's Regiment* of approximately the same strength. Additionally, a troop of cavalry under the Earl of Oxford had been directed to encamp on the mainland, "not less than two miles away." (Actually, they went into bivouac at Walton.) As a buttress to this initial force, a further four companies of the same regiment of Foot had been distributed

* The Lord High Admiral's or Duke of York and Albany's Maritime Regiment of Foot embodied in 1664, and now known to us as the Royal Marines.

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in and about Southwold, Dunwich, Lowestoft and Aldeburgh, with orders, in an emergency, to concentrate at Harwich. As a last precaution, the mobilization of his county's Trained Bands had been successfully effected by the Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Suffolk.

In immediate support of Captain Nathaniell Darell, the Fort's Governor, since the September of 1666, was a small squadron under the command of Sir Joseph Jordan. Too weak to risk a meeting on the high seas with the Dutch fleet in strength, it lay at anchor in the mouth of the Stour, the apex of a triangle of which the base line ran from just below Harwich to the Fort itself.

As June waned and the news of the Dutch fleet's departure from the Texel filtered through, Darell for the hundredth time passed in review his modest armament of culverins, demi-culverins and minyons, mounted on the Fort's newly-completed platforms; while one and all kept careful watch out to sea, where the movements of two enemy craft, which appeared to be taking soundings, had aroused their justifiable suspicions.

With such a portent, it was obvious that hostile action could not long be delayed; and with the first days of July the defenders hastened to block the estuary with a line of seven colliers and a ship of twenty guns, all flying the naval "jack" and ensign, stretching from Landguard Fort to the beacon on the opposite spit of land, just below Harwich Harbour. It was a preliminary move that very successfully brought the Hollanders to pause; since, with the national bunting hoisted, they were left uncertain whether or no they had to deal with war-craft or helpless merchant vessels. Still in doubt, the Dutch commander, in the hope of instilling a sense of false security in the garrison, attempted a ruse by sailing northward, out of sight beyond Aldeburgh. The respite, as may well be imagined, was thankfully welcomed by all concerned as affording them an extended opportunity to perfect those improvements and repairs to the fortifications which had already been inaugurated.

It was soon to be demonstrated, however, that de Ruijter's manœuvre was no more than a feint. By 11 a.m. on the second

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day of July the whole hostile armament was again off Felixstowe, bearing down "close between the sands from the Suffolk coast, a way our great ships never us'd to venture," as an eye-witness informs us; with the obvious intention of landing the bulk of their storming party at such an angle that they would be in position to launch an assault on their objective in reverse. By 1 o'clock the whole of Dutch line-of-sail, forty seven in number, accompanied by their tenders, had reached a harbourage where they were out of reach of the Fort's guns, and whence their landing parties could be safely put ashore. But the defenders were not easily to be caught napping. Felixstowe's warning beacon had been set ablaze and a general alarm sounded. So, as the first of the "fifty small vessels," which were to transport the enemy infantry, put out from the ship's side, there was, an observer states, "much firing from the Filstow (Felixstowe) cliffs by the Militia of the county"; a fusilade, however, which was not destined to exercise a particularly deterrent effect.

At the same time as the landing parties headed for the shore, some seven or eight of the heavier vessels, having moved round to face the Fort from a position out to sea known as the Rolling Grounds, let loose a cloud of smoke, whose drift very fortuitously succeeded in masking the movements of the enemy infantry as it disembarked.*

A letter, dated July 3rd, from Silas Taylor, Keeper of the King's Store at Harwich, to his friend Joseph Williamson, Keeper of His Majesty's Papers of State, gives a graphic if, in some few particulars, slightly confused account of the manner in which the ensuing action developed, retailed by one who witnessed the whole of the proceedings from Dovercourt cliffs and, later, from a coign of 'vantage on Beacon Hill, Harwich:

> "It was judged that the eight Dutch ships that sent such clouds of smoke upon the fort out of the Rolling Grounds were merely for that purpose. That they landed about Filstow Cliffs above 2,000 men, I have reason to believe from my own guess. The Suffolk forces came to them in inclosures" (i.e., in

* Obviously an early and successful attempt to "camouflage" and obscure the movement of troops by the laying of a smoke barrage

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close formation) " about 4 of the clock or 5. They spared about 400 or 500 relieved from the main body, [which stood near the place they landed, with a strong body of pikes, which I plainly saw], to assault the forces above the hill, and with them two or three drakes,* with which they maintained the lanes and hedges; so that the Earl of Suffolk got the ground of them in a manner but by inches, because his horse was excluded from the service. In the mean(time), a party of 300 or 400, or more, ran along the beach, in the smoke that the ships from the Rolling Grounds had made, up to Landguard Fort, with scaling ladders, painted, of about 20 feet long or more, hand granadoes, etc. They came briskly up, with their cutlasses drawn upon their arms, and came up close to the fort, whose reception of them, when discovered, was as brisk. This assault, with a continual playing of small shot, lasted about half an hour, and they were repulsed.

" They had got under the sand banks where our Galliot hoy " (a sort of brigantine) " and the *Lennox* " (a Government-hired privateer) " the *Truelove* " (a ten-gun frigate with a crew of seventy-five) " played upon them from the water, and waited on their motion, and they discerned them at this assault about 5 of the clock in the afternoon, dragging off their dead.

" About an hour after, they tried again, but were presently discouraged, and in disorder ran away, leaving some of their ladders, their hand granadoes, and a case of very handsome pistols; and as the ships saw them within the fort in the Salt Road, they bestowed upon them a bullet welcome.

" About 9 of the clock all was silent, and they drawn to their body about Filstow cliff, [their boats being on ground, which caused them to stand their ground much longer], and being pressed on by the Earl of Suffolk had a much to do to keep themselves from disorder, especially when the horse have come at them at that began (*sic*) in the woods above the cliff, about 11 of the clock at night, and lasted till about two in the

* A small cannon. Subsequent efforts to retrieve these pieces of ordnance were unsuccessful, which argues that the Dutch were able to re-embark them.

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morning; at what time, the water floating their boats, they got off to their ships, who about six this morning were all under sail, and now out of sight, by reason that they are shut off from us by Filstow Cliff, being in Ouseley Bay; but yet, now and then, I think I hear some of the guns."

For a man unpractised in the art of the war-correspondent, this is a very fair and well-balanced piece of reporting. Subsequent accounts put the number of Dutch actually landed at 3,000, of whom some 2,000, under the leadership of the English Republican renegade, Colonel Doleman, who, earlier, had particularly distinguished himself at the capture of Sheerness, delivered an assault on the fort of, actually, some three-quarters of an hour's duration. Repulsed at the cost of over a hundred effectives, it was not until hard upon seven in the evening that the raiders rallied to essay a second effort, which, however, met with no better fate than the first. In the meantime, Suffolk, with 1,000 to 1,200 men, had launched an attack on the balance of the hostile force, left at the place of landing to secure their comrades' line of retreat. As Clowes informs us in his *Naval History*:—

"The struggle with them continued in a desultory manner until about 10 p.m., when the routed Dutch returned from their last attack on the fort. The enemy then managed, with considerable loss, to re-embark. Just after they had done so, a detachment of five hundred Foot, under Major "(actually Colonel)" Legge arrived from Harwich. The fight, however, was then over; and it is neither Legge nor the Earl of Suffolk who must be credited with the honour of having saved Landguard. The credit is due to Captain Nathaniell Darell, of the Duke of York and Albany's Maritime Regiment of Foot, and his gallant marines."

This is no more than truth. Darell it was who, despite the hampering effect of the wound he had suffered early in the 'fray, set such an example of courage and enterprise that the men under his command were enabled to beat off assailants of very nearly seven times their number, at a loss, in killed, of no more than three or four effectives, with as many wounded. And yet,

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ironically enough, a month earlier this same stout-hearted officer had been reported to the King and Council as a "malignant Papist and an incompetent"! Ably indeed did he vindicate himself, not only in action but—a much more difficult feat!—on paper, as a glance at the *London Gazette* for July 1st-4th of that year, and a reference to Pepys's comment on the matter, amply serve to demonstrate.

III.

With the Dutch re-embarked on the young flood, having at last escaped the pressing attentions of Suffolk's Horse, which pursued them right down to the beach and almost out into the shoal water, such of the local defences as had suffered injury were hastily repaired, since the possibility of a second attempt by the Hollanders was not entirely to be discounted. Local opinion in this particular was well epitomised by Silas Taylor in another letter to his friend, affirming his belief that the Dutch had "an aching tooth against Harwich," and "would willingly do it a further mischief."

But ulterior influences were at work of which the East Anglian community were, at that time, entirely unaware. For throughout the whole enterprise the Dutch had been hoping for, and, to a certain extent, relying upon, the co-operation of the powerful French squadron commanded by the Duc de Beaufort. But it was no part of the contemporary policy of Louis XIVth to crush Charles for the benefit of the Netherlands. So, disappointed of Gallic help, with a concentration insufficient in naval and military might to overwhelm the strenuous if inchoate resistance with which it had been met, what had, very possibly, been originally envisaged as a full-dress invasion degenerated into nothing more devastating than a tip-and-run raid in strength. That it was no more is patent, since it may be taken as axiomatic that, without the aid of a strong fleet, even the best defended ports and coastal fortresses are powerless to frustrate an invasion if vigorously pressed home.

With a loss in their personnel,—which the contemporary *London Gazette* put at one hundred and fifty, but which the

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Dutch admission confessed as no more than seven or eight!—by the morning of July 9th the vessels under de Ruijter were reported to be a good seven leagues from Harwich, sailing south. In effect, the crestfallen force had got away "as fast as a dead calm would suffer them."

Thereafter they held on steadily for the narrow waters separating France and England. The rather futile demonstrations against first Portsmouth and then Plymouth, which followed, were successfully repulsed; whereupon the Hollanders again returned hopefully to the mouth of the Thames. Venturing to penetrate once more as far as Tilbury, they quickly discovered that, short as had been their absence, preparations to deal with them had been very considerably advanced. A half-hearted attempt to essay a frontal attack on the land fortifications was beaten off without difficulty; and the disorderly retreat of the raiders which followed was sharply accelerated by the enterprising and pluckily impertinent intervention of a small British squadron commanded by Sir Edward Spragge.

This was the last attempt at aggression in which the Dutch armament indulged. The Peace of Breda, however half-hearted a convention it may have been in essence, at least put a period to hostilities which, if they fulfilled no other purpose, had amply served to demonstrate the criminal condition of unpreparedness and decay into which Parliament had permitted the naval branch of the country's protective forces to degenerate.

That the stout defence put up by Captain Darell and his supporters of the rank-and-file did not entirely lack commemoration is witnessed by the fact, which, together with many other vastly interesting details, is related by Colonel Leslie in his fascinating *History of Landguard Fort*, that for some considerable time after the event a small copper "tradesman's token" was in general use throughout the district as small change, which bore upon its obverse the inscription.

LANDGVAR = a lion rampant.

On the reverse was engraved,

POYNT. FORTE. 1667.—O.B.* A Cross patté.

* O.B. on the token is an abbreviation of obolus—a halfpenny.

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All things considered then, there was small justification for Mr. Secretary Pepys' sneer at the prophetic Lilly, who, in his *Almanac* for the current year had ventured to prognosticate for July that " The several lunations of the month do rather portend sea fights, wars, etc., than give hope for peace, particularly the several configurations do very much threaten Holland with a most strange and unusual loss at sea, if they shall dare to fight His Majesty's forces."

For a hard-working professional seer, not so very wide of the mark after all!

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RAIDS AND COUNTER-RAIDS

As seen from both sides.

By MAJOR-GENERAL T. T. PITMAN, C.B., C.M.G.

IN our last number we gave an account of the raid made by the Scots Greys at Gillemont Farm on the 10th June, 1917, and as stated therein the main object was to show both sides of the picture which has been made possible by the recent publication of German Regimental Histories. For economy's sake we reproduce here the maps issued with the previous article. From the large scale map it will be seen that the German trench line ran North and South on the Eastern side of the Farm, whereas the British occupied a strong post on the Western side, the actual farm and ground surrounding it being "no man's land."

Things were comparatively quiet for a time after the Grey's raid and the working parties of both sides were busy every night. On the 15th June the 5th Lancers relieved the Greys and a prisoner captured that night said that the Germans were preparing an attack on the Gillemont sector. It was not, however, until the night of the 22nd that the attack materialized. The following is an account given in the history of the 34th Pomeranian Fusilier Regiment.

"If indeed the artillery activity subsided by day, there was great activity in the air instead."

"Though we had watched through the whole night," writes Lt. Darsow, the future Flight-Lieutenant, "every man at his post, our weapons ready at the parapet, hand-grenades loaded nearby, and at the coming of daylight had lain down to sleep in our fox-holes, it wasn't long before the enemy aircraft were humming overhead and rest was at an end. The aviators came down low and shot up our trenches with machine-guns. As there were no dugouts, but only holes in the front trenches, we had to keep still as mice so as not to be seen."

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In order to remove the nuisance to us of the enemy observation post in Gillemont Farm, to ascertain the enemy's order of battle, and lastly, as retribution for the enemy's raids, an attack under the code-name "Johannisfeuer" was fixed for the 21st June by order of Regimental Headquarters. The ground in front of our position, and the enemy's position with their posts and machine guns, were reconnoitred by numerous patrols. The direction of the reconnaissance of the farm was the special responsibility of Lt. Schulz, O.C. 5th Company. The troops detailed for the raid were withdrawn beforehand, and the scheme practised near Lormisette Farm on a ground-model made from aeroplane photographs, so that an exact picture of the ground was obtained, and every man knew exactly where he had to go. The construction of the ground-model and the practice of the scheme, in which live cartridges and hand-grenades were used, were in the hands of Lt. Schulz, under the direction of Captain Schade. The raiding party was provided with white armbands. For the shelter of the raiding party and its covering troops, reinforcements and working parties, parts of 1-a and 1-b lines were deepened and short stretches of trench dug between 1-a and 1-b and in the ground in front of 1-a, as well as sites for machine-guns and Lewis guns.

The following were detailed as actual attacking troops:—

7 shock-troops from the 2nd battalion under Lt. Rendte and Sgt. Blankenburg, with 3 N.C.O.s from the 5th Company, 1 from the 6th, 3 from the 7th, and 1 from the 8th.

6 shock-troops from the 3rd battalion under Lt. Hacker and Sgt. Mühlmann, with 1 N.C.O. from the 9th Company, 2 from the 10th, 2 from the 11th, and 1 from the 12th. In addition, 2 shock-troops of the 1st battalion under Sgt. Seybert and Cpl. Sobieralski, 2nd Company, as left flank-guard, and the 6th Company as right flank-guard.

Lt. Schulz, whose company was holding the farm at the time of the raid and had to endure the whole of the fire concentrated on the farm, commanded the combined shock-troops as well as the pioneers and signallers allotted to them. The direction of the whole infantry battle, machine-guns, light machine-guns, and

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grenade-throwers, was in the hands of Captain Schade, commanding the 2nd battalion.

The following, besides infantry, were to assist in the enterprise: 1 pioneer section of 2 N.C.O.s and 16 pioneers, 2 Lewis guns, 11 light machine-guns, 12 grenade-throwers. And from the artillery: 5 field gun batteries, 2 light field howitzer batteries, 1 10 c.m. (3.93 in.) battery, 1 15 c.m. (5.9 in.) built-up gun battery, 1 21 c.m. (8.26 in.) mortar, and 2 heavy and 4 medium trench mortars. The operation, originally planned for the 21st, was postponed for 24 hours.

At 2.10 a.m. on the 22nd, after a short, but very sharp, artillery preparation, the shock-troops of the Regiment stormed the farm of Gillemont held by the English. The English defended themselves energetically with machine-guns, quick firing guns, rifles, and hand-grenades. The objective ordered was quickly gained. Yellow star-shells showed this already at 2.13 a.m. Bitter trench fighting continued for another 15 or 20 minutes. The English were driven back over 200 yards beyond the farm, and the keen shock-troops cut down a great number of them, including several officers. From 80 to 100 corpses were counted in the English fortified zone alone! A counter-attack was easily beaten off. The resolute behaviour of the shock-troops was all the more noteworthy, in that most of the leaders were put out of action early.

Meanwhile Lt. Trölenberg, with shock-troops from the 6th Company, had in a bold attack broken into the trenches leading northwards from the farm, some 750 yards further north, from which the English fled, leaving behind a great number of dead, and 2 light machine-guns. Lt. Trölenberg completely rolled up the English trenches southwards for some 750 yards. This attack was admirably prepared by Lt. Scheel's 3 advanced light trench mortars, as well as by those of Lt. Hackbarth.

After the position had been seized, the field of fire was improved by infantry and pioneers cutting down hedges, trees, and enemy barricades. At 3.30 a.m. all the shock troops and the north and south flank guards, the 6 machine guns, and the 2 Lewis guns with the shock troops, were withdrawn to the 1-a line

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in accordance with orders. Two groups under Sgt. Mühlmann, 9th Company, one on the right, one on the left, were pushed out 60 or 80 yards in front of our former 1-a line. Two Englishmen out on patrol were shot down later on by Sgt. Mühlmann and his men. A counter-attack by the English in the southern part of the farm towards 4 a.m. was repulsed in a hand-grenade fight by Sgt. Sack, 5th Company. The undertaking thoroughly prepared in every detail, had been carried out to the minute according to plan.

The detailed reports of Captain Schade and Major von Heydebreck give a striking picture of particular incidents :

The 6th Company, with 2 machine-guns, was detailed as right flank guard. At midnight Company-Commander Lt. Trölenberg, known throughout the regiment for his dash, issued written orders to attack the English trenches opposite when the barrage lifted, and to roll them up to the farm. The company detailed 3 groups and 2 shock-troops for this. The shock-troops took the English trenches by surprise, searched them for 100 yards further north, then turned south and pushed on down the English trenches as far as the farm, where they met the shock-troops of the 3rd battalion. The withdrawal took place according to orders at 3.40 a.m. The company captured 2 Lewis guns and several cavalry rifles. One Englishman was captured, the rest had fled, or were killed or severely wounded. About 10 dead and wounded were counted.

A group with the southern shock troop forced its way down a lane into the farm. The rest had first to cut lanes in the wire which was partly blown up by the pioneers. Here the shock troops suffered losses from sharp machine-gun fire, especially from a heavy machine-gun and a Lewis gun. Lt. Rendte, Sgt. Blankenburg, and Sgt. Osterreich, with some men, dashed forward against a machine-gun firing from the south-west corner of the farm. The brave Sgt. Blankenburg fell here. Lt. Rendte was hit several times in the leg, as a result of which the lower part of the leg had to be amputated later. The machine-gun was silenced by Sgt. Osterreich's section. In the same way a machine gun was captured by Cpl. Braun, 7th Company, with his troop.

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Fusilier Degener, 7th Company, specially distinguished himself here, and General Rusche, when Degener was sent to him with the machine-gun which he had captured, immediately pinned the iron cross on his breast. In another fight with a machine-gun Cpl. Koch and Fus. Stammer of the 7th Company showed themselves particularly bold and energetic.

Any of the enemy who were still unhit now fled. During the mopping-up of a dugout the English called out "stretcher bearers here" in order to deceive us. They were killed with hand- grenades.

In the northern sector things went rather slower. Here the enemy had suffered less from artillery fire. Cpl. Marquardt's group from the 9th Company came up against almost undamaged wire and was received with a salvo of hand grenades, by which 4 men were immediately put out of action. As Cpl. Koch, 10th Company, entered the enemy's trench, an Englishman sprang at his throat. Koch hit him on the skull with a hand-grenade, while Fus. Schmiegel bayoneted him. Koch's group then worked its way forward with hand-grenades according to plan as far as the objective c-d ordered. Koch deserves particular recognition; right at the beginning he was hit in the back, and though wounded stayed on to the end of the fight. Opposite the 11th Company an English officer*, who on the approach of the group tried to escape while covering himself with his revolver, was knocked down by Fus. Behrend with his rifle-butt. Köster's group from the 12th Company was received at the English trenches with hand-grenades. Without stopping they dashed on into the trench. They found a dugout full of Englishmen. As these refused the order to come out, our men threw hand-grenades in. In spite of the envelopment there still remained some English in the trenches. So it happened that Lt. Hacker who distinguished himself by special forethought and bravery, came suddenly round a traverse on an Englishman, whom he shot down with his revolver. 8 Englishmen and a Lewis gun were captured by the northern group. 1 heavy machine-gun, 1 Lewis

*This was almost certainly 2nd Lieut. J. A. P. Whinney, Oxfordshire Hussars, who was out with the working party.

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gun, and 1 man were captured by the southern group. The captured Englishman belonged to the English cavalry, the 4th Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars holding the position, with the 5th Lancers for work and counter-attacks. The prisoners stated that they were completely taken by surprise by the attack, and owing to the box-barrage behind them, could not withdraw. Our losses; died a hero's death: Sgt. Blankenburg and Fus. Münz, 7th Company; Fus. Hannemann, Linser, Kalisch, 9th Company; Lce.-Cpl. Wendt and Fus. Petzel, 11th Company; Fus. Radtke, 1st Machine-gun Company. Missing; Fus. Rönnspiess and Kiessmann, 5th Company; Fus. Priedohl, 9th Company; and Fus. Emmering, 11th Company; of whom 2 known to be dead. Wounded: 2 officers, 22 men.

Although the loss of life was far above all expectation, and the other losses not inconsiderable, nevertheless the moral and tactical results were important. What was obtained by our attack? The English were no longer able to observe us from the farm and to see into our position. Our position was greatly improved and much less open to surprise. From the prisoners we obtained very valuable information about the distribution of the English troops. The prisoners also confirmed that the relief had been overheard. Further, the English had suffered very heavy losses, not only in Gillemont Farm, but also in their support and reserve positions. They had learnt the superiority of our infantry and artillery. Their deceitful and cruel raid on the 10th of June had had a thorough retribution. The Army Commander, General von der Marwitz, expressed his appreciation of the regiment's exemplary conduct of the enterprise, in the following memorandum, a copy of which was handed to everyone who had taken part in it.

28th June, 1917.

Army Order.

The 3rd Reserve Division, which only recently came into the Army Command, captured 7 prisoners and 4 machine-guns, and inflicted very heavy bloody losses on the enemy, in a well prepared attack on Gillemont Farm, carried out with especial bravery on the 22nd June. I here express my full appreciation

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to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, who took part in the operation.

The Army Commander :

sd. : v. d. Marwitz,

General of Cavalry and Adjutant-General.

Concerning the part played by the trench mortars in this enterprise, Lt. Hackbarth, O.C. 3rd machine-gun detachment, writes :

" The detachment had special pleasure in co-operating in the attack on Gillemont Farm on the 22nd June. On the evening of the 21st, after once more shooting in on the zone indicated to us, I betook myself with Lt. Burmeister and my telephone troop, which worked admirably under Cpl. Heese, to point 146, our observation post due north of the farm, from where I had a very good view. The artillery observers had also established themselves there. Unfortunately, as the gunners themselves admitted, and quickly remedied the error, we were much disturbed by a short-ranging gun. I had the great pleasure, that my mortars at the appointed time—for which the men had watched like sporting dogs—were the first to open fire. And then it hailed grenades of all calibres, both medium, and also our small " minnies," of which our mortars had loosed off about 100 at lightning speed during the short period of preliminary bombardment. So we could credit a part of the success to our account. When in the grey dawn I returned to the detachment, I found my men filled with justifiable pride."

It will be seen from this account that the Germans intended to go one better than the Scots Greys. The total strength of the raiding party is not given but as there were 2 officers and 18 N.C.O.s we may presume a minimum of 36 other ranks making 56 all told and a quite probable maximum of double that number. There were 15 shock troops each under an N.C.O. and allowing for 8 men with each troop this would bring the total up to 120. The Scots Greys raid was carried out by 3 officers and 111 other ranks. It will be interesting to compare the German estimate of our casualities with the official list given later on. They have formed a wrong idea of the composition of the defenders. It

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was the 5th Lancers who were in the line and the Oxford Hussars formed the working party, not responsible for holding the position, still less for making a counter-attack.

The German translation of Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars is curious, "die 4 Oxfordshire Liebhusaren Konigen." "Lieb" literally means "body" and "lieb garde" means "bodyguard" but "liebregiment" is used of any regiment of guards. No doubt "lieb" is used here to convey the meaning of the word "own." "4th" is probably on account of their belonging to the 4th Cavalry Brigade.

The British accounts given in the various brigade and unit diaries are all much alike and can be summed up in an account given as an appendix to the 2nd Cavalry Divisional Diary.
22nd June, 1917. Appendix V.

During the 21st instant the enemy artillery (chiefly 5.9 and 4.2) trench mortars and rifle grenades, bombarded Gillemont Farm intermittently but to an unusually large extent. This was doubtless registration for the bombardment which followed. During the day 2 men were killed, 3 wounded and 2 evacuated from shell-shock. The early part of the night was normal, the Germans had working parties out, we ourselves had a party of one officer and 30 O.R. of the Q.O.O.H. wiring with a sapper at the N.W. corner of the farm and another party of 14 men under an N.C.O. also of the Oxford Hussars working in the farm buildings.

At 1 a.m. the enemy suddenly commenced a violent bombardment of the post with artillery, trench mortars and rifle grenades which continued until 1.30 a.m. when the artillery lifted and formed a heavy barrage behind.

The whole of the Divisional sector was bombarded to some extent. During the bombardment all the wires were cut and all the S O S rockets were blown up in each sector. The power buzzer although operated was so indistinct owing to the noise that it proved useless, visual communication failed.

Nearly all the hotchkiss rifles were buried and the front line in some places was rendered almost scarcely recognizable. A number of men were killed, others were suffering from shell-shock

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and many of the remainder were without arms (their rifles having been destroyed or buried).

The enemy then attacked using bombs as he advanced from N.E. and S.E. Our wire appears to have been partially destroyed by bombardment and partly cut by hand under cover of the bombardment. Lieutenant Gass, R.H.A., who was on F.O.O. duty gave S O S Gillemont on his own initiative and by his action got our artillery barrage on after a short time, thereby greatly relieving the situation, but the failure of the S O S from the post inevitably caused much delay.

2nd Lieutenant Readman in command of the left sector finding that he could not stop the enemy's advance with his small party of 15 men, several of them being without arms, retired to the headquarter trench, reporting the situation to Captain Rice. 2nd Lieutenant Catto commanding the right sector, having only two or three men left after the bombardment, was likewise compelled to fall back on the same position. The enemy was then seen advancing over the top down the trench from the right and still another party working round to the right rear. Captain Rice therefore decided to withdraw to hold the communicating trench running up to the right of the headquarter trench, and on the enemy still continuing to work round the right rear, withdrew yet another 60 or 70 yards further down to where a new alternative trench had been dug to the left sector.

From here patrols were pushed forward again as soon as possible and reported later that the main positions were clear of the enemy. Captain Rice then advanced, the whole party now being 23 strong, to a point where the communicating trench joined the headquarter trench and sent patrols forward to reconnoitre the right and left sectors respectively. The enemy was found in some of our advanced posts and in the farm and was immediately bombed out. Later it was reported that the trenches were clear of the enemy with the exception of an advanced post on the left. As soon as the situation rendered it possible the various sectors of defence were re-organized and taken over by the supporting squadron and what remained of the original garrison withdrawn.

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Our total casualties in this post, practically all in the original garrison and working parties were: 5 Lancers, 17 O.R. killed; 4 officers and 15 O.R. wounded. Oxford Hussars, 1 officer and 9 O.R. killed; 12 O.R. wounded; 10 O.R. missing.

The enemy left 8 dead actually in and near the work and must have suffered severe casualties from artillery fire.

The enemy owed such success as he gained to the violence and surprise of his bombardment which demolished large portions of the wire and defence works, killed, wounded and knocked out a large proportion of the defenders and destroyed practically all means of communication.

I am of opinion that Captain Rice handled his command with great skill and courage and that 2nd Lieutenant Catto and Readman also commanded sectors of defence ably and most gallantly. The troops garrisoning the works behaved admirably and put up an extremely good fight under most disadvantageous conditions. Great credit is also due to Lieutenant Gass, R.H.A., who on his own initiative, without receiving any message or signal put on the S O S barrage.

(Signed) W. H. Greenly, Major-General,
Commanding 2nd Cavalry Division.

27th June, 1917.

Now that we have seen both sides we can compare notes. The objects of the German attack are stated to have been threefold, to remove the nuisance of the enemy's observation posts, to ascertain the enemy's order of battle and finally as retribution for previous raid. When everything was cleared up the situation remained exactly as it was before, all our trenches were reoccupied and the farm remained "no man's land." The Germans succeeded in obtaining the identifications they required and had their revenge for the previous raid, but the matter was not to end here as Gillemont Farm remained a bone of contention for another year. On the 2nd July Cavalry Corps were again asking for identifications, and the Oxford Hussars were ordered to make a small raid for the purpose. This was carried out on the morning of the 4th and the following account is given in their regimental history.

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" The hour of zero was 12.30 a.m. on 4th July. The preliminary bombardment was short and intense, it was started at 12.30 a.m. and lifted at 12.35 at which hour the two parties B and E were due to enter the trenches.

" B " party consisted of 2 N.C.O.s and 15 O.R.

" E " party, 1 officer (Lt. Rawlinson), 1 N.C.O. and 15 O.R.

The above numbers included signallers, R.E.s, etc.

Both parties had to crawl forward ¼ hour before zero to positions of readiness opposite their objectives, and as the guns opened advanced forward against the enemy.

To take the action of each patrol in detail :

As B patrol moved forward the leader found the wire in front of the enemy's first trench uncut. The two R.E. men with the torpedo at once blew the wire up (it was only one knife rest thick) and the party crossed the trench which was 3 feet deep and blown in. Here they dropped a flanking party to watch their right flank, and then advanced towards the second trench. They found our bombardment had destroyed the enemy wire and they entered the trench without difficulty. The leader of the party here ordered two of his men to return to the first enemy trench which they had crossed, and these two men on their way back found seven of the enemy behind the hedge. A bombing fight ensued, two of the enemy were killed, and four ran towards the farm and were lost; the last however showed fight and had to be shot; this was done and he died within a minute or two, before anything could be got out of him. The remainder of the patrol moved on and passed round the island, where they found two dead men on the right hand side; they also found a small dugout, it was empty except for one man's kit. A German was also seen down one of the trenches; but he ran away at once. Away on the right a party of about twelve Germans was seen, but before they could be taken on, a trench mortar bomb landed in the middle of them and they vanished. As much damage to the enemy's trenches and wire as possible was done and as time was now up, the party returned with the kit they had found, unmolested and without casualties. They were lucky enough to find that the enemy had laid out his kit as if for an inspection;

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this rather lightened their task of obtaining identification. It seems possible that the garrison were about to be relieved and were waiting to march out.

"E" Patrol found that our trench mortar fire which was trying to cut the wire in front of them, was falling short and this somewhat hampered their movements. They found the German wire uncut, and the R.E. brought forward a Bangalore torpedo; it failed to explode. A second was brought up; it exploded and also detonated the first; an excellent gap in the wire was the result. While all this was going on the enemy bombed and fired at the patrol, the second-in-command and four men were hit. In spite of the enemy fire at close range, the remainder carried on.

The gap made, the patrol entered the trench, the officer in command was now wounded. The command then devolved on a young lance-corporal who took charge, reorganized the party and continued the raid with determination. About seven or eight Germans ran down the left of the trench; two Oxford Hussars chased them, but the enemy got out of the trench where it was blown in and ran across country. The trench was searched but no live enemy found.

The patrol now advanced towards the second trench, they were however held up by wire which was uncut. Their time was now up and they had to withdraw. This was successfully accomplished. All the wounded were brought back and the rest of the patrol returned bringing with them some enemy kits.

The total casualties were one officer and 5 O.R. wounded.

The enemy's retaliation was not heavy.

Now here is the enemy version again taken from the history of the 34th Pomeranian Fusilier Regiment.

Already on the 4th July the English tried to snatch away again from the regiment the ground won on the 22nd June. At 1.30 a.m. began an extremely violent artillery and trench-mortar bombardment of the posts in the farm, 1-a and 1-b lines, and of the sunk road behind them, accompanied by intense machine-gun fire. The bombardment fell chiefly on the 5th Company, somewhat less on the 6th, as well as on the working party from the 2nd and 3rd Companies. Enemy guns up to

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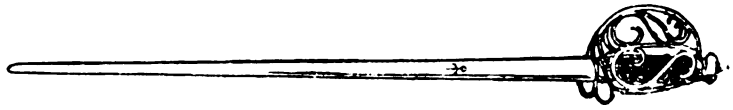
18 c.m (i.e., 7 inches, actually, we have no 7 inch gun, so presumably these were either 6 inch or 8 inch), trench-mortars up to 15 c.m. (5.9 inch), were observed, and caused tremendous destruction of our wire. At 1.55 a.m. attacks were launched on the northern and southern edges of the farm, and on the centre, by three English detachments, who wore white armbands. The most northerly was driven off by fire, and by Corporal Frank, 6th Company, going out to meet it. The central and southern penetrated into our 1-a line, but were driven off by counter-thrusts from right and left by Sgt. Kull and Sgt. Sack, both 5th Company, using hand-grenades. By 2.15 a.m. our 1-a line and our forward posts were again in our hands. The extremely violent artillery and trench mortar fire accounted for a great number of casualties; died a hero's death, Sgt. Schweimann, Cpl. Holtz, Fus. Rigielski, 5th Company; Cpl. Knoll, Lce.-Cpl. Pliese, 6th Company; Fus. Schneider, 7th Company; Militiaman Sommer and Fus. Sekulla, 3rd Company.

Lce.-Cpl. Milczarek, 5th Company, behaved with especial courage. After an enemy grenade had killed both the men of his Lewis gun detachment and wounded himself, he did not leave his post till Corporal Braun, 7th Company, relieved him and sent him away. By way of revenge our artillery, grenade throwers, and machine guns put down sudden bursts of fire, each lasting 5 minutes, on the English lines between 2.30 and 2.45 a.m. on the 5th July. Our opponents replied with mortar and machine gun fire. Lce.-Cpl. Krause, Fus. Martin and Tolsdorf, distinguished themselves by daring patrol work.

On the night after the raid the Oxfords were heavily bombarded with trench mortars, the bombardment being followed by an attack on each side of the farm. The enemy made three determined attempts to enter our trenches, but were driven off each time. As there is no mention of these attacks in the German history it is possible that as they were unsuccessful, it was thought best not to mention them. And so the war went on with its raids and counter-raids which probably continued to come under the heading of " All quiet on the Western Front."



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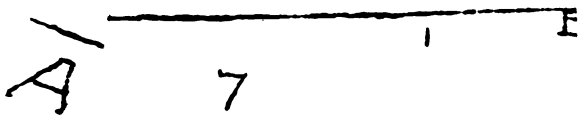

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"CATS DON'T ALWAYS JUMP."

By George Hume.

The Deccan was beginning to dry again after the torrential monsoon: a week-end escape from the cantonment of Holarpet was long overdue. Half the pleasure of shooting, to my way of thinking, is in exploring new country away from motor roads and off the beaten track of regular week-end parties.

From the map there seemed to be a nice bit of jungle country some eighteen miles away to the north, and I had sent my orderly Ganpat Singh to reconnoitre and report on the possibilities of shikar and camping sites in that area. He returned with the news that there was a good place to camp near the village of Yamarpur, and the *Patel*, or head-man, had promised to help in getting supplies and in finding shikar. There were also, it seemed, several panther killing in the neighbourhood.

Having got Saturday leave, and sent my tents and camp kit ahead the day before by bullock cart; I chose my favourite "quad," and shaking the weary routine of cantonments off my mind, in the cool of the early morning, hacked out to Yamarpur.

In the bright blue sky were great masses of dazzling white cloud and a cool, gusty breeze was blowing which seemed fresh and dry after the enervating dampness of the monsoon. How good it seemed to be alive! For the most part it was a rolling countryside of stony, scrub-clad ridges and small, rock-strewn valleys: here and there at longish intervals, where there was a patch of more level soil, an oasis of crops fringed with groves of towering Palmyra palms broke the monotony of the landscape.

Among the palms clustered the low mud-and-palmleaf huts of the cultivators and toddy-tappers, and above the fields a high "bund," or embankment, held up the rainfall of some ravine—forming a tank, from which during the dry season the crops are irrigated.

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From time to time lumbering carts drawn by straining buffaloes came swaying and creaking over the rough tracks; many were laden with huge bags made from the complete skins of buffaloes, full of squelching liquid. As they passed, the morning air was tainted with an aroma reminiscent of the " jug and bottle " entrance of a public-house. Last night's crop of toddy must reach the Indian city of Holarpet before the sun gets hot, or it will ferment too strongly and be spoiled by evening, when jaded mill-hands, perhaps for a farthing, may forget their weary poverty by getting comfortably "oiled."

Under an enormous Tamarind tree near a threshing-floor, some three hundred yards from the village of Yamarpet, my tents were pitched; and as I dismounted and handed my horse to Ganpat, a knot of people came from the village towards me; the Patel, carrying an antiquated carbine, his brother, and some half-dozen village notables. There were the usual salaams and formal greetings; for in India ceremonious punctilio is a sign of self-respecting good breeding, and in the more remote villages even a junior officer of H.M.'s Forces is treated with the ceremony thought fitting for a representative of his race.

I gave the Patel a chair—a sign of honour; and a cigarette—a sign of friendship. We sat down, while the others squatted cross-legged in a circle on the carpet spread in the shade in front of the tents—arranging themselves according to their village rank. The Patel was in the prime of life, somewhat paunchy, but active, and with that smooth complexion of glowing brown which in an Indian is the sign of lusty good health. As soon as we began to talk shikar, ceremony collapsed, and he became volubly enthusiastic. " Sahib," he cried, " I am myself shikari. I give you panther today, and one tomorrow. I arrange everythings," a wide sweep of hands, " Sahib like start two 'clock? "

This was splendid! Head-men are seldom so prompt or willing. The voice of sad experience, however, warned me that such glowing expectations could probably be written down some 80%, with safety—at any rate so far as panther are concerned. Still unless one is prepared to work hard and follow up possibilities, real chances will be missed.

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At 2 p.m. the Patel and I set out, followed by a man leading a goat. "Very fine goat," said the Patel. "He cry all day-night long."

At first our path lay along the banks between rice fields, but soon it climbed to stony, scrub-covered uplands. Here and there on the top of a ridge were tumbled piles of great granite boulders, among which were sometimes caves, nicely screened by shrubs—but as we passed them unnoticed, clearly there was no panther housing-problem here. On we trudged across a valley, then up again on to a ridge. The afternoon sun was distinctly hot. At last the Patel pointed to a distant crest-line, where according to him our quarry lived.

Silently we approached a big boulder outcrop, some thirty yards from which was a small patch of bushes. The goat was noiselessly tied up a few yards from the boulders, and I sat down in the patch of bushes, well hidden, but with a peep-hole through which I could watch the goat, and shoot if necessary. The Patel wanted to stay with me, but knowing how hard it is even for one person to keep still for any length of time, I sent him and the man to wait about a mile back until I should call.

It was now half-past three and it would be dark about eight. The "panther-hour" is just about sunset—this is the time, after a long siesta, they stir abroad and look for supper. I had a drink from my water-bottle, then getting into as comfortable a position as possible, settled myself down to the weary business of watching a goat.

Time passed. A stone under me seemed to be boring a hole through my thigh; my foot too was going to sleep. A mosquito, for the second time, bit me on the back of the neck. Why in the world does one go out shooting? A small grey bird with untidy feathers started a regular, dry, creaking call. The goat sat down and reflectively chewed the cud—not a sound had I heard of her much vaunted "crying"! Buzz, buzz—that mosquito must have been fasting for weeks! The goat's profile reminded me vaguely of someone—who was it? How slowly time passes! In spite of the great discomfort and the cramp in my limbs, I

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began to get drowsy—the goat was making no bones about it, she was half asleep.

But, what is that rustling among the rocks? The goat has noticed it to.

Suddenly, on to a flat rock not ten yards from the goat but hidden from her, and perhaps thirty yards from me, jumped two small panther cubs—no bigger than domestic cats. They pounced at each other, rolled over and played about just like kittens. Their mother must be somewhere near—but where? I slowly raised my rifle in readiness—she must show up soon! When she does one must make sure of the shot, as a pantheress with cubs is not to be trifled with.

Still they gambolled happily. Presently, beyond to the left, there was a crooning sort of sound—down jumped the cubs and were gone. I waited tensely, perhaps now the mother will spring, I thought. The minutes passed—still the bird made its creaking cry. Gradually the evening fell; but nothing happened. I sat on until it was too dark to see my sights clearly; it was no use waiting longer. Staggering stiffly to my feet I walked back to the crest of the ridge and shouted for the Patel—there was an answering hail, and in a few minutes he and his man appeared.

It was a puzzle. If the pantheress had been suspicious she would not have let her cubs play about on the top of a rock, yet if she was unsuspicious why had she not shown up? Perhaps she had killed the day before, and having done herself too well, was feeling a bit bilious and headachey this warm afternoon? The ways of the cat tribe are hard to fathom.

It was a long tramp back in the dark. The Patel from time to time cast some new aspersion on the morals of the pantheress, and the habits of her forebears—an eastern way of venting one's disappointment.

At last the lights of the village, and the lantern in front of my tent. A bath, dinner, and a dreamless sleep—in spite of the yapping bark of village dogs.

Next morning I was awakened with a cup of tea at 5 o'clock, and hurrying into my clothes took my shot-gun. The village was

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already astir, and, as I came out of my tent, a man sent by the Patel was waiting to go with me.

After breakfast the Patel again appeared. He said that a panther had killed four days ago near a thick patch of jungle some five miles away, and he suggested that we should try to get him. A lazy morning, reading and bird watching with my glasses, passed quickly; then once more our procession started —the goat again being of the party.

When we got to the jungle in question we had a careful look round, for one must study the lie of the land and try to be panther-minded. It was a long stretch of thick cover, of which patches had been cut and here there was fresh young growth, the rest was almost impenetrable scrub twelve to eighteen feet high through which, here and there, ran narrow game-tracks. In this scrub there was practically no visibility until one sat on the ground, one could then see for some distance in places below the level of the thick foliage. Pushing our way along a game-track we found a large Mowa tree, under whose outspreading branches was a more or less clear space into which led several game-tracks. This we decided to make the scene of our operations.

On a ridge not far away was a large herd of goats. I was afraid that the whistles and cries of the goatherds might have disturbed this area, but the Patel said the panther would be accustomed to this. Then a bright idea struck him. The goat was to be tied up under the Mowa tree near one edge of the clear space, while "we" sat hidden in the scrub between two game-tracks near the opposite edge. The herd of goats would then, about 5 p.m., be driven through the adjoining cut portion of the jungle. If the panther was about he would, according to the Patel, be awakened and would probably follow the herd with a view to picking off a straggler. Our tied-up goat was cast for the part of straggler.

I thought it all seemed rather complicated, but the Patel was so much in earnest, and had been so disappointed the day before, that I agreed to leave all the arrangements to him. Off he went to arrange with the goatherds, while I very quietly saw to the

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tying up of the goat and arranged some leaves round our watching place.

Zero-hour for the herd was to be 4.30 p.m., and by 3 p.m. we were sitting in our "hide" on the ground. Again the blithe buzzing of mosquitoes welcomed us—but it was nice and cool in the shade. The Patel was very good and quiet, after I had once cautioned him when a peacock came walking down one of the game-tracks.

At 4.25 p.m. by my watch we began to hear the cries of the goatherds approaching from our left rear—not so bad as the sun is their only timepiece. Slowly they came nearer; the goats in a long strung-out herd, browsing as they went, and calling to each other. Presently we could hear the patter, patter of their feet on the hard ground, the cracking of broken twigs, and the sneezing cough goats make as they browse along. They would pass, it seemed, over one of the strips where the jungle had been cut, about a hundred yards to our left.

Our goat which had been eating steadily, now got quite excited, and pulling at her rope she called to her mates. I wished the Patel could have heard her silence yesterday! Slowly the herd passed on its way, and presently when its tail had passed beyond us, a bird some fifty yards to our left rear started "scolding," as if much upset. As "cats" are often followed by such shrewish vituperation, from time to time I slowly turned and watched over my left shoulder.

After a while I thought I saw something move, but the undergrowth behind was too thick to see clearly. A few minutes later through a thinner patch a panther appeared, creeping along on his stomach like a stalking cat, in the direction of our goat who was still calling to the departing herd. The panther was now about twenty yards to our left, and some thirty from the goat.

The Patel with pleading eyes signed to me to shoot, but in this thick scrub a twig might, I thought, deflect the bullet.

The panther disappeared into a thick patch, still so far as I could see creeping towards the goat. We watched, and waited—perhaps for five minutes, it seemed a full half hour. I was begin-

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ning to think that he had gone for good, and that I had missed my only chance—but as it turned out the panther must have been lying down all this time quite close to the goat, watching it. The goat as she faced half away from us had no idea that he was there behind her.

Suddenly, without my seeing any movement, the panther was standing rigid, nearly broadside on to me and almost touching the goat, immediately behind her. Head up, and every muscle tense, he was standing on his toes, as a dog sometimes does, when he goes up and sniffs at a strange dog. The goat was now standing quiet, still looking straight ahead of her. It was too good a chance to miss. I fired, and the impact of the soft-nosed 450 threw the panther right round, as it hit him just behind the shoulder—killing him outright.

The Patel leaped about, and chattered with excitement. Salaaming over and over again, he shook my hand in both of his—then strode up and kicked the panther! I wondered why? Perhaps to even up a score of lost goats!

I half wished that I had waited a little longer before shooting, to see what would have happened. Perhaps there was another panther approaching from the other side? It is a secret the goat must keep.

Carefully I pulled out all the whiskers and put them in an envelope, until the skin should be set up. No Indian can resist taking them; the ashes are believed to be a strong rejuvenant that restores virilty.

When we got back to the village there was great excitement. I sat for a time in the verandah of the Patel's house, while to an admiring audience he related every detail of the day's doings. The panther hung from a rafter by its paws, and the whole village sat on its hunkers and enjoyed the fun. The Patel certainly knew the habits of his panther neighbours, and I had him to thank for an unusually good week-end.

Ganpat Singh led the goat back to Holarpet, there to be supported in idle luxury, for a time at least. I had got to know her too well during the past two days callously to abandon her to the butcher's knife—besides she was so like Aunt Rachel.

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PEARCE'S DRAGOONS.

In 1706, during the war of the Spanish Succession, the following incident, which is without parallel in the history of the British Army, took place.

The Earl of Peterborough, who was in command of the troops in Spain, wished to attack Valencia. He established his headquarters in Castillon de la Plana where he collected and equipped 600 horses.

Towards the end of January he gave orders for the concentration of all available troops and Barrymore's Foot (13th), temporarily commanded by Colonel Pearce, was summoned from Vinaros.

The Earl of Peterborough rode out to meet the Regiment on a small plain outside Oropesa, after he had paraded 500 horses, completely equipped, behind a hill so that they were concealed from the view of anyone on the plain. Barrymore's regiment marched on to the plain, about 400 strong, their scarlet coats with yellow facings ragged and dusty, their yellow breeches torn, to be inspected by the Earl. Afterwards, Peterborough complimented them on their gallant services and said, "I wish that I had horses and accoutrements for you to try if you could keep up your good reputation as Dragoons."

Few expected that this would be carried out, but commissions, previously prepared, were given to the officers, and the regiment was led round the spur where they saw eight bodies of horse drawn up separately. The field officers were given choice of their troops and the other captains drew lots. They all mounted and marched away to quarters prepared for them. Thus, within an hour, Barrymore's Foot became Pearce's Dragoons.

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During the action which followed, Pearce's Dragoons fought with gallantry and intercepted and captured 16 pieces of artillery which were being sent to re-inforce Arcos after he had been compelled to evacuate Valencia.

Later they played a great part in the disastrous Battle of Almanza and were so reduced in numbers that after wintering in Catalonia they were sent home to recruit.

Colonel Pearce and what remained of his Dragoons landed at Falmouth in May, 1708, and proceeded by way of Exeter to London whence they were sent to Aylesbury to recruit to the home establishment of 6 troops. In November, 1708, Newbury was appointed as headquarters and all men enlisted were drafted there.

They have since been disbanded, but the 13th which the Earl of Barrymore raised in 1706 and took out to Portugal to fight in the same campaign still carries on the good record of Pearce's men and is now known as the Somerset Light Infantry (Prince Albert's).

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TWO FAMOUS ANGLERS: W. C. STEWART AND F. M. HALFORD.

By Richard Clapham.

Two names to conjure with wherever anglers foregather, are those of W. C. Stewart and F. M. Halford. The former was in his day the King of Border fishermen, while the latter stood pre-eminent amongst those who practised their art on the chalk streams of the south. Both deserved their places in the hierarchy of great anglers, although their methods were different, as were the waters that they fished. Stewart was a wet-fly man who cast his feathered lures on the swift flowing Border rivers, whereas Halford bestrode the dry-fly world like a giant, and believed—at any rate as far as the chalk streams were concerned—that the floater was supreme.

While both wrote entertainingly of their favourite pursuit, Halford's output was the more prolific. Stewart gave us "The Practical Angler," a little classic in its way, and although he was no literary man, given to fine writing, his book is as useful to the novice to-day as it was when first published over eighty years ago.

With regard to Halford's works, which include "Dry-fly Fishing in Theory and Practice," "Floating Flies and How to Dress Them" and "The Dry-fly Man's Hand Book," times and opinions have changed since they first saw the light. In those days there were few who dared combat Halford's opinions, and many anglers slavishly followed his methods instead of using their own brains.

Stewart was a revolutionary—as indeed was Halford—and it naturally followed that his maxims were fiercely disputed by his

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contemporaries, yet the precepts which he expounded have remained as guiding principles for all those who fish for trout in fast-running rivers. Stewart's revolution began when he became cognizant of a very simple fact, i.e., that trout face the current and lie with their heads up-stream. Prior to this discovery it had been customary to fish down-stream with fly in all conditions of water, but Stewart quickly realized that when the water was low and clear, the down-stream method proved a failure because trout could see the angler. Recognizing that the proper way to approach was from the rear, Stewart began to fish up-stream, and having practised it until its utility was beyond doubt, he finally aired his views upon the subject in "The Practical Angler."

Pioneer of up-stream fly-fishing, Stewart proved his theory by invariably catching more trout than anyone else, so his detractors finally had to acknowledge that he was right, and one by one they began to accept his teaching. Skilled artist as he was with a fly-rod, it is the irony of fate that his name is best remembered as the inventor of the Stewart worm-tackle.

Stewart was a revolutionary in another way. He cut down the long list of artificial trout flies such as Ronald had given in his "Fly-fishers' Entomology," to a very few patterns, and the latter were not laboured imitations of particular insects. He believed that as long as a fly was sparingly dressed, and reasonable in size, that was all that mattered.

In "The Practical Angler" he gives us a list of six trout flies, three of which are hackles, and three winged. The hackle flies are the Black Spider, Red Spider, and Dun Spider, while the winged flies consist of the Woodcock and Yellow, Hare's Ear and Blea Wing, and the Black and Blea Wing. Stewart considered the Black Spider, dressed with brown silk, and hackled with the small feather of a cock starling, to be upon the whole, the most killing imitation he knew. It was first shown to him by James Baillie, a local angling celebrity.

Stewart laughed to scorn the imitation of the natural insect, and placed his entire faith in the six patterns above enumerated. On the rivers which he fished, no one killed more trout than he

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did season after season, and he proved his theories up to the hilt. In 1857, when the first edition of "The Practical Angler" was published, Stewart considered that there were not many days from May to October, in which a really skilful fisherman should not kill at least 12 lbs. weight of trout. His idea of "a day" meant being at the water soon after sunrise, and continuing with little intermission until late afternoon. A certain gamekeeper who was jealous because Stewart had always beaten him, described such a day as "twenty-four hours of creeping and crawling."

In his youth Stewart was desperately keen, and he plied his craft with weapons which bore no comparison with the dainty fly-rods of to-day. His favourite rod, a spliced one, weighed 14 oz., and such a rod if equipped with brass joints would, he says, have weighed "about a pound and a half."

Could the author of "The Practical Angler" come to life again, I imagine that our modern angling gear would prove a revelation to him. More particularly would he be intrigued with our spinning rods and tackle. For spinning he used the natural minnow on a two-hook tackle, and cast it with a stiff, double-handed rod of from 15 ft. to 16ft. in length. The minnows he used were generally fresh, as he objected to salted ones which dried into mere skins. Compare his gear with a modern light 7ft. spinning rod, fixed spool reel, and gut substitute line, and I think you will agree that the development of angling apparatus has advanced tremendously since Stewart's time. Minnow tackles have been greatly improved, and natural minnows can be had in preserved form so that there is no need to rely on freshly-caught ones.

Angling books dealing with sport on rapid streams are legion, yet there are none which give more practical information than Stewart's. He was no literary man given to fine phrases, but he put down in plain English what he had to say, and left it at that. "The Practical Angler" is a good, honest piece of work, telling clearly all about trout fishing, and when you come to think of it, that is exactly what you want in a book purporting to teach its readers something.

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Turning from Stewart to F. M. Halford, the latter plied his rod on placid chalk streams like the Test and the Itchen, streams which differ from the rapid Border rivers as does chalk from cheese.

It was in the 'seventies that Halford came in contact with a famous group of anglers which included such well known names as J. S. Marryat, Francis Francis, Major Turle, Dr. Wickham, W. H. Pope, and certain others. Francis was then angling editor of "The Field," while Major Turle had invented the well known knot christened after him. Pope was also the inventor of a fly, i.e., Pope's Nondescript, and Dr. Wickham had brought out his Wickham's Fancy. Small wonder therefore that Halford became keen on chalk stream fishing, seeing that he mixed with some of the cleverest exponents of the art.

In those days the dry fly was not the fetish that it later became. Many anglers were still fishing the chalk streams with long 14 ft. rods, silk and hair lines, and wet flies. The latter were dressed on gut, and were cast downstream because the light lines could not be driven against the wind. A change was to come, however. Mr. H. S. Hall invented the eyed hook, and oiled silk lines made their appearance from America. Also from the States came the first split bamboo rods. Soon our English tackle makers were turning out rods in the same material, weapons powerful enough to drive a heavy line against the wind. It was thus that dry-fly fishing began, and F. M. Halford became one of the greatest apostles of the cult.

Owing to the fact that he had no practical experience of wet-fly fishing on fast rivers, Halford got it into his head that the wet fly was useless in a chalk stream. This, of course, was a fallacy, for there was plenty of evidence to the contrary, had he troubled to study the matter properly. In his "Dry-fly Entomology," he quoted from the writings of the Rev. A. E. Eaton, of the Entomological Society of London, who had proved by autopsy that the chief food of trout consisted of masses of larvae and nymphs, with occasional specimens of winged insects, yet despite this knowledge, he steadfastly refused to believe that the

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sunk fly was of any use on the rivers which he fished. Since his day nymph fishing on chalk streams has become an accomplished fact, and the wet fly often kills a great deal better than the dry. Until the end Halford showed himself intolerant of the use of the wet fly on chalk streams, and thus stamped himself a purist to whom all lures but the floater were anathema. It was chiefly owing to the influence of his writings that dry-fly fishing became a craze, and was carried to ridiculous extremes. Chalk stream habitues blindly followed his teachings instead of thinking things out for themselves.

Halford's fame does not rest on his prowess as an angler, but on the good work he did in studying river insects, and dressing artificials to imitate them as closely as possible.

It was in 1886 that he published "Floating Flies and how to dress them," and the book proved an instant success. In his "Dry-fly Entomology" he gave what he considered the Hundred Best Patterns of Floating Flies, which he later reduced to thirty-six, the idea being to establish for all time sufficient patterns of flies for chalk stream fishing without the use of fancy patterns.

To the plain everyday angler, any fly that he has found to be killing is a good fly, whether it be a fancy pattern or not, but to many a dry-fly man fancy patterns are anathema, because they are not dressed in imitation of natural insects. The dry-fly enthusiast is unhappy unless he thinks his fly is tied to represent a certain insect, and that trout take it because they recognise it as food.

As already mentioned, Halford was associated with Francis Francis, then angling editor of "The Field." Francis in "A Book on Angling," wrote that "The judicious and perfect application of dry, wet, and mid-water fly-fishing stamps the finished fly-fisher with the hall-mark of efficiency." Surely this should have given Halford food for thought, and tempted him to investigate the merits of the wet fly for catching chalk stream trout. Unfortunately he never did so, but remained a dry-fly purist to the end.

It was in 1889 that Halford published his book "Dry-fly Fishing in Theory and Practice," and on it his fame can be said

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to stand. Since his day, the wet fly, as adapted to chalk streams, has come into its own, and now nymph fishing is a recognized practice. M. G. E. M. Skues, author of "Minor Tactics of the Chalk Stream," and "The Way of a Trout with a Fly," is one of the pioneers of the new art, and has proved that the nymph fished wet, often kills when the floating fly is useless.

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OLD STUFFY ROBERTS

By MICHAEL COBB.

(*By kind permission of the "Windsor Magazine."*)

EXACTLY how he came to make out he was so very old, is difficult to decide. His white hair had probably much to do with it. It gave him an odd appearance of great age which was amply belied by his martial bearing, while his eye, glittering behind his eye-glass, saw everything worth seeing, and a good deal besides.

There is no doubt that he traded to the full on this peculiarity, this sham appearance of great age, talking when he remembered to do so, in a broken voice of the old times, which were apparently always prior to any time anybody else could remember.

But that was the only sham thing about him. Apart from that, he was the real thing all through, and everything he did was done just a little better than anyone else could do it, and his row of medals contained one ribbon which was just better than anybody else's.

In the Regiment, the men hated him. They hated and feared him, or so he liked to pretend. Actually they admired him enormously, and if hatred be the sentiment which will make men follow another wherever he leads them, which will make them do just that little bit extra that they will do for nobody else, then hatred is not a bad thing to inspire.

Not that Major Roberts, "Old Stuffy," as he was called, bothered his white head about such trivialities. He saw to it that they did the bit extra all right, trust him! And if they didn't.... But the thing was unthinkable.

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So when immediately after the War, the Light Blue Royal Hussars were ordered to India, the Colonel naturally sent for Old Stuffy.

"We're ordered off to India this trooping season, Stuffy," he explained.

Old Stuffy cleared his throat like some stricken centenarian about to deliver his last blessing to his descendants assembled in sorrowing generations around his deathbed.

The Colonel was not impressed.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded sharply. "Got a cold or something?"

Old Stuffy shook his head.

"No, no, K'nel," he replied. "Just a bit of a throat, that's all, K'nel."

The Colonel nodded briskly.

"All right. Well anyway, Stuffy, we're off to India, and I've sent for you to talk about the training of the Regiment."

"Yes, K'nel," said Old Stuffy.

"They're a very young Regiment. Most of 'em only boys and going to India 'll pull them together if we go the right way about it."

Old Stuffy shook his old head despondently.

"Don't suppose we'll ever do much with that lot," he said. "Not like in the old days."

"Still," said the Colonel, "we have a good sprinkling of N.C.O.'s, and a fine lot of officers."

Old Stuffy made a grimace.

"Not what they used to be, K'nel," he retorted. "In the old days, an N.C.O. used to be somebody, but nowadays, God help us. They can't shoot, they can't ride. . . ."

"Well that's just what I wanted to talk to you about," said the Colonel. "I've decided to put the whole Regiment through riding school for six months, two hours a day."

Old Stuffy's eye glistened.

"Off'cers as well?" he inquired.

The Colonel nodded.

"Yes. All junior officers," he replied.

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"Do 'em all the good in the world." said old Stuffy.

"Now what I want, Stuffy," continued the Colonel, "is for you to take charge of the equitation of the whole Regiment, and run it for me."

Old Stuffy pursed his lips.

"Dunno that my old back'll let me," he said. "Ever since I got that bullet through it, it's never been the same. If you ask me, it's still in there," he added.

"What's in where?" demanded the Colonel.

"The bullet, K'nel, the bullet. I can feel it still, every time I move. Of course the doctors say they took it out, but you can't go by that, can you?"

"No good asking me, Stuffy," said the Colonel. "I'm not a doctor. The question is are you coming out to India with us or no?"

Old Stuffy shook his head despondently.

"Dunno that I ought to," he replied, in a cavernous voice. "I'm gettin' on, K'nel, y'know. Not certain I should be able to stay the course at my time of life. And then this old back of mine. . . ."

"Your old back's all right," said the Colonel firmly.

"Very good, K'nel," said Old Stuffy.

"And let me have your programme of equitation training some time next week."

"Right you are, K'nel," said Old Stuffy. "As a matter of fact I've got it already made out," he added. 'It just wants a few touches here an' there, an' it'll be all right."

"That's excellent," said the Colonel. "Come and dine with us to-night, and bring it along with you."

"Very good, K'nel," said Old Stuffy.

He saluted as smartly as his old back would permit him to do, and almost hobbled out of the Commanding Officer's presence.

As soon as they had settled down in India, they started serious work. The Regiment paraded for Riding School at six o'clock in the mornings, so that the strenuous work of equitation might be over by eight o'clock, before the Indian sun should beat down pitilessly on the hard dusty surface of the training area.

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So Old Stuffy used to come galloping on to the scene at a quarter to six.

Before that time, four hundred men, sitting on four hundred horses, had been marched on to the parade ground, where they were marshalled, each squadron under a junior officer, and again sub-divided into various rides, recruits, third class, second class and first class rides, the latter permitted or, rather, ordered to wear their spurs, which indicated that at the end of the month they would be shown up before the Commanding Officer to be dismissed as being sufficiently trained.

Not that that would rescue them from the clutches of Old Stuffy.

Horses need training just as much as men do, and the new horses of the Regiment, the remounts, would then be ridden by the trained men, under the eagle eye of Old Stuffy.

"Though God only knows what the result'll be, K'nel," Old Stuffy would say. "In the old days these so-called remount riders wouldn't have been allowed to push a wheel-barrow round a troop stable for fear of upsetting it, and now. . . ."

At the head of this imposing array sits the senior subaltern, while behind him, dismounted, stands the senior orderly sergeant, holding under his arm a gigantic ledger, in which are inscribed the names of the men, the number of their attendances, the number of their horses, and the number of the horses' attendances.

Not that Old Stuffy needs any ledger. He knows without its help how matters stand, and as he rides on to parade and the senior subaltern calls the men and horses up to attention, not a single detail escapes him.

At his signal is given the order: "Sit at ease," and he then receives reports. So many men from each squadron. Horse B.98 kicked in the lines and admitted to the Station Veterinary Hospital. "Trooper Woodmansea reported sick this morning."

Old Stuffy pricks up his ears.

"Woodmansea of 'B' Squadron? Not like him to go sick for nothing, not like that chicken-livered scoundrel Jevons, who fell off the other day. What's the matter with him?"

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"I don't know, sir,"

"Well, find out and let me know by four o'clock this afternoon."

"Sir."

The last of the reports is given, and Old Stuffy sits there, running his eye over the parade.

Suddenly he stiffens.

"Half a minute, there, half a minute. Why is Trooper Honeysett riding that horse?" he demands.

Nobody appears to know. Trooper Honeysett is called out, and then the explanation is speedily forthcoming. He explains that his own horse is "Sick in Lines" and that he was told to ride that one.

Old Stuffy turns to the N.C.O. in charge of the ride and demands why this fact was not reported to him.

There is a discreet silence.

"Personally," says Old Stuffy, "I don't care a damn, not a tinker's cuss. But on parade here, I represent the Commanding Officer, the K'nel. And I consider it impertinence towards the K'nel for you not to report it. Don't let it occur again."

"Sir," replies the N.C.O., relieved to have got off so lightly.

The Parade is then called up to attention, when each man must sit rigidly looking to his front, before the rides move off, each under its instructor.

Suddenly Old Stuffy lets out a roar like a wounded bull. A man sitting in the second ride, behind the remounts, has moved his head round to look at a vulture which has flown up from the Marble Rocks at the end of the valley. Old Stuffy gallops up to him until his face is only about eleven inches from that of the delinquent, who sits now fixedly looking to his front.

"Are you supposed to be on Commanding Officer's parade, Matthews, or have you come out to India on a tour of inspection to look at vultures?" he demands fiercely. "Sitting there like a monkey on a bag of tin-tacks. Wearing spurs, too! And you think you're going to be dismissed riding school at the end of the month by the Commanding Officer, do you? Well, you can take it from me, my man, that you won't. I'll see to it that you're kept

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back at riding school for another six months, damme if I don't."

It is now five minutes to six. A shrill whistle sounds, and the last of the bullock carts is driven away. They have been watering the open *manèges* in an endeavour to lay the dust which would be kicked up by the horses as they go round.

The rides now move off, each under its separate instructor, each towards its own *manège*.

As the last horse enters the last *manège*, Old Stuffy glances at his watch. The minute hand is not quite upright. It is just on six.

Well, the Commanding Officer did say two hours' equitation every day, from six to eight daily.

At five minutes to seven a trumpet sounds, and the rides stop. The men dismount, look round their horses, and break off for ten minutes' smoke.

At five past seven the trumpet sounds again. The call this time is "Cease fire," the Trumpet-Major's only joke, and cigarettes are put out. The order "Mount" is given and the rides move off into the open.

As far as the eye can see, perhaps even farther, which doesn't mean very far owing to the clouds of dust which the horses are kicking up, there are jumps set up in all directions. Low mud walls, wooden rails, ditches, banks and fences. All of different heights, so as to give the recruits confidence by putting them over small jumps at first, and so as to give the other rides training by putting them over the big fences. But, large or small, they all have one point in common. They are all stiff, there is no "give" in any of them. Neither horses nor riders may take the least liberty with them, or else they'll know all about it. In the lower grades the riders go over without their reins—if necessary they hold on to their head ropes, so as not to interfere with their horses' mouths, in the first class rides, where they are put over the big jumps, they know enough to be able to take their reins and have to ride their horses carefully. Whether by inattention or bad luck Trooper Matthews's horse doesn't quite get over his jump, and lands, a sprawling heap, on the far-side. Horse and rider disappear from view in a fog of dust. The horse is up

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first, but the man still holds the reins. He gets up, slightly dazed, put the reins back over his horse's head and mounts.

Old Stuffy has seen it all.

"That's that fool Matthews again," he mutters. "Sprawling about all over the ground. Still, he did hold on to his reins all right. Damned good show. If only we could get him out of that infernal craving for looking at vultures, we'd make a soldier of him."

Meanwhile Matthews has gone on. He goes over the next jump and the next, very creditably for a man who has just taken a nasty toss. Wherever his eyes may be, his heart is in the right place.

Old Stuffy nods approvingly.

On the day of the Commanding Officer's inspection, Old Stuffy turns up at a quarter to six, just as usual. The usual routine is carried out until seven o'clock, when the Colonel comes to dismiss the first class rides, and Old Stuffy goes round with him, inspecting them, and seeing them at their work.

Finally the Colonel is satisfied that he has seen enough.

"They're very good, Stuffy," he says as he watches them form up some distance away. "Very good indeed. But there's one fellow over there, the fourth from the right of the second ride, I'm a bit doubtful about. Struck me as being a bit unsteady in the ranks."

Old Stuffy puts in his eyeglass to look at the man as if he were not already perfectly certain who he was.

"Trooper Matthews, fourth from the right of 'B' Squadron?"

"Yes, that's right," says the Colonel. "What about him?"

"Best feller in the whole outfit, K'nel," says Old Stuffy with decision.

"All right then, Stuffy, you can dismiss the lot."

Old Stuffy salutes as the Colonel rides away, and watches him till he is out of sight. In the meantime the first class rides are awaiting the verdict.

Old Stuffy rides up to them and gazes on them sorrowfully for a few moments.

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"Well," he begins at last, "the K'nel has dismissed the lot of you. He tells me he can't help himself. You're all of you just good enough to get away with it and that's just about all and no more. But you'll never be like they were in the old days. Still, you'll do. All except that scoundrel with St. Vitus's dance there, that star-gazing vulture-pursuing fellow, Matthews. But I told the K'nel all about you, my man. You'll have to be dismissed to-day, because the K'nel wants trained men. But as soon as we get a few more, I'll have you back again here for another six months, damned if I don't."

"Dis . . . . miss! Parade again for riding school with the remounts on Monday morning."

For some reason best known to themselves, the powers that were, suddenly out of a blue sky transferred to the regiment, Major Sir Archibald Blackwood, Bt., taking rank and precedence next above Major Roberts. That he should so take rank and precedence above Old Stuffy left Old Stuffy unperturbed. Nor did Sir Archibald's voice, which sounded rather like the twittering of birds, liberally interspersed with "whats" and "quites," irritate Old Stuffy more than it irritated anybody else. Nor did even Sir Archibald Blackwood's unfortunate knack of making a mess of everything he undertook annoy him more than most people. But what infuriated Old Stuffy beyond all bearing was the fact that Sir Archibald Blackwood's hair was also completely white, just as white as the hair of Old Stuffy himself. This Old Stuffy felt was a distinct, a deliberate, challenge to his supremacy. As the Grand Old Man of the Regiment he had been supreme, unique. Now he felt as if he were one of a crowd.

As for the men, they regarded Sir Archibald Blackwood as something of a joke. His ungainly walk, his peculiar habit of addressing his dog as "Eh, puppy, what?", of greeting his fellow creatures by "Good morning, what?" which he also muttered audibly under his breath whenever anybody saluted him, or of ending up most of his remarks with: "Quite, quite, quite," seemed at first to them to be too good to be true. As a public entertainment, Sir Archibald Blackwood promised fair at first to be reasonably popular. But as time went on, and he

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gradually unfolded himself as a meddlesome and mischievous influence, bringing chaos into everything he touched, his first little spurt of popularity disappeared.

"Really, Forbes, what?" he remarked one morning during the cold season, when Forbes came in thirsty from his morning's ride and ordered a glass of beer in the Mess. "A glass of beer, what? Most plebeian drink—a gentleman drinks a glass of port at eleven o'clock what? Quite, quite, quite."

Shortly after that, Sir Archibald Blackwood decided to go down one morning to have a look at the equitation area.

He rode down from his bungalow past the Marble Rocks at the far end, and came upon Forbes instructing his ride in the first *manège*.

Forbes saluted him.

"Ah, good morning, Forbes, what?"

Being only a subaltern, Forbes asked Major Sir Archibald Blackwood's permission to carry on with his work, as is the custom in the Service.

"Just half a minute, what?" said Sir Archibald Blackwood briskly. "What is happening here, what?"

Forbes explained that it was a ride of recruits finishing their last few lessons prior to being moved up into a higher grade of ride.

"Quite, quite, quite," said Sir Archibald. "Now it's only a very small point, Mr. Forbes, but have you noticed that none of these men is wearing spurs, what? I really must insist upon your paying closer attention to these matters of detail, which may seem to you trivial perhaps, but which I consider personally to be of paramount importance, what? Ah, good morning, what?" he added in a loud tone in reply to a salaam given to him by a native bullock cart driver about half a mile away.

"Very good, sir," said Forbes. "But it is the order that recruits do not wear spurs at riding school until they have been moved up into a first class ride."

"Oh really, what?" said Major Blackwood. "Who said so?"

"Major Roberts, sir."

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"Oh, really. Well, why wasn't I told about this, what? I mean to say, it's only perhaps a very small point, but I don't consider that it shows proper respect to me to do these things behind my back without consulting me, what? However, we will let that pass. Now tell me, why is that man over there sitting like that, what? Just call him out here a minute. Now then, my man, yes, good morning what? Quite, quite, quite. I don't like the way you sit on that horse of yours, what? trouble is, horse is too big for you, what? Change it with that man over there, what? Now then that other man over there, come here, what? Yes, good morning, quite. Just let me see you trot out of the *manège* and go over a couple of those jumps, what? Now come back. Change horses with that other man. . . ."

To Old Stuffy, sitting up on his horse on top of a little knoll in the middle of the equitation area, monarch of all he surveyed, there suddenly became apparent an indication of unwonted activity in the direction of the Marble Rocks.

Shading his eyes against the glare of the sun, he peered intently in that direction. Forbes he could recognize clearly, sitting in the middle of his *manège* and apparently deep in conversation with some other mounted figure whom he couldn't quite make out. Even as he looked, two men detached themselves from the ride and disappeared over the jumps in a cloud of dust.

Old Stuffy's heart missed a beat. He rubbed his eyes, and adjusting his monocle more securely, looked anxiously at his watch. There should be no jumping for another half hour.

He took a deep breath, and stood up in his stirrups.

"Mr. Foooo . . . rbes," he roared in a voice which laid the dust over the whole of the equitation area, and echoed in amongst the Marble Rocks at the far end, causing all the vultures to fly out in alarm.

Forbes came galloping up. Drawing rein in front of Old Stuffy, he saluted.

"Who's that you're talking to over there?" said Old Stuffy.

"Major Blackwood, sir," replied Forbes.

"Who told you to take your recruits out jumping before the second period?" he demanded angrily.

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"Major Blackwood, sir." replied Forbes.

The frown on Old Stuffy's face deepened.

"Well, tell Major Blackwood to get out of this at once," he barked.

Then, seeing the look of astonishment and hesitation on Forbes's face, he realized that it was an impossible message for a subaltern to deliver to his own Squadron Leader, however much he might tone it down. "All right," he continued. "I'll go and tell him myself."

Clapping his spurs into his horse's side, he galloped off in the direction of the *manège*, in which by now the men, under the guidance of Sir Archibald Blackwood, were going through the most amazing and complicated manœuvres which included the sacrilegious act of jumping over the *manège* wall.

At the sound of Old Stuffy's clattering hoofs, Sir Archibald Blackwood turned round.

"Ah, good morning, Roberts, what?"

Old Stuffy, purple in the face, pulled up.

"Half a minute, there, half a minute. What the devil do you think you're doing here?" he demanded.

Sir Archibald Blackwood's face took on an expression of amazement and anger.

"W . . . what d'you mean, what?" he demanded angrily.

But Old Stuffy was past explaining.

"Get out of here!" he roared furiously.

"Really, Major Roberts," began Sir Archibald Blackwood, sternly, "You forget yourself, what? I'm senior to you, and I must insist on proper respect being paid. . . ."

"Get out, clear out of here at once," shouted Old Stuffy, completely ignoring his objection. "Get to Hell or Hanover out of this at once. I won't have you coming down here. I represent the Commanding Officer, the K'nel on this parade. Clear off!"

Major Sir Archibald Blackwood, Bt., what, quite, realized that it would be futile to oppose his twittering voice to the frenzied roar which emanated from Old Stuffy's mouth.

With such dignity as he could muster, he turned his horse round and trotted slowly away. At eleven o'clock, at the hour

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for Regimental Office, he would make a formal complaint to the Commanding Officer against the insubordinate and insulting language used to him by his junior in precedence and seniority.

Old Stuffy also turned his horse round. But he didn't trot slowly away. Cramming his helmet down on his ears, forcing his feet home in the stirrups, he rode as he had never ridden before, straight as an arrow, taking everything in his stride, towards the Colonel's bungalow at the far end of the cantonments. Nor did he pause until he could see the roof of the Colonel's bungalow showing over the trees of the compound. Reining in his horse, he continued at a walk up the drive.

The Colonel was sitting on the verandah eating breakfast. He looked up at the sound of the horse's hoofs on the sand.

"Hullo, Stuffy," he said.

Old Stuffy saluted as smartly as his old back would permit him to do.

"Good morning, K'nel," he said in a cavernous voice.

"Stay and have some breakfast," said the Colonel.

"Thank you, K'nel. I'll stop and have a small glass of soda water, and half a dry biscuit if I may, that is if you can get a couple of your men to help me down off my horse."

Assisted by two native gardeners, Old Stuffy managed to climb down off his horse, and, hobbling up the verandah steps sank wearily into an armchair opposite the Colonel.

"I expect this'll be the last meal we shall ever have together, K'nel," he remarked sadly as he nibbled absent-mindedly at his half biscuit.

"What's the matter, Stuffy, old boy?" said the Colonel anxiously.

Old Stuffy groaned.

"It's my old back again," he said, in hollow tones. "I came to see you about it, K'nel. I really ought to go back to England as soon as I possibly can."

"Nonsense, Stuffy," said the Colonel, half fearing that Old Stuffy might not be exaggerating after all.

Old Stuffy shook his head solemnly.

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"You don't know, K'nel, what I go through with it," he said wearily. "I can't get a wink of sleep at nights because of it. Keeps me awake, y'know, K'nel."

"Really."

"Yes, K'nel. Of course I don't want to take to drugs if I can possibly help it. But the fact is, this climate's no good for it. I felt it as soon as I got out here. I really ought to go back to England this afternoon if I consulted my own interests. In fact, I ought to be packing now, instead of sitting about here."

"Come, come, Stuffy, it's not as bad as all that, surely?"

"Of course," continued Old Stuffy, "I shall be sorry to leave the Regiment. I had hoped to be able to stick it out long enough to get the whole lot trained and dismissed equitation. I've done my best, K'nel, you know. You can't expect a man to do more than his best, can you, K'nel?"

"We all know that, Stuffy," said the Colonel. "And nobody better than me."

"I've tried to do the best I could," said Old Stuffy in a voice which shook with emotion. "I've put the interests of the Regiment first in the hope of being able to stick it out long enough, but it was not to be, K'nel. I can see now I was wrong in the first place. Ever since we started getting behind-hand with the work."

The Colonel looked up sharply.

"Behind-hand with the work" he repeated. "What do you mean? I thought everything was well up to time."

Old Stuffy shook his head sadly.

"It was, K'nel. It was," he said. "At least it was until Blackwood came and stopped it all."

"Blackwood?" said the Colonel sharply.

"Yes, K'nel, I don't think he likes our system of training."

"What the devil's that got to do with him?" said the Colonel angrily. "It's the system that you drew up under my orders and I approved of it. I've never heard of such thing."

Old Stuffy shook his head solemnly.

"Well, anyway, K'nel, this fellow Blackwood doesn't approve of it, I can tell you. He comes down there, day after day, stop-

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ping all the rides all the time, making all the men do all sorts of things that are not down in the programme of work——"

"Why didn't you let me know this before?" demanded the Colonel.

"Well, you see, K'nel, I hardly liked to say anything about it, as Blackwood's senior to me, you see? Of course I tried to drop him a hint or two, but he wouldn't take it. And this morning I begged and prayed of him to let me carry on with my work, and he was very angry. Of course, K'nel, he's senior to me."

"That has nothing to do with it," snapped the Colonel. "You're acting there under my direct instructions, and I will not have them interfered with or altered in any way without reference to me."

"Yes, K'nel."

"Best thing you can do, Stuffy, is to pull yourself together and rest that old back of yours, if it's as bad as you say. And I'll have a talk to Blackwood. And you've jolly well got to stick it out until the training is finished, back or no back, see?"

"Very good, K'nel."

"Send your horse home, and I'll have you taken back in the car to your bungalow. Have some massage or something, and let me know by this evening if you feel any better."

Old Stuffy was driven home in the Colonel's car.

On thinking it over, he felt that half a biscuit is not much of a breakfast. So he ate some porridge, a kipper, two eggs, kidneys and tomatoes, a little cold ham, and half a melon, the whole rounded off with toast and marmalade and washed down with four or five cups of coffee.

Already he began to feel much better.

When Major Sir Archibald Blackwood, Bt., arrived at eleven o'clock, at the hour for Regimental Office, to make his formal complaint to the Commanding Officer against the insubordinate and insulting language used to him by his junior in precedence and seniority, he was amazed at the rapidity with which he was admitted into the Commanding Officer's presence.

Normally the Colonel of a cavalry regiment has a good many things to do about this time of the day, and is frequently obliged

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to keep his subordinates waiting at least for a few minutes while he is finishing off the task in hand. And frequently, even when he has not any immediate task in hand, he will nevertheless keep them waiting at least for a few minutes just to remind them that they are his subordinates. It is sometimes good for their souls.

In this case, however, there was no such pause.

If amazement is the word to describe the feelings of Major Sir Archibald Blackwood, Bt., at the rapidity with which the Commanding Officer deferred to his request for an interview, it is totally inadequate to describe his feelings at the well-chosen and succinct phrases with which the Commanding Officer told him what he thought of him, his appearance, his general conduct, and his eventual destination, which seemed to be strangely similar to the ultimate fate which Old Stuffy had that very morning prophesied for him in very similar phraseology. Clearly the *esprit de corps* of the Light Blue Royal Hussars was such that its officers were agreed in all things, even on smaller points of detail.

The Commanding Officer closed the interview with a very definite order to Major Sir Archibald Blackwood, Bt., that no interference of any kind with his orders or arrangements for training would be tolerated, and then signified his desire to be relieved of the immediate presence of Major Blackwood.

Sir Archibald Blackwood withdrew.

It was only much later in the day that he remembered that the original object of his going to see the Colonel had been to make a complaint.

A few days later, the Colonel went away on leave. A few days after that, the Second-in-Command was called away. Before departing, the Second-in-Command handed over the command of the Regiment to the Senior Major present with the Regiment.

The Senior Major present with the Regiment was Major Sir Archibald Blackwood, Bt.

Next morning, soon after six, Sir Archibald Blackwood mounted his horse and rode down to the equitation area, not so much in his personal capacity of Major Sir Archibald Black-

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wood, Bt., but in the more important rôle of Officer-in-Command of the Light Blue Royal Hussars.

Old Stuffy met him at the entrance of the Marble Rocks.

He saluted as smartly as his old back would permit him to do.

"Good morning, sir," he said.

Sir Archibald Blackwood looked at him coldly.

"Ah, good morning, Major Roberts, what?"

"Is there anything in particular that you desire to see, sir," said Old Stuffy dutifully.

"Nothing in particular, Major Roberts, what?" replied Sir Archibald Blackwood. "I have no desire to interfere with the normal arrangements. Kindly carry on with the normal programme of work as laid down. Good morning, what? Quite, quite, quite."

Old Stuffy saluted.

"Very good, sir," he said dutifully. "Kindly come this way, sir."

He led him past the *manèges* in which the various rides were at work, and planted him down alongside a long new brushwood fence.

"Now here, sir," explained Old Stuffy, "is a new fence that's just been built."

"Yes, quite, what?" said Sir Archibald Blackwood. "At the same time, it's only a very small point perhaps, but I haven't come here to look at new fences, what? I have come here to ascertain that you are carrying out your duties in a satisfactory manner, what? Good morning what? Quite, quite, quite."

Now Old Stuffy had that in him which enabled him to read aright the hearts of men and the hearts of horses.

For suddenly, close at hand, unexpectedly, produced as if by a conjuring trick, there appeared out of a cloud of dust as if by magic, a line of horsemen, galloping as hard as they could lay hoof to ground, riding knee to knee straight at the fence near which they were standing. With a crash and a roar and a thundering of hoofs, the first line cleared the fence, followed by another line, the rear rank. Then the whole troop disappeared

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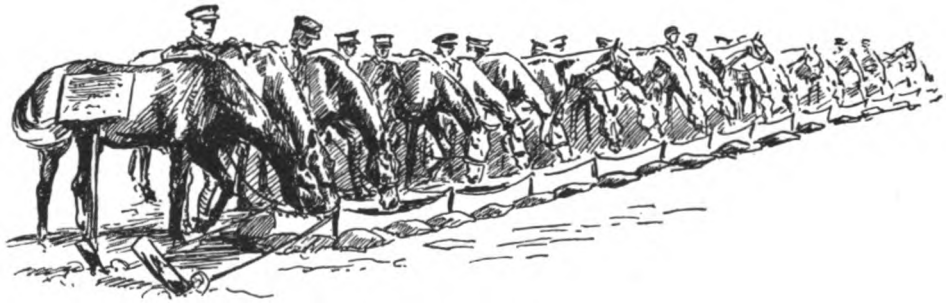
as suddenly as they had come and were lost in the cloud of dust they kicked up behind them.

This was too much for Sir Archibald Blackwood's horse. Laying back his ears, he squealed, gave one kick and a terrific buck, and shot Sir Archibald up into the air. The horse was out of sight in the dust cloud before his rider came down to earth again.

Sir Archibald Blackwood landed in a sitting position on the hard dusty surface of the training area.

The last that was seen in the equitation area of Major Sir Archibald Blackwood, Bt., in his more important rôle of Officer-in-Command of the Light Blue Royal Hussars, was a more than usually ungainly dismounted figure, ambling painfully off in the direction of the Marble Rocks.



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NOTES.

Extracts from the Minutes of the Annual General Meeting of the Cavalry Journal Committee, held in the Council Room of the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall, at 12 noon, on December 9th, 1938.

Present: General Sir G. de S. Barrow (in the chair); Lieut.-General Sir A. E. W. Harman; Major-General T. T. Pitman; Brigadier J. J. Kingstone; Brigadier H. O. Wiley; Lieut.-Colonel F. S. Straight; Rt. Hon. Lord Carnock.

1. The Statement of Accounts for the year were approved. The Accounts showed a credit balance of £619 19s. 5d. as against £690 0s. 5d. for the previous year. The loss of £73 was largely due to the increased cost of printing and the rise in the price of paper.

2. Messrs. J. J. Keliher's tender for a new printing contract was accepted for one year only.

3. It was decided that a competitive scheme should be set instead of a prize essay. The scheme, prizes and conditions to be published later.

* * * *

The Institute of the Horse was founded in 1925 by a few enthusiasts who for some years supplied the necessary funds for office expenses. For several years with little outside support they did the spade work of what has now become a world-wide institution and it is to their generosity in financing it in its early days that the Institute owes its existence to-day.

It was not until 1929 that the Institute began to embark on the activities which have earned for it its present position as the authoritative centre of information on all matters connected with the Horse, its Training and Management. In that year the country was organized into districts corresponding with the different hunting countries; each under a District Commissioner appointed by the Institute.

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On November 1st, 1929, the Pony Club was inaugurated. It has been a phenomenal success and to-day numbers one hundred and forty-three Branches comprising a membership of over 12,000 children. It includes overseas branches in Ireland, Canada, South Africa, India, China, Gibraltar and in the United States of America. Originally formed as the "Junior Branch" its rapid growth made it apparent that it was one of the chief activities of the Institute and the title of the whole was altered to The Institute of the Horse and Pony Club.

The object of the Pony Club is described in its Rules as follows:—

> "To encourage young people to ride and enjoy all kinds of sport connected with horses and riding, to instill in them the proper care of their animals, and to offer them the opportunity of receiving instruction of a higher class and on more orthodox lines than many of them can obtain individually."

It is open to all girls and boys under 17 years of age and young people who have attained the age of 17 but are not yet 21 may join as Associates. Branches are formed in districts corresponding with the Hunts, each being under the administration of one of the Institute's District Commissioners assisted by a Local Committee.

The policy of the Institute of the Horse has been to stimulate interest in all matters connected with horses and riding and to improve the knowledge of those teaching riding professionally. The Pony Club was inaugurated as the means of carrying out the first object and the second object is being dealt with by the issue of an Instructor's Certificate to those qualifying at examinations. It has never been its policy to come into competition with Riding Schools—its aim being to raise the standard of knowledge among Instructors, leaving to them the work of preparing candidates for the Institute's examinations.

Members have the privilege of visiting once a year the Army Equitation School and the Metropolitan Mounted Police Training Centre. Permission to visit the Army Equitation School at Weedon was first granted in 1930 through the kindness of General Sir Wentworth Harman when he was Inspector-General

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of Cavalry, and this privilege has been continued annually by his successors. The first visit to Imber Court took place in 1931 owing to the kindness of Colonel Sir Percy Laurie and his successor, Major G. de Chair, has continued to extend this privilege. The opportunity for studying the methods employed in training men and horses for the Army and for the Police has been of great value and large parties of our members have taken advantage of these visits every year.

A quarterly journal entitled " The Horse " is published and forwarded to members free of charge. This journal was introduced by Colonel P. D. Stewart in 1929 and was published at his own expense until 1931 when the Institute took over the financial responsibilities. It is owing to his initiative and generosity that members to-day owe what pleasure they may derive from this publication.

The Fédération Equestre Internationale, the body which controls all Horse Shows and Equestrian Competitions of an International nature, has appointed the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club as its representative in Great Britain. This appointment carries with it the responsibility of arranging in our own country all such competitions and the Institute is therefore represented on the Council of the British Olympic Association. In the event of the Olympic Games being held in England it will be responsible for the equestrian competitions under the guidance of the Fédération Equestre Internationale and in co-operation with the British Olympic Association. During the last Olympic Games in Berlin in 1936, when owing to the generosity of Lady Yule the British Army was represented by a team of officers selected and trained at Weedon under the captaincy of Colonel P. E. Bowden-Smith, the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club took over control of the funds and made all the arrangements for the transport of the team and its accommodation in Berlin.

It was largely owing to the efforts of the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club that the International Horse Show was revived after being in abeyance for a year; and in acknowledgment of this service the words " with which is associated the Institute of the Horse and Pony Club " appear on the programmes of this

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show. Its revival depended on the generosity of a few public-spirited ladies and gentlemen who provided the necessary funds and it is upon them that any losses fall. All those who value this great show and wish it to continue should give it their support by joining the International Horse Show Club; remembering that the Directors have done more than anyone to encourage Show Jumping in the Army and to promote friendly relations between the officers of all nations.

In the last few years a new class of rider has appeared which takes its pleasure in seeing the country from the saddle instead of from the seat of a motor-car. With the object of assisting those wishing to undertake riding tours, itineraries are being published and hotels encouraged to provide stabling. These itineraries, which cover a period of about seven days, can be obtained by members of the Institute on application free of charge. They take the rider each night to one of the hotels which have registered as undertaking to provide stabling and forage for a minimum of three horses and display a special sign.

Much might be said of the flattering opinions expressed in some quarters regarding the work of the Pony Club—the general improvement in riding shown by our children—the good it is doing for hunting by promoting closer friendship between the hunting man and the farmer of the future—the interest now being taken by all classes in every kind of equestrian sport.

To the Army, and particularly to the mounted branches, the Institute owes much. From the beginning Weedon has given it most valuable help and sympathy and the Riding Academy at Woolwich has never failed it. Many officers have devoted a great deal of time to examining the candidates at its examinations which indeed could not have been held but for the kindness of the Life Guards, Royal Horse Guards and Royal Horse Artillery in lending their riding schools.

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HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES

The "Army Quarterly" for October, 1938, devoted rather more of its space than usual to matters of current interest, though at least half of it is still given up to historical articles, of which Lieut.-Colonel Burne's account of the campaign of Fontenoy is perhaps the best. Lieut.-Colonel Browning contributes the first of two articles. "I Believe," in which he discusses the value of our present-day weapons in a European great war. Among his views are that even up-to-date artillery is only an incomplete answer to the machine-gun in defence; that the field of utility of the mortar is a limited one; that the rifle may soon disappear from armies as a standard weapon; that only numerous small fast tanks can prevail against the powerful anti-tank armament of to-day, and that these will be "an indispensable normal adjunct" to all armies in the next war. Major Phillips of the United States Army, discusses the logistics of motorized troop movement, with particular reference to its value as a means of assisting air observation and aerial attack, which he considers now to be capable of paralysing or destroying any sort of large scale movement by ordinary march route unless carried out under cover of night. "Motor vehicles furnish the answer to the air threat against troop movement. Through them can be regained the secrecy and chance of surprise that foot movements have lost." Other items of interest discussed are the new system of promotion of officers, the dress of the Army and what we may perhaps, for want of a better term call "motor mastership," in other words, the system to be adopted to get the safest, longest and most efficient service out of the mechanized steeds with which the army is now equipped, and out of the personnel whose job it is to handle and maintain them.

The "Fighting Forces" for October contains a well-reasoned article by Commander Russell Grenfell showing that even the

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much trumpeted and (so far as they go) much to be welcomed new rates of Army officers' pensions fall still far short of what in justice they should be. They are not even as good as the naval pension rates on which they have clearly been modelled, and the latter have long been recognized as meanly inadequate. Nor has the War Office yet succeeded, as has the Admiralty, in setting up reasonably satisfactory machinery for finding employment for its officers after retirement, this is the next task to which Mr. Hore Belisha should bend his energies. Lieut.-Colonel Shaw pleads for the abolition of the annual camp of exercise and the substitution for it of long distance training carried out from barracks under bivouac conditions. The Air Correspondent forecasts future developments in the art of air bombing by means of rocket and glider bombs which will set new problems to anti-aircraft defence, and make it necessary for such defence to set up its sheltering screen at a yet greater and greater distance from the target.

The " Journal of the Royal Artillery " opens with the Duncan prize essay by Lieut.Colonel O. T. Frith on the expansion of the artillery on mobilization and the consequent granting to warrant and non-commissioned ranks of increased responsibilities and duties; the author suggests the conversion of certain brigades into training brigades for all ranks of reserve N.C.O.s and W.O.s rejoining on mobilization, increase of proficiency pay, and more elasticity in promotion. There are two other very interesting and useful articles for general readers in Major-General Rowan-Robinson's " The Art of Command " and General Sir G. Macmunn's excerpts from the writings and sayings of the great Duke of Wellington; while the translation of an Austrian article on the bombardment of Paris by the German long-range gun during the war is of considerable topical interest.

The " Royal Engineers' Journal " for September, 1938, contains a full and very entertaining account by General Brough of the British occupation of the Caucasus in 1919—" an interesting and educative episode " as he rightly calls it. Some points in

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connection with the Aldershot Command Road Exercise in May are touched on in a paper to Captain Henniker, and Captain Holbrook contributes a brief sketch of the organization and duties of the German Army engineer corps, which he regards as fully up to its many and arduous duties and in a high state of efficiency and readiness for war.

The pages of the "Canadian Defence Quarterly" are largely concerned with the autumn crisis, but there is an interesting article by Major Lisle on the Empire and World peace, which he declares can be secured only if the Dominions lend their full material and moral support to the somewhat war-burdened Motherland, and another by Lieut.-Colonel Burns, advocating that some tanks should in future form an integral part of the infantry division, instead of being all retained as corps or army troops as at present.

The contents of the "Royal Air Force Quarterly" are for the most part of interest chiefly to members of that service, and there is little even in the lighter fare to catch the eye of the general reader. The principal article, advocating the division of the R.A.F. into two separate branches, the one for flying, the other for maintenance and administration, is worth perusal, however, even by the non-air-minded.

E.W.S.

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FOREIGN MAGAZINES

The "Cavalry Journal" of the U.S.A. for September-October, 1938, opens with an article by Captain W. W. Yale, on "Mobile Control Methods." This title covers a study of the methods available for controlling cavalry units in action. Starting with the strategy of the campaign on the Eastern Front in 1914, which the author says was "always awe-inspiring and occasionally comic, like a circus elephant working with the clowns," he goes on to speak of the Western Front and he proceeds to consider the development of this control since 1918. "Emphasis on staff functions, on the increase since 1918 has led," so he says, to the "staggering detail with which it has become customary to surround even the simplest of tactical exercises." It is then claimed that these "horrors," i.e., tactical exercises, are unreal and valueless. The trouble lies, states the author, in the application of school teaching and the temptation in such exercises to treat troops and squadrons as though they were brigades and divisions by working with formal orders. He explains how General H. S. Hawkins between 1930-36 tried to revert to simpler ways of command. Major E. E. Schwien next deals with Intelligence Training within the Cavalry Regiment. This appears based on a commonsense estimate of what is needed; but it appears that intelligence, although "an interpreter" is allotted to the regiment, is chiefly concerned with the filing and plotting on maps of information obtained by contacts. The matter is carefully treated. Lieut. R. W. Cole treats of camouflage. Recently tests were held in the U.S.A. concerning the value of some new pattern nets for camourflage. The criticisms are interesting and might be studied by the specialist in such matters.

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The practically-minded cavalryman may find it worth his while to turn to Captain Jordan Theis' article on " Cavalry's Streamlined Load and Equipment in Mississippi." This complicated title disguises a useful little discussion of how to lighten and improve the cavalryman's load in the field. The author is full of useful suggestions on this matter; he is evidently an enthusiast as to pack transport. A suggestive and useful article. Colonel C. L. Scott contributes a study "Armour for Cavalry Reconnaissance Vehicles is Essential," in which he decides that not only is armour a necessity for cavalry fighting vehicles but that this armour must be improved in efficacy. General Hawkins, acknowledged to be one of the U.S.A.'s foremost cavalry leaders, concludes the number with a useful note on the combination of horsed and mechanized cavalry.

The French " Revue de Cavalerie " for July-August opens with the examination of a German tactical scheme which illustrates the use of a cavalry regiment reinforced by various special weapons. The exercise is selected as showing how far, in all similar situations, the Germans now regard cavalry as regularly employed with fractions of the new arms. Thereby the task of controlling what is no longer a cavalry regiment but a composite detachment is growing rapidly more complicated. It also shows the importance that is attached in the German army to the rapid appreciation of situations that are growing far more involved than of old as the result of the presence of new weapons and mechanized vehicles.

An anonymous writer offers a study of the action of the Napoleonic cavalry in October, 1806 (before Jena). His aim is to prove that cavalry properly handled can impose on the hostile command so far that it may become entirely paralysed. Captain des Lauries next publishes some recollections of August, 1914, concerning the unsatisfactory nature of the horses provided for French cavalry on mobilization. His recollections will be familiar to any officer who was called upon to cope with the miscellaneous assortment of horseflesh that was then assem-

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bled. In France with a far larger army to provide against, the task must have been far harder than in this country. The author's suggestions for dealing with freshly mobilized animals are worthy of being read. Another anonymous writer relates the difficulties now being experienced in finding suitable army horses in 20 departments of northern and eastern France.

The September-October number of the same Journal opens with an article analogous to the last in which the horse-breeding situation in Europe is examined. In an interesting survey the author gives his reasons for the decline of high-class horseflesh in England and France and suggests the why and the wherefore for successful horse-breeding throughout Europe at the present day. Lieutenant de Montille next relates a ride into Alsace in which there was made a trial crossing of the Vosges (Colonel de Schlucht—nearly 4,000 feet), at Christmas time and in deep snow, by a detachment of the 2nd Battalion of " dragons portés". The experiment was designed chiefly to test the capacity of the vehicles on steep snowy roads. An interesting attempt: the results are given in detail. A remarkable article by Lieutenant Renoult on " Motorization in Germany " is perhaps one of the most instructive published in this Journal for a long time. The author examines the entire conditions under which German motorization has been conducted since rearmament began. The expansion of industry and the strict control of production has facilitated progress to proportions hitherto unknown. Standardization throughout the industry and its products has assisted the process of rearmament to an astonishing degree. The necessity for Germany to possess cross-country vehicles is the greater since that country possesses a more limited network of roads than France or England. The production of cross-country types has been facilitated by the system of bonuses and of taxation which the German government has introduced. The conversion, and even the transplantation of important factories had been aided by the State. Everything, in short, has been done to increase the output of the whole industry. Next the author examines the various types of vehicles in the hands of the

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German Army. There are really very few types. All armour is electrically welded. The author studies the light and heavy machine-gun vehicles, light and medium tanks and finally the tractors. He criticises each and praises, in particular, the medium tank. He comments on the addition to the Reich's forces of the Austrian vehicles and of the possibilities latent in the excellent Austro-Daimler works. A study of the various artificial and synthetic materials used in all this construction is added. The final paragraphs deal with the question of the military value of all this material. The author warns his readers against making too much capital out of the reputed failure of the German armoured division on the march to Vienna; but still he does not agree that the mass of motorized equipment now being produced need necessarily lead to the conclusion that victory would now favour the German arms.

At the end of last year the German "Militär-Wochenblatt" in its No. 40 published an appreciation of the work of the cyclist companies which now form part of the divisional reconnaissance units. There was nothing very fresh in that article which praised the capacity of the cyclists and went on to state that possibly these troops might well replace the mounted troops of those units. This view, however, has been strongly contested by Rittmeister von Fink in a subsequent issue (No. 50). Having for two years commanded a cyclist company the writer holds that the cyclist is far more bound to the roads than is commonly assumed. In the following number another writer adduces an instance from the Great War (4th October, 1914) where one cyclist company (German) was sent forward to locate the (French) 6th Cavalry Division. This task the cyclists failed to accomplish, in spite of the good network of roads, owing to traffic jams and the bad state of the open country, impassable to them. On the other hand, on their return journey, the cyclists proved of the highest value. Therefore, the author deduces, there is room for both units. Within "the zone of security" the cyclist can be of most use: when it comes to fighting the mounted man is probably superior.

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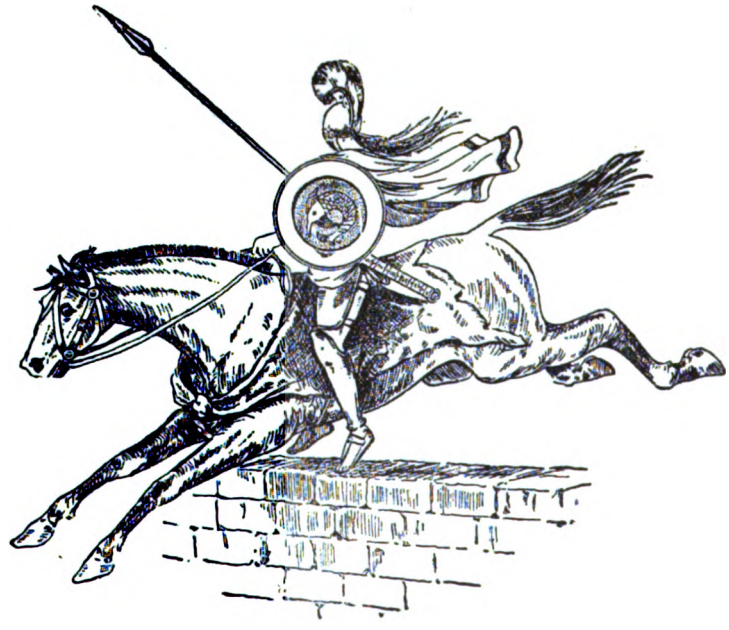
In the Swiss "Schweizerische Monatschrift" Lieutenant E. Moser submits an article comparing the values of horse and motor which is unusually clear and well considered, although going over mostly familiar ground. He comes to the conclusion that there is room for both horse and motor in an army, and particularly in the Swiss Army. But he emphasises one necessary condition, namely that the horse on mobilization must be in hard condition, otherwise the horse will not be able to compete with the motor, still less with the work of the mounted man. Hence the value of the agricultural horses for military purposes.



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RECENT PUBLICATIONS

"Other Ranks of Kut." By P. W. Long, M.M., Flight-Serjeant, R.A.F. (Williams & Norgate.) 10s. 6d.

The surrender of the garrison of Kut-el-Amara was a military tragedy of the first order. For months on end, like the army of Leonidas,

"Four times a thousand men from Pelop's land
Three thousand times a thousand did withstand."

But allied with the forces of investment was the grim spectre of starvation; and the day came when, separated from their officers, 2,600 men of the British rank-and-file marched into a captivity from which a mere 900 emerged alive.

Several officers, including Yeates-Brown, Barber, Keeling, Monsley, Bishop, Sandes, Still, and General Townshend himself, have written of their experiences as prisoners of war; but this is the first time the story of their sufferings in captivity has been written by one of, and from the point of view of, the "Other Ranks." It is questionable if a more able pen for the particular task than that wielded by Serjeant Long could have been employed. Endowed with a sound education and a natural "gift of tongues," shrewd, observant, amazingly resilient, his story of the captives' agonising march across the wastes of Mesopotamia to the prison camps of the north, is a chronicle of neglect, injustice, and sheer stark cruelty, stoically endured, which only gains in poignancy from the restraint with which it is told and the entire absence from the recital of any note of puling self-pity.

The treatment of prisoners of war, in all ages, has invariably been inhuman; given the cheap estimate of the value of a human life which is part of the Oriental make-up, intensified by the stress and strain of a bankrupt nation in its twentieth year of war, and it is possible to realize, if not to extenuate, what excesses of callous brutality our unfortunate men were called upon

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to endure at the hands of the Arab auxiliaries who, for the most part, served as their guardians. In happy contrast one may note the kindliness and decency of the few Germans with whom Serjeant Long and his companions came into contact; nor must one forget the unvarying consideration extended to them by those old, time-serving *Awl-Thanis*—elderly lieutenants, often well over the fifty-mark, of humble parentage, long past any hope of promotion,—who for generations had formed the back-bone of the Turkish Army.

Not the least interesting aspect of the book, which can be thoroughly recommended on all counts, is the self-portrait of the author, which, with quite unconscious art, is presented in its pages. With that power to stand up to anything and still retain a little something in reserve for the next emergency, with that unquenchable sense of humour which can see the sardonically funny side even of a personal disaster, with a sort of blunt, level-headed commonsense, that rejects elation as it scorns despair, here is one in the direct descent of that other diarist of the Other Ranks, Rifleman Harris, or that Thomas Atkins of the bloody field of Assaye, whose name, over a quarter of a century later, leaped to the mind of the Great Duke himself as "as good and brave a soldier" as any he had ever known. It is gratifying to think that the energies of such a man are still employed in his country's service.

For those others, the great majority of his comrades, who lie in lonely, humble, but not forgotten nor unhonoured graves, but who live again as we turn these vivid pages, there can only be "the respect and bowed heads of those who follow."

R.H.

"Wellington's Officers." By Douglas Bell. (Collins.) 12s. 6d.

The Wellingtonian legend is so enormous, "that good grey head that all men knew" fills such a generous proportion of the canvas, that it is remarkably easy to overlook the fact that "King Arthur"—"Prinny's" rather spiteful nickname for the Great Duke—was not the only 'personality' enlivening the Iberian Peninsula between the years 1808 and 1814. For

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Wellington, of course, was far too able a Chief to tolerate anything but the best in the way of subordinate commanders—was not his bitterest complaint, at the outset of the Waterloo campaign, not so much that he had been given an "infamous army," as that his 'Family' had been got together for him very largely without reference to his own personal wishes in the matter?—and the fact that nearly every man-jack of them could also qualify as a 'character' only adds to the interest which attends the investigation of their respective *histoires*.

But the literature occasioned by the long-drawn-out struggle of the Peninsula is enormous; how admirable, then, it is to have the essence of it served up in his own peculiarly attractive manner—of which we had a pleasant taste in *Elizabethan Seamen*—by Mr. Douglas Bell. Equipped with an encyclopædic knowledge of the period, a sure eye for the significant and the picturesque, his vignettes of the personalities of that many-sided army which tramped and fought through Portugal and Spain, and eventually over the border into France, are as variegated and many-hued as the uniforms in which they set out upon their business. What a portrait gallery—from the irrepressible, impudent, engaging Rifleman Flynn of the incomparable 95th, at one end of the scale, to rasping, sardonic old Picton, in his battered battle beaver, at the other!

Admittedly, to students of the period, many of the stories Mr. Bell retails with such gusto will already be familiar. But even with brother-experts there will be no complaint on the score of lack of new material. Incidentally, one had hoped for an authoritative ruling on the old controversy anent the errant Commissary threatened with summary hanging by Craufurd—or Picton! But Mr. Bell prefers, on this point, to maintain a nice reservation, only to be matched by the tact with which he handles the Norman Ramsay incident at Fuentes d'Onoro!

Two minor points of criticism may be permitted, one on a question of omission, and the other on a point of accuracy. Firstly, nowhere in the book can mention be found of "the gallant, dashing Alava," as Napier called him, the Spanish

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General whose friendship with Wellington—an individual not given to bestowing his intimacy lightly—should surely have rescued him from complete disregard. Secondly, writing of the sporting activities encouraged in Wellington's armies, and comparing them with conditions between 1914 and 1918, Mr. Bell asserts, "The Army did not bring hounds to France in the last Great War, because the French, as allies, would have thought that we were dangerously insane. Moreover, we were at first too few and too anxious, and later too numerous and too busy." Yet to the present writer comes the clearest recollections of the, admittedly unofficial, pack of hounds with which the 1st Cavalry Division hunted the country around Ballieul. It is true that their hey-day was short-lived, and that their departure was enforced out of deference to outraged Gallic susceptibilities; but it was a remarkably good hey-day while it lasted!

But this is quibbling: Mr. Bell has written a thoroughly attractive book, for which connoisseur and non-expert should alike be truly grateful. R.H.

"Waziristan, 1936—1937." By Lieutenant-Colonel C. E. Bruce. (Gale and Polden.) 3s. 6d.

This little book is a powerful and eloquently worded plea for a return to what the author calls "the Sandeman policy" on the welfare of the people first and foremost, of working through and with the headman by means of District Officers knowing the country and the conditions, of making obedience and co-operation worth while, and of punishing wrong-doing swiftly and sternly —in a word, of combining the iron hand with the velvet glove. In recent departures from this policy, founded on good sense and proved time and again by practical experience, the author sees the main reason for the recrudescence of serious and chaotic disorder on what three years ago seemed a settled and peaceful frontier. Everyone interested in India and in Imperial defence should read and meditate on what Lieutenant-Colonel Bruce has to say about this perennial problem. E.W.S.

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"The British Army on the Continent, 1904—1914." By J. E. Tyler. (Arnold.) 10s. 6d.

In this interesting study of the "strange borderland between policy and strategy" the author narrates the negotiations between this country, France and Belgium, which between 1904 and 1914 led to the decision to send the B.E.F. to the Continent on the outbreak of the Great War to fight as an auxiliary contingent beside the French armies. It is shown how in the early part of the period the French were only too anxious to have our help in any form, and that the most favoured strategy at that time was for our force to land at Antwerp and operate in Belgium. It was only later, under the aegis of Sir Henry Wilson, that they became able to make more or less their own conditions for our assistance, and secure the despatch of the B.E.F. to France to take post on the left of the battle line there. The story of the military discussions is told in detail, and the extent to which they committed us, morally if not literally, to taking part in the war when it actually came, is fully brought out, as is the nature of the revolution thereby caused in our centuries-old military policy of basing our war effort and strategy primarily on sea-power rather than on land-power. Apart from a few minor errors of fact and date, which do not affect the main thesis, the book is of great value and interest, particularly at a moment when a problem of a similar nature to that which faced us in the pre-Great War decade is again exercising the minds of our rulers and people. E.W.S.

"The Army." By Brigadier R. H. Dewing. (Hodge.) 2s. 6d.

This little book, the third of a series on the defence Services, describes very briefly, as is inevitable in view of its size, the development, nature, and duties of the British Army. Soldiers will of course find little in it that is new to them, but it should serve to spread more widely among civilians some knowledge of what our Army is kept for, and how it sets about its tasks in safeguarding this country, our colonies and naval bases, and the integrity and independence of countries allied to Britain

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by treaty. The author's sketch of modern developments to date will also be found useful. The book is a sober, orthodox, and reliable compendium of a subject difficult to compress into brief compass, yet vital for every citizen and taxpayer to understand.

E.W.S.

"Lee, Grant and Sherman." By Lieutenant-Colonel A. H. Burne. (Gale and Polden.) 10s. 6d.

In view of the fact that the American Civil War, 1864-5, has been set as the campaign for study for the forthcoming Promotion Examinations, Lieutenant-Colonel Burne has produced for the benefit of the student another of his lucid and readable critical histories. It is less a narrative of events, however, than an attempt to estimate the merits and qualities of the trilogy of great leaders whose names form the title of his book; the story of the operations, which is told in outline only and is well illustrated by clear well-coloured maps, serves mainly as a peg to hang the comments on. Criticism is always to a considerable extent a matter of personal opinion, and speaking as one who has studied the American Civil War off and on for nearly thirty years, the present reviewer inevitably finds matter in the book with which he does not agree; yet there is not a page that is not interesting, thought provoking, and readable. The order of merit in which Lieutenant-Colonel Burne places his three great commanders is that of his title; it will not be that of everyone; the author has possibly given too little weight to the moral, political and economic factors, always among the most important in a war of nations, and dwelt mainly on the military side of the story, and this has led him somewhat to underestimate Sherman's contribution to the final victory of the North. It must also be said with regret that the proof-reading, particularly in the matter of proper names, has been more slipshod than it should have been. With these minor reservations, the book can be wholeheartedly recommended, not only to promotion students, but to all readers of military history who take pleasure in a well-told tale and in sound, well-reasoned, and outspoken comment on it.

E.W.S.

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"Royal Regiment." By Gilbert Frankau. (Hutchinson & Co.) 8s. 6d.

This tale of Gunner "pukka sahibs",*
And Cupid's misdirected barbs,
Is written, let one be emphatic,
In 'racy' prose and style ecstatic.
It tells how "Rusty" Rockingham,
Brave, true, and quite devoid of sham,
Only in rank a bit inferior,
Falls for the wife of his superior.
(And tactful Majors, need I say,
Don't yearn for the spouse of a C.R.A.).
His love's returned, but all the same
Both are resolved to "play the game";
In fact, a situation hellish
Is faced in manner truly Dellish.
For the C.R.A., a peculiar type,
More for the 'pictures' than the Army ripe,
Stands to his guns, in connubial sense
(Mere dog-in-the-manger recompense!)
And demands, if poor "Rusty" will not relent,
That he should depart the Regiment.
An impasse, you'll see, of acutest kind,
From which the way out will be hard to find.
But never despair; the scribe's to hand,
And honour's preserved, and the battery command!
If the problem's hard, at least its solution
Preserves "the Regiment" from all pollution.
This, in bald outline, is the tale
Will myriad Frankau fans regale:
And let those whom the central situation
Irks in its Gunner connotation
Give their own wives a chance to deplore it,
And the betting is that they'll all adore it!

R.H.

* Pardon the outworn terms I'm snatching;
The authors idioms rather catching!

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" Tomorrow's War," By Stephen Possony. (Hodge.) 8s. 6d.

For some years now it has been assumed that a future great European war will necessarily assume the " totalitarian " aspect envisaged by Ludendorff and the school of German and Italian soldiers who think as he did. Mr. Possony examines this assumption from the practical point of view of how far the theory of such " totalitarian " war can be translated into actual fact; what it really involves in the way of man-power, machine-power and air-power; and above all, what it will cost. The results of his examination are startling, not to say alarming at first sight; for they go to prove that in such a war only a swift and sudden stroke, aiming to finish the conflict at a blow, can hope to make victory even remotely possible or worth while. The nations, even the richest and strongest, that allow the conflict to degenerate into a long drawn out struggle of endurance will certainly break down and melt away into anarchy under its strains and losses, which will be even more intense and intolerable than in 1914-18. But he also believes that the chances of victory even from a lightning stroke are too slender to be worth taking, save as a desperate gambler's chance, so that there lies some weight making for peace even in the grim realities of modern war he so calmly yet alarmingly describes. When once it is generally realized that in a totalitarian war superior economic force means victory in the long run, there may be some chance of settling the world's disputes otherwise than by fighting them out to the bitter end at a colossal cost out of all proportion even to the conqueror's gains. E.W.S.

" Through the Fog of War.". By Captain B. H. Liddell Hart. (Faber & Faber.) 12s. 6d.

Captain Liddell Hart's latest work is concerned with the last war; some of it has appeared before in various places, but much of it is new, and all of it is interesting and valuable. Opening with a brief outline of the course of the operations, it continues with sketches of various high military personalities. The author's views on some of these—Haig, Foch, Lawrence—have been expressed at greater length elsewhere, but of others of

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whom he had also written before—Allenby, Pershing, Joffre and Ludendorff—he has in some measure revised his earlier views, and in others—Ian Hamilton, Robertson, Cadorna, the Grand Duke Nicholas, and some lesser figures—he has found entirely new subjects for appreciation. Then follow critical discussions on the memoirs or studies of great war-time figures who have themselves put forward their views on the war—Lloyd George, Henry Wilson, Foch, Joffre and Pershing among others—and then a series of reviews of the various volumes of our own Official History and of two German books on Gallipoli. The next section deals with three little known episodes of the war—the defence of Belgium in August, 1914; the German break through on the Chemin des Dames in May, 1918, and the American St. Mihiel and Argonne offensives in the autumn of 1918; and in these Captain Liddell Hart provides striking evidence that the powers of vivid description are as highly developed in him as are those of close research and acute criticism. The epilogue on the lessons of history seeks to justify the purpose of the whole book, as of all the author's historical work—what we can and should learn from history; how rare, yet how important, is the single-minded zeal for historical truth; and how hard is the road of him who would seek and find it. A philosophically-minded reader—or reviewer—with a highly critical or sceptical outlook—and the present reviewer must confess himself such—may find his treatment of these theses more stimulating than satisfying, while feeling quite sure that he himself could have dealt with them only less, not more, adequately. Meanwhile, which is to say much, this epilogue is supremely worth reading and meditating on—the best thing in 360 pages where all is good and much superlatively good.

E.W.S.

"The King's Service." By Ian Hay. (Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd.) 7s. 6d.

All readers of the Cavalry Journal have enjoyed the books and plays of Ian Hay (Major John Beith, C.B.E., M.C.). This book which is an account of the British infantry, is different from

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his usual work, but written in his usual attractive style. The earnest student of military history will not of course read this book with the idea of passing into the Staff College, it is not intended for that.

Many years ago, the author, as a Private in his University Volunteer Corps was attached to a Regiment of the Line at Aldershot. Here he got to know the British private soldier intimately, chiefly in the person of Pte. Joe Pepper. He knew the soldier on equal terms in the barrack room and the canteen, and learnt to appreciate his many sterling qualities, he also realized how shamefully neglected was the private soldier in those days; he determined to write a book about the army, and here he has done so, although as he says it has been postponed through five reigns.

What a glorious saga is the story of the line regiments of our army; no other army can possibly produce a similar epic. In all parts of the world our soldiers fought heroically and died uncomplainingly.

It appears incredible that the authorities treated the soldiers with such callous indifference and even cruelty. Abominably housed, wretchedly fed, underpaid, and ruled by a merciless and terrible discipline. Regiments were sent to rot away on unhealthy islands and there forgotten. The South Staffordshire Regiment (38th Foot) were left in the West Indies for 60 years. Sometimes regiments were cooped up in ships for months, so crowded between decks that they could barely stretch themselves, and in such wretched quarters that they were unable to stand upright. Yet when called upon these men fought with such majesty, as filled their opponents with admiration.

Major Beith has collected from various units, that event in their history which they themselves consider the most noteworthy. Regiments have not all selected those battles which are emblazoned on their colours, in fact some actually take pride in their defeats, for the British soldier is never more formidable than when things go very badly. There have been many occasions when Pte. Thomas Atkins has won the battle in spite of the generals.

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It would be invidious to pick out and quote any one outstanding achievement when every regiment has some sublime act of heroism or endurance to record.

The latter part of the book is a description of the army of to-day, so very different in every way from the pre-war army. The author has a few suggestions and a few hints for the future; but it is quite obvious that the young soldier of to-day has a very happy, though strenuous, time during his service in the army.

Readers of the Cavalry Journal may be disappointed that the cavalry are barely mentioned; but as the author writes, "space forbids"; this book is the story of the British Infantry of the Line.

I venture in one historical point to differ from Ian Hay. He says that the army was unpopular with the nation as it was the monarch's private property, and the Civil War was an effort by Parliament to wrest control of the army from Charles I. I disagree. Charles I never had a regular army; Cromwell raised one, and Parliament never had a word to say in control of the army, which in fact turned Parliament out neck and crop. The country was ruled for many years by military dictators under Cromwell; it was the rule of the major-generals which made the army so unpopular throughout the length and breadth of the land, and paved the way for the return of the monarchy.

F.A.N.

"Khyber Calling." By Rajput. (Hurst & Blackett, Ltd.) 7s. 6d.

To most people in this country the Indian Frontier is a closed book. Occasionally there appears in the press a list of casualties, and sometimes an Honours and Rewards List, all there is to remind us of what is taking place on our far-flung battle line. Few people realize that the British and Indian troops guarding the Frontier of our Indian Empire are always on active service, and at times that service becomes very active and deadly indeed.

Rajput describes the life of an Indian infantry regiment on the Frontier, and of what in my days was called a Punitive Expedition, the occupation of a hostile valley, severe fighting

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and the eventual surrender of the tribesmen, when the punishment inflicted is severe enough, to induce the young hotheads of the tribe, to take the advice of the older men, war is not worth while. Rajput knows the Indian Frontier intimately and his comments are extremely wise. For the ordinary reader the author has a very pleasant and easy style, and his pen can be very descriptive. But I must own the part of his book which I liked most, was shall I call it the domestic side, the ordinary life of a battalion of our native Indian army, so very few people know about it. Rajput obviously was devoted to his men, and they to him. It is a most attractive picture that he paints; the simple, loyal, brave Indian sepoys, ready to follow their British officers anywhere, brave in action and patient under hardship. These simple sons of the soil are perhaps illiterate but they are the true India, and not the vociferous politicians we hear so much about. Rajput's native officer of B Company, Suleiman, could neither read nor write, but nobody could desire to have a more faithful and efficient subordinate under all conditions, than Rajput had during the very difficult operations on the Frontier.

I do wish Rajput had not been so modest; why did he not give us the real names of the regiment and those who served in it. His regiment was, alas, disbanded, and I at least would like to know and honour that battalion of the Indian Army who did its duty so staunchly a few years ago. The regiment deserves an historian, I hope Rajput will give us more. F.A.N.

"Ordeal at Lucknow." By Michael Joyce. (Murray.) 8s. 6d.

The siege of the Residency at Lucknow perhaps the most famous episode of the Indian Mutiny, is here re-narrated in the light of all the available evidence, including much which has only recently come to light, such as the journal of a private soldier of the 32nd Foot. Moreover the author carries the story of the defence beyond the stage at which in popular belief it is usually held to have ceased, the arrival of Havelock and Outram with the first relief column at the end of September, 1851, down to the date, two months later, when the coming of Sir Colin Campbell

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enabled both the original garrison and those who had come to its aid but had been unable to get it away with its non-combatant dependents, to be evacuated in safety. This epilogue to the original defence, though somewhat of an anti-climax after the drama of the first siege, was well worth the telling. Mr. Joyce handles all his diverse materials well, and if he stresses rather the point of view of the non-combatants rather than the strictly military one, his tale is probably the better and not the worse for that. There are useful though not entirely adequate maps but no illustrations, though reproductions of some of the picture plans in General Innes' book would have added much to the interest and value of Mr. Joyce's.

E.W.S.

"Cromwell's Captains." By C. E. Lucas Phillips. (Heinemann.) 16s.

A volume on some of the lesser military figures of our Civil War has long been overdue and Mr. Lucas Phillips has admirably supplied the want. His four selected figures are Hampden, Skippon, Blake and Lambert, and though the choice may be open to criticism,—Hampden's importance was political rather than military, and both he and Blake have already received their full share of biographical attention,—the volume is full of interest and contains much that is new, particularly about Skippon, that admirably solid, sane and trustworthy soldier, and Lambert, the brilliant but erratic figure who had perhaps more of the divine spark of genius for war than any man of his time, not even excluding Cromwell himself. Skippon stands out from Mr. Phillips' pages as almost wholly admirable, loyal, steadfast in adversity, brave, and a born leader of men; yet though he fought right through the Civil War from first to last and acquitted himself well in every battlefield, he never rose to independent command, and passed from the stage unnoticed in the hurly-burly of politics that accompanied the fall of the monarchy. The author has done well to rescue his name from oblivion. Lambert's talents for war, shown so brilliantly at Preston and Dunbar and most of all in the masterly little episode of Inver-

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keithing, have hitherto been somewhat lost to view in the light of his political failure at the time of the Restoration which brought his public career to a disastrous close; it is pleasant to read of those brighter days of his youth, when he was Cromwell's right-hand man and did so much for the Parliamentary cause in arms. Mr. Phillips' book, well illustrated and adequately mapped, is one that can be perused with pleasure and enjoyed with profit.

E.W.S.

"The Memoirs of Caulaincourt." Vol. II. (Cassell.) 21s.

The first volume of this work gave one of the most vivid and convincing pictures ever set down on paper of the first Napoleon as he appeared to one who knew him well and, though by no means blind to his faults and errors, served him honestly and faithfully till the time of his downfall. The second volume, which is concerned mainly with the writer's vain attempts to get from the Allies in 1814, flushed with victory and hope as they were, terms that Napoleon, never deprived of exorbitant hope even by defeat, would accept and carry out, has not the lively interest of such episodes in the first volume as Caulaincourt's ride back alone with the Emperor from Russia to Paris, but it is full of value for those who know their Napoleonic history. Fresh light is thrown, too, on the Emperor's abdication and his attempt to commit suicide after it. The book, however, is one which will appeal more to the student than to the general military reader.

E.W.S.

"Treks and Palavers." By Richard Oakley. (Seeley, Service and Co.) 18s.

We are all only too painfully familiar with that type of volume entitled *Tiger-Shooting on the Bonk*, or *Jungle Days on the Zonk*, written by superannuated worthies whose skill with the pen is in reverse ratio to their (self-avowed!) prowess with the rifle. As a rule, they read about as interestingly as the Game Book record of a shoot to which one was not invited. But readers of THE CAVALRY JOURNAL, already familiar with Captain Oakley's facile and engaging style, will need no reassurance that his *Treks and Palavers* is most emphatically not of such category.

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Captain Oakley's experiences, both sporting and professional, as a Political Officer in Northern Nigeria may have been paralleled a score of times, and as many times recorded. But, slightly to paraphrase, "it ain't exactly what 'e says, it's the pleasant way 'e says it." In other words, adventures by the way, the counterpart of which many of us may have either read of or experienced ourselves, are approached with such a fresh eye and retailed with such crispness and verve, that their recital holds the attention pleasurably throughout.

Shikar in a country where game is plentiful, if more than a little "difficult," is always fascinating to pursue, even at second hand. Moreover, our author is that welcome type of hunter who, shooting primarily for the pot, with the rarer quarry is as well content to get his "shot" home with a camera as with a rifle. His chapter on some of his more notable "misses" has a refreshing candour about it to which the attention of those superannuated worthies aforementioned is urgently directed!

Of his professional activities Captain Oakley gives us many an interesting glimpse; activities which, bringing him into contact, as they did, with an ancient Muslim hierarchy at one end of the scale, and an even more antique pagan community at the other, taxed his resource and adaptability to the full; to his past anxiety, doubtless, but to our present enjoyment.

In effect, the book is thoroughly to be recommended, both to the many for whom it will break fresh ground, as to those who in its pages will find a sympathetic echo of experiences that they themselves have at some time undergone. The photographs with which the text is liberally illustrated are well up to standard; and there are some most attractive "tail pieces" in silhouette by the author's two brothers.

R.H.

"Hunting Without Tears." By Captain Lionel Dawson, R.N. (Country Life, Ltd.) 10s. 6d.

This book, beautifully illustrated by Maurice Tolluch, opens with an excellent chapter on Hunting Terms, or, as the author

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describes it the Phraseology of Hunting. Here he gives a deserved rebuke to journalists, who invariably describe an accident, even when a horse falls and pins the unfortunate rider, as his having been "thrown from his horse." This description is always resented, as it read as if he had "cut a voluntary."

Captain Dawson is a hunting enthusiast, and while admitting a good man to hounds always gets there, wishes more credit were given to the good horse, a sentiment with which every good man will agree. (Chapter X.)

The chapter on "The Hireling" is excellent, and deserves attention of the hirer and the provider of hirelings alike.

This book can be recommended to all novices of hunting, and though somewhat disjointed, old hands will find much to interest them.

The illustrations are excellent, and the artist, evidently a horse lover, has drawn real horses and not the fancy articles too often depicted.

B. de L.

"Training Hunters, Jumpers and Hacks." By Lt.-Col. Harry D. Chamberlin. (Hurst & Blackett.) 12s. 6d.

Lt.-Colonel Chamberlin, the author of "Riding and Schooling Horses" now gives us "Training Hunters, Jumpers and Hacks," a book of 252 pages, profusely illustrated by photographs and diagrams. Eighty-seven pages are devoted to a study of conformation in which the detail of each limb, joint, muscle and movement is divided into three parts. Firstly we are told of their functions, then of the points that please the eye (under the sub-heading of "Beauties"), and then of "Defects and Injuries." The whole of this section is treated in a novel and attractive form and contains much instruction and forms a useful guide to anyone aspiring to be a judge of a horse.

When, however, we come to the section devoted to breaking and training we are on different ground and one feels that the author in his desire to present his readers with something novel, has rather drawn on his imagination. Horsemen in this country will find themselves at variance with his theories. It is hard, for

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instance, to agree with the method advocated for dealing with a young horse just mounted: "*Again let it be stated too much importance cannot possibly be attached to allowing the low, extended, natural carriage of the head and neck until the colt has learned to accept his bit correctly*," p. 93. (The italics and therefore the emphasis are his.) Many will doubt whether a horse with a low, extended, natural carriage can ever accept the bit correctly and whether such a horse is worth persevering with for any saddle purpose. Moreover the author advocates that the horse should be kept at this low extended carriage for a period varying from two or three weeks to several months while the trainer "must refrain from any attempt to raise it." In fact in summarizing the situation under the head of "End of First Phase" p. 98, he writes: "By taking hold of his bit strongly as a result of having gained condition and developed sufficient stiffness in his low extended neck, he still occasionally attempts to 'go through his bridle' by pulling." Next we learn that "*The flexion of the poll is taught after the flexion of the lower jaw has become a habit.*" (Again the italics are the author's.) Surely this is as subtle a description of a spoilt horse as one could devise.

I must content myself with one more typical quotation (page 204). Under the head of "Cantering False" we read "i.e., leading with the left leg when curving or circling to the right or *vice versa*—lengthens and lowers the stride; puts the horse on the bit *and improves balance and agility*." (The italics are mine this time.) Here the appropriate comment seems to me to be one borrowed from the author's native slang: "Sez you."

"Hunting, Showing and Chasing." By Sam Marsh.

There is probably no better known figure in the Show Ring than the author of this instructive and interesting book and there are few horsemen, however experienced and gifted who will not learn something from reading it.

After a pleasantly written chapter entitled "Preliminary Canter" Mr. Marsh writes particularly soundly on the question of buying a hunter and then, after discussing stable manage-

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ment, advises and instructs one how to run the stable in logical sequence from the moment the horse is brought up from grass till the end of the season.

But it is in the chapter on the Show Ring that the author most excels. The necessary training and preparation is most thoroughly described and many neat and simple tips given.

Out of much sound advice it is difficult to particularize, but his remark that "The walk is said to be the mother of all paces and so, in schooling, the first essential is to attain a free smooth walk" might with advantage be more often applied in other forms of training.

He also reminds us that in training a horse for the Show Ring one must remember that it is the judges who will finally decide whether the ride is a good one or not.

While Mr. Marsh does not actually discuss judges or their capabilities in the Show Ring it is pleasant to note his appreciative tone in general when anything connected with judging is referred to.

There are many entertaining and amusing anecdotes through this book, and it is excellently illustrated with suitable photographs. It will be read by many horse lovers and as a Christmas present for the young approaching the happy stage when they are starting their own first stable, it is strongly recommended.

J.G.

"The World of Horses." By Major-Lyon and Captain Dixon. (Country Life, Ltd.) 15s.

This book contains eleven chapters on various sports connected with the horse, written by nine different authors, each of whom is an authority on his particular subject. It begins with chapters on Racing, Hunting and Polo, but each consists of two pages only. It is true that each chapter is freely illustrated by amazing photographs of which Racing has sixteen pages and Hunting twelve. The twelve pages of Polo pictures are equally interesting, and the script by Major Phipps-Hornby, as might have been expected from so successful a Polo broadcaster is so excellent that the reader feels regret that there is not more of it.

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Then comes an interesting chapter on Show Jumping, followed by 16 pages of most wonderful pictures, advanced Equitation, Draught, and the Child's Pony by R. S. Summerhays, with twelve more pages of illustrations. The solitary page of script about the Child's Pony leaves a feeling of disappointment that more has not been written. In these days of the vanishing horse, its future depends so much on Pony clubs, which deserve every possible encouragement, and it seems a pity that this chapter has been curtailed. After this comes Horses in the Raw, Rodeos, the Circus, and Here, There and Everywhere, the first and last of these by Major Lyon; Rodeos by Captain Dixon, and the Circus by the late Bertram W. Mills; and again his chapter of a page and a half is all too short.

In conclusion "The World of Horses" is well got up, the pictures are amazing and form the chief feature of the book; for the script is too short and at times disappointing.

B. de L.

"Horses in Action." By Colin Davy. (Michael Joseph.) 10s. 6d.

It is a great pleasure to review a book like Mr. Colin Davy's "Horses in Action" because it can be given unstinted praise and because there is not one point that should be omitted or that could be better expressed. Unfortunately the letterpress is meagre, the author relying on 114 carefully selected sporting photographs beautifully reproduced by some photogravure process. But what little he has written is so attractive, so correct and produces such an atmosphere round the subject treated, that no one interested in the saddle horse can fail to profit by its perusal. The salient points of Flat-racing, Steeplechasing, Point to Points, Hunter Trials, Polo, Horse Shows, Show Jumping and Hunting are all faithfully recorded and the book shows an accurate appreciation of every one of the subjects.

It is moreover no dull text book but food for entertainment to every horse lover. Even the morbid individual who will always be found at the most formidable fence at a point to point will find a goodly proportion of hair-raising falls among the illus-

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trations to thrill him. Perhaps the most outstanding feature in the illustrations is the excellent riding of the young women and the children, a remarkable development in modern horsemanship.

I should like in conclusion to express the hope that we shall soon see something more from the pen of this accomplished writer.

"Foxhunters and Racegoers Diary." Published by Charles Letts & Co. Edited by Captain Hitchcock, M.C. 5s.

For the Foxhunter and the Racegoer, this diary contains a mine of information; but there is more than that in it, for the polo player and the pigsticker will also be able to find all the information they may want, for instance, who won the Kadir Cup in 1903. There is ample space for a daily diary, pages for memoranda and cash account. When one adds that it is splendidly got up, as are all Messrs. Letts diaries, the price of 5/- is a remarkably low one. Bound in pigskin, of a very handy pocket size; it is a most suitable present to give to anybody.

"Tournament Polo." By General Sir Beauvoir De Lisle.

That great sportsman the late John Watson appears to have been the first Englishman to organize team work in polo, and his success was such that he eventually became Captain of the first English team to play in the Westchester Cup on Long Island in 1883, when by his team's superior tactics England won the first of these series of matches.

There does not seem to have been another outstanding organizer abroad until the author of this book decided in the early nineties to give up racing and take up polo seriously.

At the time he was adjutant of the Durham Light Infantry and the outstanding and continued success of this Regimental team, up to the South African War, became polo history. Nearly all the big tournaments were won by them and that greatest of all tournaments to soldiers, the Inter-Regimental, fell to them in India on three occasions. No member of this team ever became an International player, and their outstanding success was due to stable management, practice and team work all organized and

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controlled by General De Lisle. His theories were expounded in a book called "Polo in India" written thirty years ago, and they are again reproduced in "Tournament Polo" to suit modern requirements.

In the first chapter he relates how he founded his tactics on watching his own regimental team playing football and decided that their successes were due to three points—accurate passing among the members of the team, pace at which the team worked, and accurate shooting at goal. These three points form his three principles of Polo which each have a chapter to themselves.

There is an admirable chapter on stick work. I am glad to see the General advocates the use of the wooden horse on ground level as opposed to a polo pit and he states: "there is no player however brilliant a hitter who can dispense with a fortnight's practice before and during a tournament."

In the short London season where tournaments are continuous at all three clubs it might be difficult to combine wooden horse practice with the almost daily round of tournament play, but how many players take advantage of the facilities offered on the London Clubs for practice on the wooden horse in April or early May?

There are two exceptionally interesting chapters on practice. The author points out how small a proportion of goals are scored from penalty shots which he attributes partly to the difficulty of hitting a dead ball and partly to nerves, and asserts that this general failure is due to lack of knowledge of the correct stroke and from want of practice. The necessity of lifting the ball for penalty shots is emphasized and the method explained. Probably the best penalty goal striker ever seen in England was the American player, Cecil Smith, in 1936. He seemed capable of sending shot after shot from 60 yards sailing over the centre of the goal, out of reach of any opponents and at a terrific pace. He told me he practiced this shot continually and sometimes had taken a hundred shots in one morning at it. He again visited England this summer and though his play was as brilliant and attractive as ever his skill at this particular shot seemed to have failed him temporarily.

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After two sound and valuable chapters on "Tips for players" and "Preparation for Tournaments" comes the main feature of the book in the chapters on the game and the duties of each player in the field, and it is interesting to note that with the exception of scoring from penalties the author has not found it necessary to alter his theories originally written in "Polo in India" 30 years ago.

It is suggested that Chapters 19 to 25 are unlikely to interest High Goal players. I cannot agree to this assertion for this portion of the book is of special interest to any lover of our friend the horse, and the chapter on exercise and work might be studied with advantage by many stud grooms as well as owners.

Tournament polo is illustrated by our best serving soldier artist, Maurice Tulloch. That he is now in the front rank of sporting artists will readily be admitted by those who see the delightful and accurate sketches in this book. The illustration of how to fall and how not to fall attracts perhaps especial attention.

This is a book that should be read by all polo players whatever their handicap. J.G.

"Winkles and Champagne." By Willson Disher. (B. T. Batsford, Ltd.) 12s. 6d.

This is the history of the Music Hall from earliest times until to-day.

I took it to read in my club, somebody asked me what I was reading, I showed him the book, and it was with some difficulty that I retrieved it; for to all men over middle age this book recalls memories of their youth, when life was "all cheer and *bon homie*."

The modern film-star cannot compare in skill to the old Music Hall performer; who had to hold an audience probably more interested in the bar than in the performance on the stage. Yet these old-timers did it, perhaps in two different houses a night, they did it by a wink, a nod or a smile. Sometimes they had to bandy backchat with the audience, no film star has ever been asked to do that. I remember at Johannesburg more years ago

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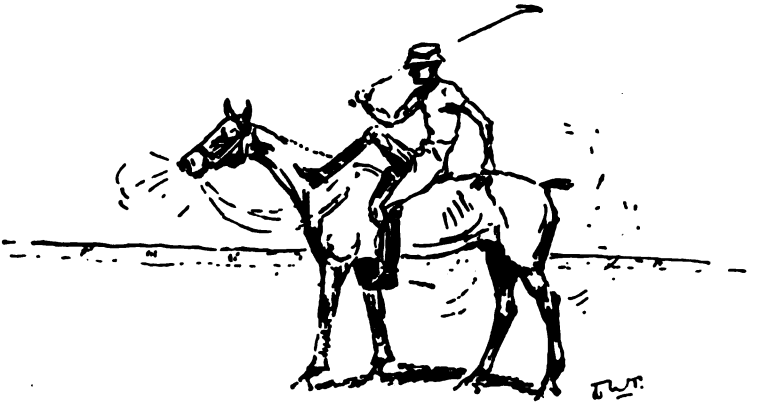
than I care to think of how Marie Lloyd dealt with a none too friendly audience, after a wink and a laugh she had them all under her thumb, and her difficulty then was to get them to let her leave the stage. I can remember many of the old-timers whom Mr. Willson Disher is far too young to have seen; Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell among others. The author makes a splendid parade of these great artists, and how sad some of their life histories are, " Winkles and Champagne " were too much for many of them. But what do the present generation know of the glories of the Empire and the Alhambra; I individually always feel a twinge of regret when passing the picture palaces which have supplanted them. Luckily a few of the old-time music-hall performers are still in their prime, long may they live to remind us of the happy days of long ago.

Mr. Willson Disher recounts the story of that sinister figure of the negro boxer and bully " The Kangaroo," the terror of the promenades, finally to be defeated by a much smaller and lighter man, who took the bully at his word. I knew that young man, and often heard him tell the story in his old age.

The book is magnificently illustrated, with every kind of picture print and photograph; many in colour. A splendid present to give anybody. I had intended to give my copy away as an Xmas present, but on second thoughts I will keep it for myself.

F.A.N.



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SPORTING NEWS

CAVALRY FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

RESULT OF THE DRAW FOR THE 1938-1939 COMPETITION.

1ST ROUND.

Match	A.	4th Hussars	*v.*	13/18th Hussars.
,,	B.	King's Dragoon Guards	*v.*	12th Lancers.
,,	C.	5th Innis. Dragoon Gds.	*v.*	9th Lancers.
,,	D.	3rd Hussars	*v.*	10th Hussars.
,,	E.	4/7th Dragoon Guards	*v.*	Royal Horse Guards.
,,	F.	Life Guards	*v.*	The Bays.
Bye :		15/19th Hussars.		

2ND ROUND.

Match	G.	15/19th Hussars	Bye.	
,,	H.	Winners of F.	*v.*	Winners of C.
,,	J.	Winners of B.	*v.*	Winners of A.
,,	K.	Winners of E.	*v.*	Winners of D.

SEMI-FINAL.

Winners of J.	*v.*	Winners of G.
Winners of K.	*v.*	Winners of H.

The first-named teams in the 1st and 2nd Rounds have choice of ground.

The time of kick-off will be arranged to allow for 30 *minutes extra play in the event of a draw.*

Referees and linesmen in the 1st and 2nd Rounds will be arranged mutually vide Rule No. 22. In the Semi-Final and Final they will be arranged by the Hon. Secretary.

The 1st Round will be completed by February 4th.

The 2nd Round will be completed by February 25th.

Replays in accordance with amended Rule No. 17.

Semi-Finals will be played during week ending March 25th.

Final will be played during week ending April 1st.

The actual date for these three matches will be notified as early as possible.

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CAVALRY COMPETITIONS

The following are the results of the Cavalry Competitions for the year 1937/38:

1st and 2nd MILITARY DISTRICTS.

Prince of Wales Trophy.

		Points Awarded
1 Cav. Bde. No. 1 Tp. "B" Sqn. 2/14 L.H.	(Gatton)	502
2 Cav. Bde. No. 3 Tp. "C" Sqn. 12/24 L.H.	(Denman)	474
4 Cav. Bde. No. 1 Tp. "B" Sqn. 6 L.H.	(Parkes)	469

Lord Forster Cup.

2 Cav. Bde. No. 2 Sec. M.G. Tp. 15 L.H.	(Kyogle)	415
4 Cav. Bde. No. 2 Sec. M.G. Tp. 7 L.H.	(Yass)	341
1 Cav. Bde. No. 1 Sec. M.G. Tp. 2/14 L.H.	(Enoggera)	332

3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th MILITARY DISTRICTS.

Hutton Trophy.

3 Cav. Bde. No. 1 Tp., "C" Sqn., 20 L.H.	(Tocumwal)	407
Fd. Tps. 6 M.D. No. 3 Tp., "A" Sqn., 22 L.H.	(Fingal)	356
6 Cav. Bde. No. 2 Tp., "A" Sqn., 9 L.H.	(Crystal Brook)	352
Fd. Tps. 5 M.D. No. 1 Tp., "B" Sqn., 10 L.H.	(Harvey)	335

Lord Forster Cup.

3 Cav. Bde. No. 2 Sec. M.G. Tp., 4/19 L.H.	(Camperdown)	388
Fd. Tps. 6 M.D. No. 1 Sec. M.G. Tp., 22 L.H.	(Ulverstone)	323

THE INDIAN GRAND MILITARY STEEPLECHASE.

Up-country racing has changed a lot in the last year or two. The Congress Party are generally opposed to racing, and this attitude has emptied the third Enclosures of most Race Courses. Up-country Courses have lost money and have had to reduce both the number of races and the stakes for those that remain. In the case of Lucknow the situation has been made worse by the fact that the Provincial Government of the United Provinces has imposed a Betting Tax. The Lucknow Autumn Meeting was, this year, reduced from four to two days racing. The Stakes were reduced, and the Army Cup which normally pays Rs. 4000/- to the winner, this year was run for Rs. 2,500/-. Instead of the usual twenty or so runners, only seven started.

The Grand Military was run on the second day (November 19th) and resulted in a win for Toff an English gelding by Loch Lomond out of Lady Like, owned by Captain Iftikhar Khan (3rd Cavalry) and ridden by Captain Kennard (Royal Deccan Horse). Major Atherton (Royal Deccan Horse) was second on his own Australian gelding Wanconner, and Captain Iftikhar

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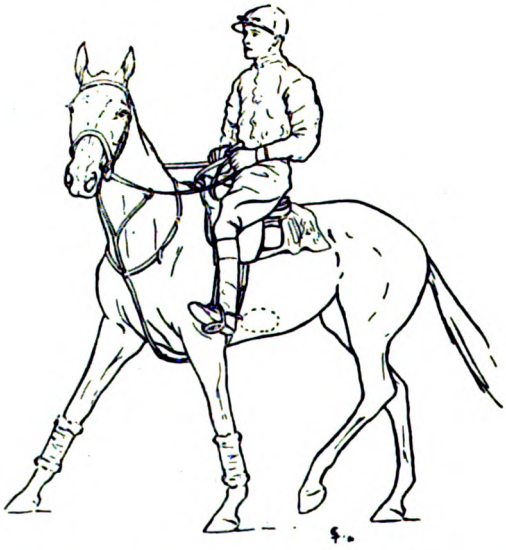
Khan's Licketty Split II ridden by Captain Paddy Heneker (3rd Cavalry) was third.

Of the eleven first entries only five faced the starter. Mr. Lorraine-Smith (14/20th Hussars) was very unlucky to break down his horse Point of Honour in his final school, while Major Clune (R.A.V.), Major Norton (14/20th Hussars), Captain Wansborough-Jones (C.I.H.), Captain Carden and Holmes (17/21st Lancers) and Mr. Henson (K.O.S.B.) had to scratch their entries for various reasons.

Licketty Split led the field for the first 1½ miles and, jumping beautifully, looked as if he would not be caught. Toff, however, drew level and later took the lead. Wanconner also passed Licketty Split and challenged Toff three furlongs from home. Toff, beautifully ridden, had no difficulty in staving off the challenge and ran home an easy winner by three lengths from Wanconner with Licketty Split two lengths away, third. The other two runners Breakage (Mr. Sandeman, C.I.H.) and Newbury (Mr. Pearson, (14/20th Hussars) ridden by their owners, never looked like catching the leaders. Newbury finally came to grief three fences from home. They will both probably show better form later in the season.

It is not easy to foretell the future of Indian Chasing. Mechanisation is in the air, and more Cavalry Regiments are likely to be " de-horsed." Mechanised Cavalry Regiments are reduced to one and a half chargers per officer, with no pool to draw on for extra polo ponies from the ranks. If some officers decide to give up serious polo and devote themselves to sports more suited to the " one horse " man, steeplechasing may be re-born with fresh vigour. If they don't chasing may die.

On Grand National Day at Lahore they charge an extra two rupees to attend the races. A lady was asked why she only attended on that day, and her answer : " Because I like a little blood with my fun," suggests, I think, that it is a sport which should not be allowed to die !



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THE 8th KING'S ROYAL IRISH HUSSARS, 1843

By John Ferneley, Junr., Melton Mowbray, 1843

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NAVAL & MILITARY MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1828

MALTA

LETTER [illegible]

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THE 8th KING'S ROYAL IRISH HUSSARS, 1843

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

HORSED AND MECHANIZED

APRIL, 1939

EDITORIAL

THE *Editor* taking the readers of the Journal into his confidence, must tell them that he is rather anxious about the future. It is not very easy to produce a "Cavalry Journal" under the changed circumstances of 1939. But perhaps those persons who are interested in the future of the Cavalry, under whatever guise, will help, by articles, letters or criticism. The Editor has been told, what is the use of reading the CAVALRY JOURNAL, there is no cavalry. He is certain that there are many people who entirely disagree with this view and who feel that the cavalry spirit still exists and always will.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Obituary

THERE must be few cavalry officers of the pre-War period who did not know Major Harry Dibble; who died at Torquay last December.

Who of those in the old days can forget old Dibble, at the Cavalry School, Netheravon, telling his stories of his experiences in the Afghan War, as he lay back in an armchair, smoking one of his powerful cigars.

The writer well remembers one summer morning, when the students were out on the plain with their remounts. There was

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old Dibble, on his cob, watching his horses at work, with a very strong cigar in his mouth. "How well you must feel," ventured someone, "to smoke a cigar like that at this early hour." "Well," growled Dibble, "of course I am well, I have not been to bed, not early to me, I have been playing cards all night." Later in the mess he made a very hearty breakfast of 3 courses, and hinted to us that our generation were weaklings and in his generation only the strong and powerful survived, the weaklings died off. Perhaps he was right.

Major Dibble enlisted in the 9th Lancers at the age of 16 in 1872. He took part in the Afghan Campaigns of 1878 and 1879, and was amongst those who accompanied Lord Roberts in his famous march from Kabul to Kandahar.

In 1888 he was appointed Riding Master of the 7th Hussars, the adjutant being Lieutenant Douglas Haig. In 1904 the Cavalry School was formed at Netheravon and Major Dibble was selected as chief Equitation Officer. His energy and enthusiasm, during the next seven years, largely contributed to the success of the Cavalry School. When he retired from the Army, he started a successful career as a trainer with stables near Tidworth. War, however, brought him back into uniform —this time in the Remount Department.

Thus has gone to his eternal rest one of the last of the old cavalry soldiers, loyal, courageous and a real gentleman; do we breed to that strain now, I hope we do.

To the Editor, THE CAVALRY JOURNAL,

Dear Sir,—I note that Colonel Sebag Montefiore considers that I have presented "a false impression of the British press to German officers in particular and to the German public in general" who might happen to read my article on "Germany of Today" which appeared in the October number of THE CAVALRY JOURNAL.

I have conveyed no false impression whatsoever as I have clearly stipulated "a section of the English press" . . . "due to non-Aryan influence."

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I can assure the correspondent that he need feel no anxiety lest any German reader may get a wrong impression from my remarks which are so clearly defined.

Germans are fully aware of the fact that references of a detrimental nature to their country, or criticism of their Government, comes usually from non-Aryan sources and they are no doubt alive to the fact that Jews exert much control over the press through the medium of advertising columns, particularly in view of the fact that so many trades and businesses are controlled by Jews today.

At the time I wrote the article referred to in August last year, there were many references of a quite inflammatory nature appearing in Jewish controlled papers.

Yours truly,
F. C. HITCHCOCK,
Captain (Retired).*

Berlin, W. 50,
Nachodstrasse, 21.
23rd January, 1939.

CAVALRY JOURNAL,
LONDON.

Dear Sir,

I read with interest the article in THE CAVALRY JOURNAL (The Hanoverian Cavalry in 1866) by Major O. Teichman, and also the correspondence about this article in the January number.

I should like to give you the following information about the below-mentioned Hanoverian Regiments which existed before the World War.

Dragoon Regiment, King Charles I of Roumania.
(1. Hanoverian No. 9). Garrison Metz. XVI. A.C.
Descended from, 1866 Crown Prince Dragoons.

2nd Hanoverian Dragoon Regiment, No. 16.
Garrison Lüneburg. X. A.C.
Descended from, 1866 Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons.

* The above letter was written and set up in print prior to the present European situation.
EDITOR.

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Hussar Regiment, Queen Wilhelmina of Holland.
(Hanoverian No. 15). Garrison Altona. IX. A.C.
Descended from, 1866 Guard Hussars.

King's Lancer Regiment.
(1. Hanoverian No. 13). Garrison Hanover. X. A.C.
Descended from, 1866 Garde Du Corps.

2nd Hanoverian Lancer Regiment, No. 14.
Garrison St. Avold. XVI. A.C.
Descended from, Guard Cuirassiers.

These five Hanoverian Regiments bore on the eagle affixed to the helmet (" Helmadler "), in memory of the Regiments from which they were descended, the following Battle Honours :—

Dragoon Regiment 9—" Peninsula, Waterloo, Göhrde."
Hussar Regiment 15—" Peninsula, Waterloo, El Bodon, Hernandez."
Hussar Regiment 13—" Peninsula, Waterloo, Garzia-Barossa."
Lancer Regiment 13—" Peninsula, Waterloo, Garzia-Hernandez."
Lancer Regiment 14—" Peninsula, Waterloo, Garzia-Hernandez."

Yours faithfully,
JANSSEN,
Major-General.

To the Editor, THE CAVALRY JOURNAL,

Dear Sir,—THE CAVALRY JOURNAL for October, 1938, contained rather severe criticism of the essays submitted for the Prize Essay Competition. The judges, it is stated, opined that the essayists should have considered the special problems which would confront a mechanized force in the British Empire and should have envisaged the possibilities of such a force being called upon to fight in India, Palestine or Arabia, etc.

While every sportsman will cheerfully accept the decisions of the referee, there are certain observations which might usefully be made on the decision in this case.

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Firstly: The terms of reference for the competition were vague and made no specific mention either of British mechanized cavalry or even of the British Empire. There was, therefore, nothing to suggest that an essay from a purely British point of view was wanted or would prove acceptable.

Secondly: The considerations in my para One were reinforced by the published fact that the essay was open to competition by cavalrymen throughout the world. This provision seemed to make it clear that an " all-round " essay on mechanized cavalry, in general terms, was called for. Foreign cavalrymen, Americans, Germans and so on, could hardly be expected to write an essay from an entirely British point of view or to make a success of it if they did.

Taking these points into consideration, I think that you will agree that if the essayists went a little astray, the fault did not lie entirely with them.

Yours faithfully,
A. G. ARMSTRONG,
Lieutenant-Colonel (Retired).

January 8th, 1939.

THE ODYSSEY OF A CAVALRY OFFICER.

To the Editor, THE CAVALRY JOURNAL,

Sir,—One hesitates to disagree with so experienced an officer as Lieutenant-Colonel Beaman; one may, however, perhaps question his view that the deterioration of first-rate Subalterns and Captains of the Indian Cavalry into careworn senior officers, weighed down by administrative detail, was attributable to the Silladar system.

The Silladar system was of course a complete anachronism, but it seems unfair to saddle it with this responsibility. Surely the administrative problems it involved gave an officer an insight into questions of supply, economics, and the complications of civil life, a knowledge of which is considered so indispensable to the modern officer? One would have expected the experience so gained to have stood him in good stead when he reached higher positions, and was called upon to grapple with complicated ad-

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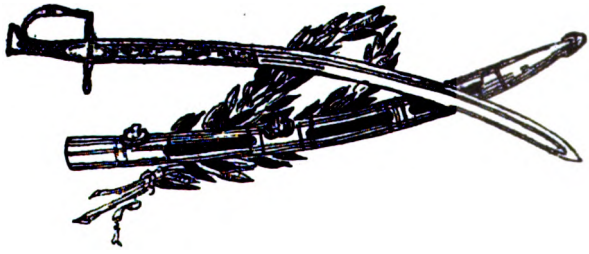
ministrative questions. Many Territorial officers who have to work eight hours a day at their civil jobs have proved themselves keen and resourceful leaders, so why should "business" prove so fatal to Indian Cavalry officers? I am sure that Colonel Beaman will admit that these officers found time for a reasonable amount of sport and recreation, to keep their spirits from wilting! It is more probable that such deterioration as occurred was due to the climate and "atmosphere" of India, and also to the fact that, as Colonel Beaman points out, they often continued to do the same work unchanged for twenty years or more.

In view of the importance to the Army of maintaining the dash of its leaders, combined with the increasing complications of modern soldiering, this matter seems to be deserving of consideration.

Yours faithfully,
E. P. YEATES,
Major.

January 23rd, 1939.



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THE ODYSSEY OF A CAVALRY OFFICER

By Lieutenant-Colonel Ardern Beaman, D.S.O.

CHAPTER V.

Here and There.

After Christmas, when the squadron and regimental training season was over, we had the usual larger manœuvres of all arms, and the part played by the cavalry in these was the best of all games for a youngster. Then there came a series of "Q" exams.—majors' test of "tactical fitness for command." Each candidate would have a mixed brigade with which to fight a battle against another candidate's brigade. It used to be huge fun to command the squadron attached to a brigade in these battles. Off we went, patrols ahead, by the orthodox "leaps and bounds," in search of the opposing squadron, and having at last located its whereabouts, we would proceed, by subtle manœuvring through the jungle, to the final charge and *hurroosh*, when each side would hilariously claim the victory. On one "Q" exam., the commander of my side, a nervously perspiring fat little infantry major, had, in his trepidation, left the cavalry out of his operation orders. I edged up and reminded him in a low voice, out of hearing of the Examining Board, that he had not given me any orders. He whispered back frenziedly, "For God's sake gallop, my boy, gallop—there's a wife and five children depending on you."

At this time, too, Sir Douglas Haig, who had come to India as Chief of the General Staff, was diffusing a clearer idea of the great operations of war, the immense length of space which divisions with their transport would occupy on the march, the

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slow elaborate processes by which masses of troops could only be brought to their positions of assembly, the complicated far-reaching factors, administrative and strategic, as well as tactical, which must preface the defeat of a modern enemy.

Already a faint prophetic stir rustled through military thought. We used to discuss these matters with animation in the mess, but in the belief that Russia would be our next enemy. Strangely, it was Palfrey, the least intellectual officer in the garrison, who always maintained that war with Germany was inevitable. During the China campaign he had often dined in German messes, and in German ships; he had seen them smashing their glasses after drinking, "To the Day!"; and they had, in fact, told him in convivial confidence that "the Day" meant the one when they would roll England in the dust.

Apart from our work, the cold weather days were very full. On three afternoons a week we played polo. It is unnecessary to describe my joy at soon finding myself, owing to the loan facilities of our mess polo fund, the owner of three useful ponies —a joy which was somewhat mitigated when I found that my ponies were usually taken away all over the country for the team to play in their tournaments. However, I made up my mind that the best way to overcome this disappointment would be to get into the team myself as quickly as possible.

We had our share in an important event during the winter. We marched for about a fortnight, mostly through native states, varying in degree from the great up-to-date principality of our friend Mahdipur, where we had spent Christmas Week, to quaint little mediaeval affairs scarcely bigger than the property of an average British squire, to take part in a great Durbar being held at Agra in honour of the Amir of Afghanistan, who was at the time paying an official visit to India.

Never had I conceived of such an "exhalation huge." For miles and miles, as the troops began to arrive, the mushroom canvas rose and spread around the outskirts of the city. It took us about half an hour by train through continuous camps

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to reach the town. There, at the endless round of brilliant functions, the polo, the races, the Viceregal Levees, the State Ball, one seemed to meet again almost everybody one had ever known.

I can only recollect a few glimpses of the Amir himself, that portly oriental-looking gentleman whose friendship just then meant a great deal to Britain—glimpses from the constrained position of "Eyes right!" or "Eyes left!", as we jogged past his stand again and again at the Grand Review. How many times, in how many different formations, did the troops march past! We were on the move, circling round behind the stand, and repassing it again, nearly a whole day. The idea, rumour had it, was to impress the Amir with an endlessly reduplicated notion of the might, majesty, dominion and power of our arms in India.

A sumptuous camp had, of course, been put up for the Amir and his numerous suite. These somewhat primitive courtiers, when they departed, stripped it bare of everything except the canvas shell, taking not only the costly fittings and furniture, but the silver tent poles in the royal pavilions.

The wife of a certain highly-placed official made herself very pleasant to the Amir, with a view to getting one of the ornate Afghan decorations. His Highness graciously conferred on her the Order of Chastity—of the Third Class.

I went one night by moonlight to look at the Taj Mahal, rather reluctantly, for it had been so rammed down our throats that I felt sceptical about it, inclined to be cynical, and rather grudging the time which might have been better spent at a dance. But, needless to say, it captivated me, as it has done everybody who has ever looked at it. I shall not, of course, attempt a description. I doubt, even, if Ruskin could have done it justice—"the most splendidly poetic building in the world . . . it can only be described as a dream in marble . . . the perfect symmetry of its exterior once seen can never be forgotten, nor the aerial grace of its domes, rising like marble bubbles into the azure sky."

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And until Lord Curzon had rescued it a few years before, this "final wonder of the world" was overgrown with jungle, falling into decay.

Never in my life had the sight of any building moved me so much, nor, indeed, has any since, unless it be St. Mark's at Venice, also by moonlight—although nothing could be more different than these two, the one of such ethereal purity, the other so splendidly gorgeous.

One other event stands out during the Amir's visit. Within the casing of the grim sandstone Fort, Shah Jehan had made his own palace, a fairy dream in marble, all radiant marble, rippling from shade to shade, snow-white, pearl-white, ivory-white, with marble columns supporting bell-cupolas and pinnacles so light that they seemed to float in the air—second only in loveliness to the Taj itself. And there was held the great State Ball. The Grape Garden, Golden Pavilion, Pearl Mosque, Mirror Palace, the Jasmine Tower, those exquisite marble courts once peopled by the "Arabian Nights," now held a medley of full-dress uniforms scarcely less gorgeous, but not quite in the same harmony with the setting. We took our partners to the tiny room by the Gem Mosque, where Shah Jehan, old and weary, had been kept so long a prisoner—where he died with his eyes fixed on the tomb which he had made for the love of his youth. And hundreds of British lips repeated the story that night, and hundreds of Western eyes gazed, too, as the dying Emperor's had done, through the lattice of feathery marble at the Taj Mahal, glowing like pearl in the distant moonlight.

CHAPTER VI.

War and Peace.

With the beginning of the hot weather most of our officers and men went away on leave; and it happened that those who remained at this time, namely a few seniors, did not care much about the rather indifferent pig-sticking that was to be had around Jhansi. I managed, however, to get a little pig-sticking

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with the veterinary officer (a tiny, hard-bitten, jealous-riding little curmudgeon) and a friend in one of the infantry regiments. The veterinary officer always got the pig, and my friend and I got concussion and a broken collar bone respectively. One night this friend, Jock Massy of the 12th Pioneers, and I were sleeping on *charpoys* on a wayside railway station, when, putting one naked foot out of bed preparatory to getting up, he trod on a scorpion. With a howl of anguish he pulled up that foot, and, necessarily, put the other down, which the scorpion promptly stung likewise. Few pains are so bad as a scorpion's sting; from the foot it travels swiftly upwards, like liquid fire, to the groin; weak persons and children will die from it. But within a couple of hours Massy was in the saddle chasing a pig.

Soon I went for three months to Mhow, a pleasant temperate place, to do an equitation course with the Carabiniers, who then were stationed there. It is curious to reflect that the whole system of riding as taught then in the Army was completely changed within a few years, under the influence of St. Falle and Fillis, and our own Cavalry School. The military saddle was a huge sort of howdah affair, which lifted one high above the horse's back, and from which any kind of sensitive or sympathetic contact between the rider's legs and the animal's flanks was hardly possible. We still affected the "Peninsular seat," sitting stiffly upright, with the back rigidly hollowed, the chest thrown out like a pouter pigeon's and the legs extended downward to full stretch with only the tips of the toes in the iron, and when trotting on any kind of ceremonial occasion one bumped biliously instead of rising in the stirrups. Within a few years, however, military riding was brought into conformity with the comfortable and sensible methods of polo and the hunting field. But the perennial arguments still go on; the "forward seat" or the "backward seat," the long or the short stirrup, the hollow or the rounded back. I once walked from Simla to Chail with David Campbell, an officer of the elder school who had won the Grand National, and Bertie Fisher a rising young officer of the new school, and they argued this subject with warmth the whole way, in the end agreeing to differ.

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Gwyer of the Carabiniers ran the polo and pig-sticking in Mhow at that time. He was a fine sportsman, with an unfortunate hankering to pig-stick a panther. Too weak-minded to say "No," I went out with him once or twice, but mercifully we never found a panther.

After finishing the course, I set off on leave for a visit to Government House at Karachi. Yet the good time I had there was not one of unalloyed bliss, since a really serious rival for Mary's affections had appeared on the scene; a much older man than I, a captain in the Gunners, an owner and rider of well-known racing ponies. I could not for the life of me understand his popularity among his brother officers, I thought him supercilious and sullen, the very last sort of man for Mary—and told her so. I told her I despised racing, anyway—it ruined polo.

I returned to the Regiment impressed with the necessity of cutting some big dash to eclipse this rival. And very shortly the opportunity appeared to have come. A Frontier War broke out, the Zakka Khel Expedition, known in history as "Wilcock's Week-end War." As soon as a frontier "Show" started, everybody made the most desperate efforts to get on it; not only did officers serving in India do so, but there came a rush from home of men in the Guards and others possessing the necessary influence, all agog for distinction. This Zakka Khel show, being on a very small scale, and incidentally, the first for about ten years, was extremely exclusive. Our Regiment was far away south of the Frontier, about two days' journey by train. What earthly hope had an unknown child like me of getting on to it? However, I hurried round to the Colonel's bungalow, an old Etonian, who as usual, was picking out "the Eton Boating Song" on his piano. Fortune favoured me in two respects, firstly that the Colonel himself had got on to the Tirah and South African campaigns in much the same manner, and was therefore inclined to be sympathetic; and secondly, he was one of those kind-hearted men who found it almost impossible to say no to an urgent, impulsive request—a failing which landed him in continual difficulties when the next man arrived, perhaps furiously, with some totally conflicting demand. He said that

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I, being so junior, had no chance whatever. I told him a great friend of my father's was a big-wig in the Transport at the Base. Truth to tell, I am afraid, this friend was Cantonment Magistrate of Peshawar, and had no more influence in military matters than I had. Eventually, after a lot of argument, the Colonel gave me leave to go and try my luck. I was off to the station in a cloud of dust before any other officer could come along to make some request which might spoke my wheel.

The papers, of course, were full of news and maps of this great war of two brigades, there having been no other such copy since the Russo-Japanese War some three years earlier. It is curious how intensely the pictures and maps of war used to excite young men in those days. In the train travelling northward I read the account of the first engagement; and of the first casualties. The Colonel of a Highland Regiment had been killed, two or three subalterns whom I had known at Sandhurst, killed or wounded. There was a grim sound in the official statement, "Dangerously wounded: gunshot wound abdomen." An exciting sense of awful adventure.

In the dusk of a frosty morning we pulled into Peshawar station, where on all sides were the material and the stir and bustle of war, just as one had seen it depicted in the illustrations of other campaigns. Tents everywhere, droves and droves of camels—great, hairy, shaggy beasts quite unlike those we had down south; armies of camp followers, legions of pack mules, herds of cattle and flocks of sheep—rations "on the hoof"; long, long trains in the sidings, loaded with fodder and stores—and—which gave me a morbid thrill, some Red Cross carriages, the first I had ever seen. Great swashing Pathans in their woolly sheepskin coats swaggered about in the wintry air, shouting raucously among the camels. All the camp followers jabbered and shouted, and worried-looking commissariat officers, attended by shivering *babus*, strode about checking off the stores. Here, indeed, was a tremendous business on foot! I jumped out of the train in great spirits.

My parents' old friends were kindness itself, the Major anxious to do all he could to help my father's son, which

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he feared, would be little enough. He warned me not to go near any of the military big-wigs, lest very likely I might be put under arrest, or, to say the least of it, promptly sent back to the Regiment. He suggested, by some trick, wile or subtlety, trying to get on to a transport column, and once having reached the front, then somehow to get attached to one of the infantry battalions. This all seemed very vague, but I saw the wisdom of it. And he was able to give me a note of introduction to a senior Transport Officer whom he knew well.

This officer, the lodestar of my hopes, happened to be rather seedy with stomach trouble, doing a lot of his work from his bed. I went and waited on him, nursed him, tried to make myself useful in any way possible. He, too, was kind, saying he would gladly send me up with a convoy if he could, but he had no authority to do so; every nomination had to come from Army Headquarters, Calcutta. If a vacancy did occur, he would do his best. Meanwhile he gave me "chits" to various other officers on the chance that they might be able to help. Thus for three or four days I wandered about the Base offices, enduring many snubs, and seeing with furious jealousy the young lordlings from London sail through on their way up to the Staff at the front.

Although the drama of war was going on a few miles back in the hills, the life of the garrison of Peshawar appeared to flow on with unruffled calm. In the afternoons my hosts used to take me to watch the races and polo tournaments, where bands played and regiments dispensed hospitality in big tents, and frocks paraded, so that one might have been at Ranelagh instead of within a few miles of the flying bullets.

After about four fruitless days of this, I could bear it no longer. I decided to go out to Jamrud, the advanced base at the mouth of the Khyber (a representation of Jamrud Fort figures on the medal which was struck for this campaign) and just trust in providence for something to turn up. My hostess with motherly kindness made up a huge packet of comforts; I put my kit and myself into a bazaar tum-tum, and in this rather unexpected fashion started out for my first campaign.

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Indeed, I felt the incongruity of it. All my military education had led me to believe that one always *marched* to war, not without dignity and glamour. (Within a few years I was often to go up to the front line in a first class carriage on the London-Paris Express, among civilians reading the latest editions of the evening papers.) I reached the great mud battleship of a Fort with misgivings, not having the slightest idea what line of action I meant to take next. And there I met with incredible good fortune. The first officer I encountered happened to be a notable boxer, who had refereed in the Quetta tournament where I had been the cause of an uproar. Mercifully, he remembered me.

"Hullo, young feller, what are you doing here?"

I at once made a clean breast of the whole matter, and he stroked his chin grimly.

"H'm—you're asking for trouble, aren't you?"

Then he asked:

"Do you know anything about camels?"

I assured him, passionately, that I knew everything about camels, having two in my squadron.

"Then you know more than I do—or any other man I've ever met!" he growled, looking acidly at the menagerie of bobbly heads and grunting gurgling contrariness outside the Fort wall.

After cogitating for a little while, he said that the officer who should have helped him take up a camel convoy in the morning had gone down with fever, thereby landing him in a hole. He proposed that I should take the other man's place; adding, "But, mind now, I don't know where you came from, or how you got here. You simply reported to me for duty. If there's trouble, *you* carry the child, not I. Is that clear?"

Imagine with what delight I turned in that night under a bale of *bhusa* by my camels. I thought them the loveliest creatures in the world, their fragrance the purest incense. By the light of a lantern, I wrote my first letter "On field service," to Mary, flattering myself that this would finally and for ever settle the hash of the morose Gunner and his miserable racing tats.

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The frontier hills, of which I had read and dreamed so much, loomed overhead against the hard bright stars. Masses of stores, the tramp of the sentries, the sounds of an armed camp, barbed wire, were all round; the eyes of the Empire were focussed on this little spot—and I, at last, was of the elect.

Anticlimax. When after tribulations indescribable through the cussedness of those infernal camels, we reached Lala Chinar, we found the war was over. I had not seen or heard a shot fired.

By some unusual chance a leave vacancy to England happened to be going begging, which, when it came down to me at the bottom of the list, I promptly took. Mary had just gone home; so had the racing Gunner captain—two very cogent reasons.

I went first to Lugano, where at that time my mother had a house, remaining there quietly with the laudable intention of saving up a little pay for the Conquest of England. Meanwhile, vaguely realizing that if I were to win Mary, I should need something a little more substantial than the glory of having done two marches in an enemy's country as a camel-drover, I tried to learn Italian and German, the former with the priest of our village, the latter with a nice old German, a retired business man, who undertook this thankless task out of friendship for my family. (When Italy entered the War, we were dumb-founded to learn that this old friend had been caught in a plot to blow up the railway bridge over the lake at Melide. We heard that he had been shot for it, but I have never been able to find out for certain.) Also with this same vague idea of future greatness, I started on a study of the lives of Wellington and Napoleon, being much struck, I remember, by the fact that these two great contemporaries had laid the foundation of their eminence by a self-set gruelling course of comprehensive learning in their youth, each, while yet unknown to the other, preparing himself inevitably, and in much the same manner, for the climax of Waterloo. But they had learnt so much, worked so hard, possessed such iron wills, that I told myself in despair it was folly for any ordinary person ever to dream of following, be it ever so far behind, in their footsteps.

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Our nearest neighbours, and my mother's closest friends, were a German couple, by name von Bülow. He was a brother of the then Chancellor. Another brother, a delightful cheery fellow, who, I remember, used to get his clothes in London—as did most Continental *beaux* at that time—commanded the Kaiser's Household Brigade. He was to have the melancholy distinction of being the first casualty in the War—shot by a civilian when marching at the head of his troops into Belgium. Our friend, Baron Christian von Bülow, often showed me a photograph of the plate and trophies belonging to his old regiment. I was amused to see, shortly after the outbreak of the War, copies of this photograph in our newspapers under the heading, "Plate and sacred vessels pillaged by the Germans from a church in Belgium."

The son and only child of this couple spent most of his holidays with us. Later, when he went over to learn English for the Diplomatic Service, we naturally passed him on to an aunt, with whose family he used to spend most of his week-ends, becoming much attached to one of our cousins. In parenthesis, his stay in England was prolonged, since he failed the first time in dictation through spelling "yew tree," "hugh tree." After the War had been going on for some time, the cousin, who had married a man in our Diplomatic Service, found herself with her husband in Rumania, engaged in the mission of bringing that country into the War on the side of the Allies; and our young German friend, who a few years before had been like one of the family, was there too, on the same mission for his country. For months they met every day, with a cold and formal bow, diplomatic etiquette forbidding them to speak to each other.

Various shocks awaited me in England. Mary's lovely black hair had turned to Titian gold—in conformity with a prevailing fashion. I gathered, too, that though an "understanding" now existed between her and my rival, no definite announcement had been made; that she was unhappy about it. And worse. She had gone on the stage, having at the moment a small chorus part in a musical comedy. She told me that

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the pay of the girls was not enough to dress themselves, leaving nothing over for food. They had breakfast in their lodgings, trusting for the rest of their meals to be taken out by admirers. This seemed horrifying to my rather priggish pre-war notions; and for that matter, it does still. Mary herself was the soul of generosity. All her small private income she shared with the other girls. Although I was still largely in debt to a jeweller in Bombay for a diamond and ruby brooch of crossed lances, this little offering had been transmuted into eggs and bacon. I implored her to give up that hazardous sort of life and marry me, assuring her rather boastfully that somehow or other I would soon manage to make my way. But Mary would not commit herself, she appeared to be rather powerfully, though unwillingly, dominated by the grim determination of the Gunner captain.

Meanwhile financial embarrassments added to my distress. Anxious to cut a figure, I used to take Mary out to lunch and dinner at the fashionable West End restaurants, and, when presently she gave up her work in the chorus, to the theatres. My small credit soon became strained. One day while we were lunching at the Savoy, I noticed the people at the next table eating strawberries. I immediately insisted that Mary must have some too, forgetting, through my absence in India, the run of the seasons. The strawberries, about two months earlier than the ordinary crop, had been forced in the South of France. When the bill came it nearly knocked me over; they cost about a guinea each.

I suppose the uncertainty of my position with regard to Mary must have fretted my nerves, for an ugly little incident happened shortly. Mary belonged to a club in Hay Hill. One afternoon I was strolling up from Berkeley Street to meet her there, when, coming down from Dover Street, with no doubt the same intention, I met my rival face to face outside the door. Without a word we set to. He had the advantage of the higher ground, while I was the taller, and things were going fairly evenly when we found ourselves in the embrace of the police. They haled us

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off to Vine Street. The Gunner, having influential friends, managed to get bailed out, but there I stayed till the final ignominy.

While we were more or less perjuring ourselves to keep Mary's name out of the affair, she suddenly got married in a registry office to a third party risk.

If I seem to have suggested that she treated me badly, I have done her an injustice, for she took the line from the very first that we were never to be more than friends.

After being mulcted by the magistrate, I had to spend most of the last ten days of the month in bed, waiting for the next pay day to come round.

CHAPTER VII.

Foot by Foot.

When an Indian cavalry regiment changed its station, it usually—in those days—proceeded to the new station "foot by foot," as the men expressed it in the vernacular, often taking a whole winter in the process; which in character was not unlike a long sea voyage, with its kaleidoscopic change of scene by day, its eating and sleep always in the same *venue*, but always separated by many miles of distance, and with its occasional excitement of coming into the "port" of some large garrison.

Our married men disliked marching on relief, and a good many of the bachelors did not much care for it either. You missed your polo, your racing and hunting, and such things as dining out, dancing, the sociability of club life, training and manœuvres. On the other hand you got, when the short day's march of ten or twelve miles was done and stables over, a very nice variety of rough shooting—black partridges, duck, snipe, quail, hare, sand grouse, the common kinds of deer, and sometimes peacock and pigeon, though these last two were sacred birds in a good many places, and you were apt to be mobbed by the villagers if you shot them. And you came back at dusk with your gun under your arm to a little canvas town which glowed

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cosily luminous, like so many paper lanterns, as you drew near through the wood-smoke and the evening stir and tang of men and horses, to your little folding canvas bath—and to dinner in the big mess tent, with an appetite unknown to the sedentary citizen; and then to sleep without dreams, till the trumpets again shrilled *reveille* in the crisp dawn air. Then clatter, clatter, clatter, on the road again, often in a cloud of dust so thick that the darkest faces were unrecognizable, looking as if they had been daubed with flour.

Breakfast, having gone on ahead on the camels, would soon be found all ready laid out on camp tables, in some shady pleasant mango grove. And by midday the Quartermaster would be conducting you into the new camping ground and arguing with the *tehsildar* over the requisitioning of bullock carts for the next day's march.

And on this long marching you got a closer glimpse than perhaps you could ever do in the rest of your service, of the simple heart of India.

Sometimes you came on the demesne of a small rajah, a feudal baron or just a squire, whose *entourage* was more quaint and incredible than anything in the fairy tales of childhood. And by day, as you jogged along the white straight dusty road, with the trees reputed to have been planted by Akhbar giving you shade on either side, cursing sleepy bullock carts and jostling with a medley of races and creeds, you would, if your eyes were not shut, be sharing in the pilgrimage of Kim.

Into the middle of this captivating life I returned from England, for the Regiment had started on its four months' march to Dera Ismail Khan. And when it came to my turn to take the advanced party—which marched a fortnight ahead of the Regiment, with only the one British officer—I regarded the occasion with pleasure. It was, or so it seemed to me at the time, an exciting thing for a youngster to be marching through this vast alien land at the head of about fifty dusky horsemen, entirely "on his own" for a month, scarcely ever seeing another Englishman.

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The Indian officer with this advanced party, my second-in-command, added greatly to the interest of that long march. A spare, sad little man, he claimed by right of birth to be, and without any doubt he was, no less a person than the Great Moghul. In the space on his sheet-roll for "trade or occupation" was written the one word "King." And if further proof was needed, it was that the Government allowed him a lordly pension of £2 a month in lieu of the Empire of Hind.

He spoke in the purest Urdu, very easy to understand, and few experiences have been more delightful than those weeks on the highway of India, listening, in the language which they used themselves, to the stories of that great dynasty, and seeing their majestic footprints around us on every side. From him I learned much of one of the largest things that there have ever been, the Moghul Empire—almost fabulous in its immensity and splendour. He told me what warriors they had been; what statesmen, what poets, singers, scholars, patrons of art and literature; how broadly tolerant in outlook; above all, what romantics, so loyal and tender to their lovely Queens.

Although making allowance for his family pride, I had to agree with him. Even in our mechanical age, we did not think it a small thing to march some hundreds of miles from one station to another every four years or so. But those spacious Emperors found time, amid the waging of their ceaseless wars, to make a yearly visit to Samarkhand and Kashmir, leaving monuments in their path which are still the wonder and delight of our time. From the Taj Mahal to the Shalimar, they scattered jewels over India with a lavish hand. Even the roads we hammered along, laid out with avenues of trees, with fountains, with frequent *serais* or caravanserais, were their legacy.

When we came into Lahore, he took me out to see the Tombs of his Ancestors in their majestic garden of sleep at Shahdra.

Jehangir, Shah Jehan, Alamgir, Aurangzeb—even their names were like a royal roll of drums.

Shortly after we had arrived at Dera Ismail Khan, the Jemadar was killed at polo, and there, as far as I know, ended the once so effulgent line.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Dreary Dismal.

On a crisp January morning we marched along the narrow rush-and-corduroy track which wound across the bed of the Indus, picking its way between pools and swamps, with here and there a few spans of boat-bridge over the still flowing channels. The General and his Staff and the regiments of the garrison came out with bands playing to welcome us to our new home.

When we had got our orders for "Dreary Dismal," our friends profoundly condoled, wishing us good-bye in a manner that suggested we were leaving the world for good. Nevertheless, some of us were to enjoy our time in that benighted outpost.

We lived in an oasis, with the great river at our backs, the sinister frontier hills in front, and miles of drab desert in between. For my part I immediately fell a victim, as so many young officers do, to the spell of the Frontier.

It is perhaps natural that the barren fastnesses of that grim country, where every man goes armed and whose borders it is death to cross, should hold a peculiar glamour for British boys. Their imaginations are captivated by endless legends of savage ferocity and romantic heroism. Here, before their very eyes, they see a real live country teeming with adventures, crimes, blood-feuds, craft, daring, far more thrilling than anything they could ever read in books; and they are seized with a fascination, an irresistible craving to penetrate the veil that shrouds from their eyes all the mystery and illusion, all the storm and passion, of those, wild incredible places and people.

I watched with eager interest the long caravans of the Powindahs, the shaggy laden camels, the murderous-looking men in their sheepskins, the stalwart blue-clad women, as they passed through on their journeys from Afghanistan, down the Gomal Pass, and over the Indus, and on into British India. These militant merchants had to fight their own way down the passes of the tribal Mahsud country. They handed in their

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rifles to a military post on reaching British territory, obtaining a formal receipt, and recovered them again on their return. From their appearance it was easy to believe the barbarities which were attributed to them. They were said to have a sportive way with any captives they might make in their fights down the passes. Inside the ring of cooking fires in the evening, they would slice off a victim's head with one clean stroke, and instantly clap a red-hot cooking pot on to the severed neck. The corpse would then jerk and jump about for a long time in a manner which caused them the greatest merriment. Another of their diversions was to bury the victim with only his head above the ground, and then to "tent-peg" him; that is to say, to ride at the head in turns with a lance. The essence of this game was to see how long it could be kept up without inflicting a fatal thrust.

We often used to see these Powindah women fall out by the roadside to give birth to a child; and in less than an hour they would have caught up the caravan again, with the baby slung across their shoulders.

I had not been long at Dera Ismail Khan before I found myself in the throes of an inner conflict. I loved the cavalry life, and, on the other hand, I had become deeply bitten by the Frontier. The officers of the South Waziristan Militia used to stay in our mess when they came down from Wana—the post far up in the heart of the hostile hills where this little handful of white men lived among the tribes. A few years before, their predecessors had been shot by one of their own sentries while they were sitting at dinner. A few years later these officers we knew were also murdered in much the same manner. At that time their life seemed to me to be the height of romance. I longed to go to a Frontier Militia—yet I couldn't bear the thought of leaving the Regiment. The Commandant, on one of his visits to us, promised me that if I passed the Higher Standard Pushtu, he would try to get me into his Militia. I set to work at once; meanwhile the decision could wait.

Many exciting things happened that winter. There were, as there always were on the Border, continual rumours of war.

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I marched out to Tank with my squadron as escort to the Commissioner when he held a *jirgah* or parliament of the tribal delegates. Encamped in the courtyard of the Fort, our weapons always loaded with live ammunition, all our routine was on a war footing, and we felt that we were practically on active service. The *Jirgah* went on for about a fortnight. The Commissioner held his durbar on the *maidan* outside the Fort, which overflowed with thousands of hairy, murderous-looking Mahsuds, generally raucously shouting and making an uncouth uproar. The Commissioner, of course, wanted to settle the questions in dispute peaceably, while we and all military India behind us prayed devoutly for a breakdown in the palavar, and consequently a punitive expedition.

While on that duty I made friends with Fox Wilson, the officer commanding the Border Military Police, often dining with him in his bungalow, through the windows of which a group of British officers, as at Wana, had been shot while having a meal some little while before.

Occasionally quarrels would break out between the tribesmen, a few shots would be exchanged, a few casualties take place. I had to help Wilson hold down one of his policemen while a deeply embedded bullet was dug out of his buttock, there being no sort of anæsthetics in the place. How the poor wretch screamed!

The high exciting air of these surroundings, together with the stories which Wilson told me of these picturesque people, their blood-feuds, raids, manners, customs, naturally increased my keenness for a Frontier career.

We found time, too, for some good sport hawking with a local Chief, after the *obara* or lesser bustard, following the birds' flight on horseback over a harsh and stony sun-baked *pat* or mud, intersected by fissures and crevasses.

To our disappointment the Commissioner managed to settle matters amicably with the Mahsuds, presumably by the payment of Danegeld, for on the last day we saw, amid even more raucous shouting than usual, great bags of coin being handed out to the heads of clans.

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At first the pursuit of raiders formed a recurrent source of excitement, although later, among some of the seniors, it became an annoyance, even a grievance.

As their own harsh ragged country was too lean to feed them, the tribesmen, like all highlanders of old, believed that the rich, fat, lowlands of India, basking in plenty below, had been provided by the goodness of Allah for their own special maintenance and diversion. To check the logical outcome of this simple but exceedingly troublesome faith, a chain of outpost Forts stretched at irregular intervals along the whole length of the Border, keeping watch and ward over all the infinite network of routes that thread down to where the mazy foothills gradually merge into the wide, flat plains of British India. Through the shimmering heat-haze of the plain you could see these Forts, grey mud battlements and tiers of loop-holed turrets surmounted by flagstaff and wireless masts, rising on the billows of the hills like great warships on a heaving sea.

But it is not an easy matter to catch raiders. They make their plan in secret; they swoop down under cover of night, moving with the utmost swiftness; they loot a village, carry off a *bania*, flocks, women, or, scuppering a sentry post, they lift the rifles and are away towards the hills again before the sleeping cavalry many miles back can be warned. Indeed, once the raiders succeed in their initial *coup*, it is almost an impossibility to prevent them from slipping home under cover of darkness. The whole country for at least fifteen miles on our side of the Frontier is one vast interminable mazy warren of inter-communicating fissures, *nullas* and hollows, a huge natural trench system in which the raiders can move out of sight even by day, and over which cavalry can only go with great difficulty. Only once in a thousand times are raiders ever caught.

Many times I rode out on these wild-goose chases, covering, once, more than seventy miles in a single hot-weather day. The memory of that occasion remains as one of the most voluptuous in my life. It was in the height of the hot weather, when the bare plain was a furnace indescribable in words. We carried

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canvas water-bottles slung in a net below the girth, which from the joggling about and evaporation, were always ice-cold, even on the most blistering day. But we had long since emptied them, and were, literally, at our last gasp, with swollen tongues and lips, when, suddenly, we came on a deep rocky pool set like an emerald in the desert. The water tinkled deliciously over the rocks; palms and almond blossom, intertwined with wild grapes, shaded the pool's clear surface; deep red lotus cups floated on it, and the air around was heavy with the scent of the almond blossom. It seemed to us, men and horses alike, that we had stumbled into Paradise.

And what a cursing the squadron leader gave me when at last I got home with the half-dead horses!

Once, I believe, we actually should have caught a band of raiders if only the Border Military Police in an adjacent Post had co-operated with us. They grinned when we reviled them for not coming out to help, and protested, "Nay, Sahib, we only get six rupees a month. Make it twelve, and we'll fight outside our Post as well as in!"

Karachi had been warm, Jhansi had been distinctly hot, but, as Anglo-Indians know, words are powerless to describe D.I.K.'s intensity of scorching heat. Indeed, it is a thing which could never be even remotely conceived by anyone who had not felt it. As James Muirhead said when a lady in Simla suggested that people exaggerated the heat of the plains, "If you could only take them by the neck and dip them down into it for a few minutes!"

We started work at five in the morning, finished all except the office by nine, breakfasted, then lay nearly naked on our rope beds under the *punkha* in more or less of a stupor till about five, when we went out to play polo or hockey or football. After the evening's exercise, the whole station, mostly in vests and shorts, would sit out in cane chairs under the *punkhas* in the club garden, where occasionally a band would do its best. Then dinner and bridge or snooker. It was useless to go to bed before one o'clock, as the heat would be too great for sleep. Even

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then, when you dragged yourself up the steps to your bed on the flat mud roof, a great white-hot moon sailed up over the tree-tops and seemed to scorch you to the marrow. Even the ice in your drinks felt hot.

I used at first to go over to the mess for lunch, to make a bit of a break in the day, but soon, like everybody else, I gave this up. As one stepped out of the bungalow, the heat, striking up from the parched earth, smote you with the force of a physical blow, making you choke, and blinding you painfully with the glare.

Then there were the minor amenities, such as mosquitoes, sand-flies, fever, frontier sores, and that ridiculous torture, prickly heat, which made you rub your back madly against convenient objects, like a verminous bullock.

At Dera Ismail Khan, too, we had during the hot weather, a rather desolate sense of isolation. The bridge-of-boats, traversing a few runnels in the river bed, had now gone, and, the snows having melted far away up in the hills where the Indus took its source, about fourteen miles of raving muddy flood cut us off from civilization.

I had the good luck to escape one odious duty. The outpost forts, which I have previously described, were commanded in turn for terms of three months by junior officers of the garrison. The strain of the heat and of the loneliness on the one young Englishman in them frequently proved so great in the hot weather that suicides were not uncommon. To prevent these tragedies, the authorities later took to sending pairs of officers to each fort, for company's sake. The result of this well-meant plan was not happy either, for although a couple of bosom friends might start out, they would soon not be on speaking terms—such was the effect of the exceptional heat.

The hot weather days passed tolerably enough with me. I worked away at Pushtu with a Pathan *munshi* from the city, a vigorous, energetic man of culture, with a keen sense of humour. I struggled with the Russo-Japanese War for a coming promotion exam., and for the rest, when not in a semi-stupor, I lay

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on my bed under the *punkha* reading in a promiscuous fashion. One afternoon while thus idling, I heard a loud explosion from the direction of the mess. In answer to my enquiry, the *punkha-wallah* shouted from the veranda that without doubt they were blowing up a hornet's nest. I relapsed into torpor, to be roused shortly by the entrance of a friend, with one half of his face bright scarlet and the other half deadly white, looking for all the world like a clown. I began to roar with laughter, till I saw there was something wrong. He had been bottling whisky over at the mess, and had put a lighted match to the bung-hole to see how much there was left in the cask, when it exploded. The end of the cask blew out and squashed a mess servant against the wall like a fly.

A young trooper in my squadron enlivened the monotony of these days by a fine display of perseverance. He wired from his home for an extension of leave, on the grounds that his mother was ill. Extension refused; mothers were always ill in the leave season. He wired again, that his house was falling. Again refused; too many of their houses fell in the leave season. Then the following masterpiece arrived; "House fallen on mother please grant sanction."

Sanction granted.

One morning when I crawled like a bit of wet rag to my shaving glass in the window, I was confronted at about a yard's range by a face staring at me. The eyes protruded, and the tongue, the latter black and swollen with red ants crawling over it. It turned out to be a man in the Mountain Battery who had hung himself. Why he should have committed such an unfriendly act as to do it just outside my window, I never discovered.

A very enjoyable winter made up for the heat of the summer. The General wanted an A.D.C. As the junior officer in the regiment, I was nominated for the duty. Being only a Brigadier, the General was not entitled to a regularly gazetted and paid A.D.C. so that my position was really more that of an Orderly Officer. I still slept in my own bungalow, had most

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of my meals at our mess, though I passed the day under the General's orders.

He was a famous Frontier and South African veteran; a robust little figure brimming with vitality, full of boyish spirits and humour, still a fine polo player. A Staff College graduate (at that time a rare thing among the higher ranks in India), connected by family ties with prominent people at home, his outlook and personality were larger than the ordinary in our little world. He was certainly the right man in the right place, for the command of the independent Derajat Brigade with its big area of troublesome territory, was one that required the qualities of a statesman as well as of a soldier.

First thing in the morning, smart as I could make myself, and accompanied by a couple of mounted orderlies, I used to wait outside his porch. Punctual to the second, as the gongs at the various quarter-guards began to sound the hour, he clanked down the steps with his brisk, rather wide walk, radiating vigour and vitality. A small man, he rode an enormous powerful bay horse, which he had recently brought out from England. Generally before breakfast he went what he called "cruising" though always according to an arranged plan, that is to say, he would drop in on one regiment at drill, another at exercises, another at musketry, and so on. He visited all the hospitals at least once a week, all the sanitary arrangements, every detail of administration. It was a revelation to me that one man could carry so much in his head, for he knew everybody's job from first to last. Early one morning he went and routed the astonished and drowsy parson out of bed with rude words, because the churchyard was ill-kept.

On the way from one inspection to another, I rode alongside him while he talked to me without the slightest trace of superiority or condescension, so that, although I had a great respect for him, I never felt ill-at-ease; indeed, I very much enjoyed riding about with him. When he came near a saluting guard or troops or senior individuals, I immediately fell back with military formality to my proper place some horses' lengths

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behind. During this cruising I used to take down his comments on everything he saw, afterwards copying them out and laying them on the office table for his action after breakfast.

There was, as no doubt there must be in most men of high position, a little tincture of humbug in the General. I dined out a great deal, both in the messes and with married people, so that I knew personally every officer in the garrison and a good deal about them. When, therefore, on our cruising or manœuvres he spotted someone he did not know, I quickly supplied a few biographical details. The General would then genially address the man by name, adding after some professional conversation an intimate remark or two, such as "Bad luck about your pony's tendon"—or, "I hope you've had better news of your wife?"

I had an equal affection for the General's wife, of whom I saw a great deal, since I assisted at all their entertainments. She, too, exhaled a more spacious atmosphere than that of ordinary garrison life, and had much of the same fresh and youthful gaiety as her husband. She looked, and was, indeed, a great lady, unselfconscious, uncritical, kind and charming to everybody alike, and full of fun.

The General gave orders that when not in personal attendance on him, I was to work in the Brigade Office, under the General Staff Officer. He said he couldn't have me loafing about, and also it would be a help towards the Staff College later on.

I do not think I learned a great deal in the office. For one thing, I was not much there, as we were usually away touring the district or inspecting; for another, the officer under whom I worked, happened to be an ardent Freemason, Master of the local Lodge, and he used me as a kind of masonic secretary. I spent much of the time writing up his Lodge accounts and books. This implanted in me a no doubt unjustifiable distaste for Freemasonry.

It is not easy to convey the variety and charm of the winters in so-called "Dreary Dismal." After the hot weather few things could have been more pleasant than the oncoming of the

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winter—that glorious northern winter with a fizz and sparkle to it, when, after the intolerable heat, you would know the joy of snuggling under blankets again, and the cheeriness of crackling wood fires. The General had a large motor (the only one within hundreds of miles) in which we did long tours of the whole district, and of parts of Waziristan. Then there was the training season, when the regiments were scattered about the countryside in their respective camps, each of which we frequently visited, culminating in combined manœuvres of all the units. On these occasions, in addition to helping with the staff duties, I managed the General's camp and messing; and I saw to it that we lived right royally. He bade me ask two friends to dinner every night, so that not only did I feel very important, but he got to know his younger officers.

Another time the General and his wife, the Freemason and I, floated for several days down the Indus, in boats, to inspect Dera Ghazi Khan. We had an altogether delightful trip, observing the many strange primitive riparian people we passed, and the wild life on the water. We had some sport shooting wild geese with rifles; and in the evenings we used to pitch our camp on the river bank.

Apart from these official excursions, there was all the fun of social life. The Mountain Battery, the three infantry battalions, were of the best; we all got on famously together. Our Regiment gave a ball. The General gave a ball. There was tennis, there were mounted paper-chases, and, above all, the serious business of polo. We had entered for the Lahore Christmas Tournament. As the time drew near, we got up at dawn, pulled on sweaters and khaki jodhpores, and blowing on our numbed fingers, cantered off to the polo ground, from which the grey mists would be drifting wispily, transforming, it seemed, the fantastic mudhuddle of the native town into a sort of Grimm's Fairy Tale city, floating mysteriously in mid-air. The dewy turf, just touched with frost, would glitter like a sheet of inimitable jewellery. On the margin of the ground, gauntly upright alongside blankets spread out with rows and rows of sticks, our orderlies would be waiting; and through the

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morning's mist there loomed a shadowy string of ponies ridden by humped and blanketed spectres, circling round and round the track that skirted the ground.

And then the business began—those practices at match speed against a phantom opponent; tearing down the ground in order, ponies at full stretch, twisting, turning, bending to the lightest touch of leg and rein, or pulling up sheer on haunches, hocks under, compressed like springs of living steel; then round and off again like arrows, while the ball clicked, and orders were shouted, and the steam from the red nostrils mingled with the rising mist. As searchingly as Nelson and his Band of Brothers, we worked out every situation that could possibly arise on the day, and followed it through in all its permutations and combinations at lightning speed. Glorious!

Then off we went for the Christmas Week to Lahore. What a gay gathering that was! The trains full of light-hearted sun-browned fellows with their bundles of polo sticks and cricket bags and guns, and all sorts of dogs in their *jhools*, or winter coats. All the bungalows of Lahore were overflowing into tents in their compounds; and out beyond, a polo camp rose up as large almost as the cantonment itself, in which we had our place. Every afternoon, polo or racing or cricket; every evening, some stupendous ball or social function. Astonishing to think what youth can live through. We got through our first round in the Tournament, and in the second met the ultimate winners, with unflattering results.

CHAPTER IX.

Marble Halls.

At the end of the winter I was translated to another post, as different as could well be imagined from the life of a frontier station. I went again to Government House at Karachi, where, formerly, I had been for a few weeks during the Royal Visit. Designated as Personal Assistant my position was really that of an A.D.C. My actual duties were very light, of a purely

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social or ceremonial kind, consisting chiefly in wrestling with the "Order of Precedence" for dinner parties and receptions. Even in the ordinary official community of an Indian station, this "Order of Precedence" was a very touchy matter, but in a place like Karachi, where there was, as well as the military and official community, a huge mercantile population, it become most thornily complicated. Many of the business men held rank as consul for nations of varying status; many of them also held military rank in Volunteer Corps, of which there were several, or in the Army Reserve; they were proud and sensitive about this rank, always coming to official functions in their uniforms. The members of the civic Corporations and Chambers held an *ex-officio* place on the Precedence List, and apart from all this, there were feuds among the people, to do with personal or business rivalry, almost as blood-thirsty as those across the Border. To include the whole community in the annual series of dinners; to fit everybody into place at the table in accordance with his or her supposed or real status; to compose the company in such a way that nobody found himself next to his dearest enemy; to get through these scintillating and endless affairs without giving mortal offence in all directions, formed the bigger part of my work.

Society was simpler in those far-off days. People were very anxious to be invited to Government House; bitterly hurt if they happened to be overlooked. Consequently I enjoyed a great deal of consideration. Scarcely a night for which I had not at least three invitations for dinner, and, if a ball at Government House were in prospect, the number would probably be doubled, particularly from people who might be called on the fringes of society—namely, those who felt rather doubtful about getting an invitation. I had just enough sense not to let my head be turned by these multitudinous attentions, realizing that they had little to do with my personal self. Nevertheless, I think I may say, I was not ill-fitted for that small, butterfly office. I did not like to see people hurt or put to shame. I liked people, and I tried always to make our guests feel welcome and at home. Indeed, my only disagreements with the Lady were on account

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of attempts to invite people who were not on the "Government House List"—"Ardern's queer friends."

I attended the Lord Sahib on the rare occasions when he had to take the salute at some big ceremonial parade, or on the more frequent occasions when he drove in state to civic functions, very proud of myself in white uniform almost totally submerged under masses of gold—gold belt and pouch belt, gold dangling sword knot, gold lancer lines, heavy gold *aiguilettes*. Under this same great weight of gold I used to go off in the Lord Sahib's launch to leave his cards on any ships of the Navy which came into harbour, and to bid the officers come and stay at Government House.

My Chief and his wife were in a quiet homely way, the most hospitable of people. During the spring and autumn, when numbers of people passed through Karachi on their way to or from home, the house was always full. Anybody they had ever known, or who had been recommended to them by a common acquaintance, would be asked to stay. And we had of course, too, a share of distinguished visitors from Europe—statesmen, politicians, journalists, wealthy and titled globe-trotters with their letters of introduction, sportsmen out for the duck or big game, and so on.

When there were none of these birds of passage in the house, our party consisted only of the Lord Sahib and his Lady, Raymond, the Assistant Commissioner; and Travers, the Lady's brother, who was then stationed at Karachi in the Indian Police. Raymond, at that time about thirty, an old Wykehamist like his Chief, was a vivacious dapper little fellow with a sparkling and fantastic sense of the ridiculous. Travers was very tall, spare, strikingly distinguished in appearance, and lazily good-humoured. At every meal Raymond used to chaff him, the bright play of his wit and fancy flickering around Travers' head like incessant lightning, while Travers smiled his lazy good-humoured smile, occasionally planting a telling repartee. The Chief spoke very little, listening for the most part to our uproarious youthful chatter with a quiet smile. He looked like a care-worn kindly English country gentleman, with stooping

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shoulders and a harassed expression. Considering his age and the fact that he scarcely ever found time to take much recreation from his work, he brought off a notable feat in riding and winning, on one of his own horses, the Sind Point-to-Point. My rooms were near his office, and I would see him at all hours of the day and night pacing up and down the veranda outside, deep in thought, as though overwhelmed by the problems of state. Even my small knowledge of the Province gave me an inkling of the weight of complicated matters which he had to carry in his mind, and besides these, the new forces of political and national unrest were beginning to make themselves felt in Karachi itself. Seeing him pacing there, lonely, and, as it were staggering under his burden, I used to wish I could help him, and I began to realize my lack of equipment in the way of knowledge for the serious work of life. If ever he called me, I came at a run, with a grin designed to express willingness and pleasure, as indeed it did, for I would gladly have done anything for him.

They must have been wonderfully good to me, for, beyond the trifling duties I have indicated, I was free to do what I liked, and I see, now, that I pursued my own amusements with a relentless egotism. The physical comforts gratified my sense of indulgence. On the Frontier I had slept on a camp bed, with field kit alongside, ready to rise at a moment's notice. One bathed there, as elsewhere in up-country stations, in a tin tub, using a tin can to pour the water over one-self, since sponges formed a dangerously attractive nest for scorpions. Up-country one contended with the heat as best one could with dreary moaning *punkhas* and thermantidotes. We used smelly oil lamps which attracted swarms of horrible insects. In Karachi all was different—I revelled in luxury. Thanks to the Royal visit a few years before, my suite contained a gorgeous marble bath with water laid on. Electric light made by contrast with the ordinary oil lamps an incredible comfort; and even more grateful were the big fixed fans over my bed, and the little portable ones, which one could move about and turn on a refreshing sea breeze with, from any angle. All these things are, of course, common-place now, but they were very wonderful novelties then.

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Raymond and I went out to exercise the ponies in the morning, generally round the racecourse or along the firm sand on the shore at Clifton beach. After breakfast I dealt with the correspondence relating to social matters, which as a rule did not occupy me beyond eleven o'clock. From then till lunch, and from after lunch till dinner, my time was usually my own. Three afternoons a week Raymond and I played polo, the Lady often driving us down and watching. On Saturdays I used to play cricket, for the Gymkhana, which the Lady, a cricket "fan," used also to come and watch, with the result that I caught it if I did badly. On other afternoons I played tennis or went sailing in the harbour. In the evenings I generally joined in the social round at the club for an hour or so.

As a rule, then, I had the time from eleven to one, and a part of the afternoon on my hands. Although the summer in Karachi was mild in comparison with inland places, one did not go out more than necessary during those hours. Nevertheless, they did not drag. I was now getting on in years, nearly twenty-four. My surroundings made me, in moments of reflection, very conscious of my deficiencies. The Chief and Raymond were both Oxford classical honours men; they toiled away for long hours at problems, which, I began dimly to perceive, rumbled dangerously and with gathering menace under the flimsy gilded surface of our Anglo-Indian life; but of which they rarely spoke to me, since I was only with them in their leisure, when they naturally wanted relaxation from these cares. Even lazy good-humoured Travers was engaged in important work. I had, also, made great friends with an Indian Policeman, supposed at the time to be on leave, and living in the Sind Club. He was, on the surface, a great big bluff blunt hearty fellow, the soul of British candour; but actually he was one of the most subtle and successful secret service men in the country. He told me things that took my breath away. At the time he was engaged in watching the occupant of the next room to him at the Club, a seemingly inoffensive and popular little business man, who, my friend told me, was really a German agent, deeply involved in an incredible design for which he could have been

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shot on the spot; but the secret knowledge of his activities was of much more value than his corpse would have been. This was only one of several men whom he pointed out to me, who appeared to move in an ordinary manner in our social life, who, in fact, came to dine at Government House, but who in reality were working for our destruction. My military education had made me familiar with certain groupings of the Powers, with the supposed strategic designs of this and that group, but until then I had somehow regarded these matters in an abstract light, far remote from the realities of daily life as I knew it—much as, say, the campaigns of Wellington, or such affairs of past history. It seemed unbelievable, violently exciting, that live, apparently ordinary and normal men in our midst, could be involved in such stupendous issues.

Also I had the privilege of dining a good deal with some of the leaders of the mercantile community. Karachi was just then quickening with a kind of commercial renaissance; new rails were being laid, new docks were being built; people talked of a great barrage across the Indus near Sukhur, and the immeasurable increase in business which it would bring about. Everywhere was expansion, and enthusiasm for a near great future. I heard a lot of talk on these things and matters connected with them, on the problems of currency, of Indian trade, world trade and so on. When sailing in the harbour I saw the concrete symbols of these theories, the huge new cranes and elevators and silos, the warehouses, ships of all nationalities coming and going. Again I dimly perceived the existence of another great throng of live, pulsing problems beneath my butterfly life, problems which in some measure, I began to see, must affect every living soul on the globe.

I became a little aware of the vastly elaborate complications of the world, the storm and passion and conflict with which it seethed; over international objects, as evinced by the spies living among us; over, perhaps, vague aspirations and ideals, as manifested by the ferment of national unrest under our feet; over who can say how infinitely tangled a web of motives to which the business houses, all this new mechanical progress, the

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harbour with its colossal equipment and multitudinous shipping, bore witness.

And all about us were the medleys and ineradicable antagonisms of religions, which, at frequent intervals, broke out into violence and bloodshed.

All these gigantic fabrics of matter and spirit, in order that men might eat and love and pile up gold, and express their vague aspirations for something higher than the fetters on the flesh. Bewildering!

Flitting like a butterfly over the sunlit surface of these deeps, I knew little about anything. I had even then, I think, a dim instinctive sense that all these great forces were moving inevitably towards a climax. Civilization must be too small to hold such huge conflicting passions. And meanwhile I tried to fit myself for a more intelligent place in the tremendous scheme of things.

I set myself a course of study for the four or five supine hours of the day. I certainly read a good deal. But I was rarely in bed before twelve, and always up before six, my lunches were hearty, the afternoons warm, the purring of the fans very conducive to sleep. The performance, I am afraid, was not quite on a level with the intention.

At that time there was a large traffic in smuggling arms across the Persian Gulf—weapons which eventually found their way into the hands of our various enemies along the frontiers. Having made friends with the officers of one of the sloops engaged in the suppression of this gun-running, I got leave, *sub rosa*, from my Chief to go up in the ship on one of their expeditions.

But before I could start on this adventure, the light gay life of Government House came to an end. Instructions arrived from the Regiment that, in order to qualify for the Adjutancy, I had been detailed to join the ensuing course at the Cavalry School.

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CHAPTER X.

AUDAX.

The Cavalry School had recently been started at Saugor, and the aims of its course, which lasted for nine months, were manifold. Broadly speaking they were to put young officers and N.C.O.'s through a practical apprenticeship in the breaking and training of horses, and in veterinary science; to school them in the art of high equitation; to teach them how to teach these things when they went back to their regiments—while, on the theoretical side, it was a kind of junior Staff College.

This reversion into the limits of a concentratedly intensive military atmosphere, made an abrupt contrast with my life at Karachi. At Saugor, except while playing polo or pig-sticking, we were occupied from daylight to dark with our specialised work, and were so wholesomely tired by evening that we were glad enough to tumble into our beds soon after dinner.

It was a great gathering of the clans, since the course contained a representative or two from every cavalry regiment in the country—a company, as I see it now, of high-spirited youth, comely and perfect as might be in physique, rollicking with laughter through the congenial work, and quite unconscious of the premature doom which would soon cut off about two-thirds of the number.

At dinner the long table surrounded by about sixty of the most gorgeous mess uniforms in the world, made a striking spectacle; scarlet, blue, green, the orange of Skinner's Horse, the French grey or sky blue of the Madras Lancers, the drab of the Guides, the cherry trousers of the Baluchis—a rich, amazing medley of colours and gold and silver lace.

Happy and memorable as this period proved to be, it was blemished for me in certain respects, one of which began to make itself felt from the beginning. Each student was allotted two remounts to train. One, the " second-year " remount, was supposed to have been perfected already in the first half of its training, that is to say, to be a tame animal broken to bit and saddle, and only requiring another nine months to be taught the final

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manners and polish which would make it the complete troop-horse, handy and flexible as a polo pony. The other, the "first-year" remount, was a wild Waler straight from the Australian prairie, which probably on arrival at Saugor station, charged out of the truck at you on its hind legs with teeth and heels going. And actually, as often as not, the "second-year" remount, had been half-spoiled rather than half-trained.

Much of our comfort depended on what sort of remounts we happened to get. We spent hours daily handling them, leading them about, long-reining them, trying to win their respect and affection by the system of reward and punishment (we carried a whip in one hand and a bag of grain over our shoulders), and so on, until we came to backing them, when there would be wonderful circus scenes. I happened to be unlucky in both my remounts. The "second-year," a rather heavily-built clumsy chestnut, was "nappy." He would behave with perfect propriety for an hour, or perhaps a day or a week, and then suddenly, in the middle of riding school, or on the road, or in front of a jump, or even while riding across country on a tactical scheme, he would without any warning dig his toes in and refuse to budge; and when I applied whip or spur, he immediately threw himself over backwards. He maintained this amiable trait until the end of the course, when, I suppose, he was drafted into some regiment as the finished article. My "first-year" remount was definitely vicious; a wretched-looking rusty brown, in which one could take little pride, with a straight shoulder, no rein, and a bump between his shifty little eyes. He could buck me off whenever he liked, which was often. I had to buy four new hats in one week. Many fellows had one or other troublesome remount, but I was about the only one with two really bad ones. I was scarcely more happy in my own first charger. Our chargers, of course, were supposed to be perfectly trained. We had to do all sorts of circus antics on them, such as jumping bare-back while sitting back-to-front, or vaulting on and off them over jumps; and there was the glissade, a sheer precipice which we slid down in the Italian manner; and there were a number of long elaborate jumping courses containing

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every conceivable sort of obstacle that ingenuity and nightmare could devise. These, as a matter of fact, were easy enough on a reasonably skilful horse. Later on my two remounts, when not "napping" or bucking, would negotiate them without a fault. But in the beginning we rode them on our own chargers. When detailing me for the Cavalry School, the Adjutant had advised me to get a better charger, and I had left this matter, again on the Adjutant's advice, in the hands of the experienced officer who generally bought our regimental remounts. Result, a beautiful showy-looking horse called "Cornstalk"—but without courage or stamina, who fell on every possible occasion. During my time at the School I do not think I was ever entirely free from pain. But for that matter, very few of my companions were either, and we took it all as part of the day's work.

It is interesting now to look back on the doctrine which was preached in our lecture rooms. The Second-in-Command and some of the senior instructors had recently graduated at the Staff College, of which Sir Henry Wilson was then the Commandant. They tried to impress on our sceptical minds that a war with Germany was inevitable. They tried to give us a vivid word-picture of the nature of this coming war. All would depend on the respective rapidity of mobilization; on which side could concentrate the superior forces for the first, mighty, one-and-only, decisive and overwhelming battle. For, they assured us, there would only be one battle. The circumstance of a battle between modern Powers would be so unimaginably awful, that no human being could be got to face the ordeal a second time. From the first encounter one nation, or group of nations, would reel back in demoralization, totally shattered. Furthermore, economic factors would preclude more than a few weeks of modern warfare. This was the Staff College doctrine of the day. As it turned out, the horrors of Mons were to be multiplied out of all calculation as the War progressed, by such means as poison gas, liquid fire, aerial bombing, intensive hurricane bombardment, intensive machine-gun barrage; things which were never then even contemplated—yet towards the end of the War one saw men in the front line

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wearing six or seven or even eight wound stripes. So wide of the mark were the prophets. In this connection the "Diary" of Sir Henry Wilson, published some years after his death, contains a significant entry of about this date. Kitchener, visiting the Staff College, asks him in effect why he is disseminating so erroneous a doctrine. Sir Henry records with palpable resentment that he was not taking any dictation of that sort from Kitchener. And there, who reads the "Diary" may see, was born that antagonism between the great soldier and the effervescent one, which was to have so sinister an influence on the early conduct of the War; the former correct in all his judgments, the latter invariably wrong.

I generally spent the week-end out in the jungle with a party of companions, shooting or pig-sticking. One very hot day when Harry Macdonald of the Eleventh and I had trudged a good many miles with our guns, we came to a deep inviting pool under the overhanging bank of a river, and promptly decided to bathe. A goat-herd, squatting under the shade of a tree on the bank near by, watched us undress and plunge in with a grave interest. When, after a long delicious swim, we clambered out on to the bank again, he approached us and remarked, "Sahibs, there's a very big crocodile lives in that pool. Yesterday he ate a washerwoman."

We suggested that he might have given us this interesting little piece of information before we had dived in; but he did not seem able to see our point.

One day, we learned, with a kind of unanimous gasp of horror, of the sinking of the "Titanic." For many nights afterwards, just before dropping off to sleep out under the stars, the same stars which had witnessed the tragedy, I had a vision of the great stern standing up perpendicularly out of the water, before its fathomless plunge to the bottom.

The visit of Their Majesties the King and Queen to India for the great Delhi Durbar made a welcome interlude in the course. Since nearly all the staff and students were required for some kind of duty or other to do with the Royal visit, the

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School was closed down for a month. During this time I had to make a flying journey home, owing to illness in my family; and just out of Port Said we saw a beautiful and arresting sight on the blue water, a graceful white ship escorted in line by four grim bulldogs of war. Our little vessel, the "Osiris," (one of the two small fast boats which then used to carry the mails across to Brindisi) sailed close up to the royal ship to ask if it had any mails for home—receiving, to our disappointment, a curt negative answer.

CHAPTER XI.

When the school broke up, I found myself at a loose end with eight months' leave out of India on my hands, and I resolved to take this opportunity of seeing a little of the world.

The bank could not be induced to part with more than forty-one pounds; nevertheless, with this lordly sum I managed to wander about for five months, covering a distance of nearly ten thousand miles.

The Odyssey was made mainly in the guise of a "mean white," that is to say, in antiquated khaki garments, beard, and fez or *topi* according to locality; by steerage, or more accurately as it generally proved, in the hold, with scarcely a peep of day among an astonishing medley of the dregs of the Levant—on land, by third class, or fourth if there happened to be one, in the company of the poorest people, "natives" of many and various strange descriptions, "mean whites" and "down-and-outs" like myself. Lodgings, meals, accorded with this level of society and the exigencies of the privy purse—since a glass of beer or a tasty dish would mean curtailing the expedition by so many miles. The price of most of the meals could have been counted in half-pennies. The expedition disembarked at Suez, occupied Cairo, wandered for many days up and down and across the face of Egypt; proceeded from there to make an inspection of the Holy Land; on to Greece, where it paced the Academe in spirit with Socrates; to Smyrna and through the Dardanelles,

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very wary for mines, since the Turko-Italian war over Tripoli was then going on; a long sojourn in Constantinople; up the Black Sea; through the Balkans; by boat along a lovely portion of the Danube, and so to Budapest. Then down the Panonian lands bordering the Adriatic, beautiful beyond description.

Needless to say, many curious adventures and experiences befell the expedition in its course. It was nearly drowned in the Nile, it was robbed, it was thrashed by a little Egyptian Customs official who scarcely reached up to its hips, it received extraordinary kindness from people who had scarcely enough to keep body and soul together, it sometimes made a fool of itself. A person used to occasional comfort could not easily have done the journey, especially in the oriental countries, unless he had made up his mind to laugh all the time.

Reaching Lugano at last, I occupied the month or so in which it took me to get fairly clean again, in perpetrating a book about these travels without Baedeker, so there is no need to say any more about them here.

Some glorious weeks, all the more so by contrast with these squalid travels, followed my arrival in England. I stayed with relations, with friends, went up to Scotland for the grouse, came back for a little partridge shooting and cub-hunting; and in London there were theatres, supper parties, dances—all very wonderful after the holds of Levantine ships, piled up, literally, in semi-darkness, with masses of half-naked black and brown humanity.

All too quickly the time flew by, until I found myself in the train bound for the Musketry School at Hythe—a musketry certificate being a necessary qualification for the Adjutancy. By an extraordinary stroke of good luck, I happened to get into a carriage with an old friend from India. He belonged to an indifferent Line Regiment; he was as good-hearted and able a fellow as anybody could wish to know; but for years he had a wretched life in his regiment, because his father was a shopkeeper. His regiment has since been disbanded, and he has

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risen high in the Service. It is good to see that now and then fate does the right thing.

Noticing that many fellows in the train were feverishly poring over the Musketry Manual, I learned with consternation from my friend that we had to pass an entrance examination on the following day. By some oversight our regimental office had not informed me of this. I did not know anything at all about the new rifle, as our regiment were still armed with the Lee-Metford; I was filled with dismay.

Then and there he started to coach me. We managed to get into the same lodgings, somehow we managed to get hold of a rifle, and starting again immediately after tea, he kept me at it all night, with the result that I just managed to squeeze through the examination after breakfast, although a few other fellows who, I suppose, had been ignorant like me of this passing-in test, failed, and were sent away.

That month—the last in which I was to know England in her habit as she lived before the War—passed very pleasantly. We had comfortable lodgings, cheerful companions, we got away for enjoyable week-ends, sometimes to play golf at Le Touquet; and, though our noses were kept close to the grindstone, an occasional day's hunting on a Saturday could be managed. We gave a Fancy Dress Ball at Folkestone which was a most hilarious affair. An especial gleam of gaiety seemed to irradiate that little period for my friend and me.

On weekday evenings after our work, we often used to walk along the shore to Folkestone and back before dinner. There had come to us at this time, as there probably does to every exile, an intense love of England, the same kind of emotion as that to which my old school friend, Rupert Brooke, was soon to give so perfect an expression. While we walked on those rough November evenings, and the sea roared and foamed along the shore, we knew with absolute certainty that England was on the verge of some immense agony, and we yearned with a vague passion to be able to serve her. I knew with a searching heart-ache when I left for India, that I was saying goodbye, for ever, to something immeasurably great and lovable.

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A school friend with whom I was spending a weekend, asked me where I was sailing to India from. I told him from Trieste. "Right-o," he said, as ordinarily as if offering me a lift to the club, "I'll run you over."

In 1912, when cars were still far from perfect, such a journey by motor was no small undertaking. This friend had became a keen motorist, he did a tour every year on the Continent in a new car, which he generally managed to wreck in the course of it.

We started off from London in a beautiful new Fiat, four of us, he and I, his younger brother, and young von Bülow, who was still in London learning not to spell "hugh tree."

Misadventure dogged us almost from the start. We passed through hamlets whose names, then unknown, were within a little while to be thrown into the blinding limelight of the world, whose sleepy cottages and farmsteads and churches would soon be pounded into dust. We travelled over roads which would soon be rumbling with the tramp of nations in arms; upon which my friend and I would be marching, and von Bülow. It may be fancy, but it seems to me now that I felt a consciousness of the shadow of these mighty impending events.

Somewhere near Pontoise, after it had got dark, my friend, Peter, learned that this way into Paris would mean a long drive over *pavé*, rough cobbles; he therefore made a detour of about sixty kilometres, and when we were at about the most distant point from Paris, one of the head lamps fell off and ripped open the petrol tank as the car passed over it. We were stranded. Pitch dark, freezing hard, and miles from anywhere. One of us at length discovered a cottage some distance away, from which we were able to get a little bread, and after hours of argument and cajolery and bribery, we managed to induce the owner to set off on foot for the nearest farm, to get us some sort of conveyance. This eventually arrived at five in the morning, after we had been stamping about all night to keep warm. We had planned a merry and triumphant few days in Paris; but actually we crawled into it on a haggard winter's dawn, in a

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tumbledown horse vehicle, hungry, shivering, unshaved. Then we all went down with a mild attack of "flu." The time wasted in this manner meant cutting out a portion of our trip along the Riviera; we had to make direct for Turin.

All went well for the first two days. Towards the end of the third, we were approaching Modane, along a sharply twisting, mountain road, in a blinding snow storm, when I suddenly shot through the windscreen into the mountain side. It seemed that the whirling snow had made Peter sleepy; on the point of dropping into a doze, he just retained consciousness enough to see, on a sudden bend, that he must either drive over a sheer precipice on our right, or head-on into the mountain, which he wisely did. Beyond a few cuts and jars we were not hurt, but the fore-part of the car was wrecked. Leaving me to guard the wreckage and our luggage, the others battled through the snow to Modane, and eventually returned with a horse cart, a vehicle with which we were becoming rather too familiar.

We put up at the principal, or perhaps it may have been then the only, hotel, a crude wooden affair almost mediæval in character. When we came in, a Punch and Judy show was going on in the big hall; the floor was littered with sawdust, into which everybody spat freely. I passed a very disturbed night in my ramshackle bedroom, separated only by a flimsy partition from the next bedroom, in which a man, apparently alone, was dying. His ceaseless mortal groaning was distressing to hear in the darkness, within a foot or so of my head. "*Mon Dieu, que je souffre. Mon Dieu, que je souffre!*" he cried ceaselessly. The hotel people seemed quite unconcerned about him. "He is dying," they said, simply; no, they could not give me another room. I was glad when, at about four in the morning, the struggle ended.

Fortunately the works where the car had been made were only just through the tunnel at Turin. Peter made arrangements with the factory to salve the remains; then, after a couple of days in Turin, a nobly planned city, we went on by train to Lugano, staying there until I departed for Trieste to catch the ship.

(*To be continued.*)

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CAVALRY BADGES

By Major T. J. Edwards, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S.
Member of the Society for Army Historical Research.

PART I.—General History.

Lord Clifford—"Might I know thee by thy Household badge?"
Earl of Warwick—"Now, by my father's badge, old Nevill's
crest,
The rampant bear chained to the ragged
staff,
This day I'll wear aloft in my burgonet."
(2 King Henry VI, Act V, Scene I.)

Regimental badges, like regimental titles, very often epitomise a good deal of history. As shown in the above quotation from Shakespeare, the original purpose of badges was to assist identification; the granting of badges in commemoration of great deeds is a development from the original idea. But badges are centuries older than Shakespeare and in order to commence at the beginning we must go back to the dawn of history. The evolution of Regimental Badges is wrapped up, to a certain extent, with the various devices employed to achieve distinction between opposing armies, such as the wearing of twigs of trees, paper, etc., in the hat, as distinguishing badges, in view of which it will be necessary to trace the use of these devices until national uniform became so different that that alone was normally sufficient to show who was friend and who was foe.

In the days of early man, clothing, if any, proved insufficient as an effective means for identifying the various families, tribes

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and races. Some rapid means of identification was essential in combat on any scale. Mistakes, due to similarity of uniform, have been made in engagements of quite modern times. To overcome his difficulty primitive man painted on his body the image of some animal or bird with which he was familiar and whose qualities he considered he possessed or wished to acquire. For instance, the fleet of foot painted on the figure of a galloping horse or a bird in flight, the strong painted on a lion or a bear, and the wise an owl or a serpent. In this practice we also see the origin of heraldry, which is much concerned with badges. "Heraldry, in its essence," states G. W. Eve,* "began when man first used natural forms to symbolise, and ascribe to himself, those qualities—strength, courage, cunning—which he had full cause to recognize in the beasts with whom he struggled for existence; when he reproduced, as well as he could, their ferocious aspect, to strike terror into his human enemies, while satisfying his own warlike vanity, and so adopted them as badges or even as totems."

This family badge or sign was also reproduced on the tent or other form of dwelling-place, and when they went to battle it was roughly carved in wood and fixed to a pole, so that when it was held aloft the family that was fighting beneath it could be identified. Herein is the origin of regimental Standards, Guidons and Colours, whose original purpose was identification.

It is not difficult to appreciate that in those early days, when superstition played a large part in the life of the people, that the badge or totem of a persistently successful family or tribe would acquire an atmosphere of veneration and give rise to a belief in its power to lead to victory. Such an attitude the Roman soldier adopted towards his Eagle standards.

What are considered the "Regimental badges" of the Children of Israel are those mentioned in the 49th Chapter of Genesis—"Judah is a lion's whelp . . . Issachar is a strong ass . . . Dan shall be a serpent . . . Joseph is a fruitful bough . . . Benjamin shall ravin as a wolf." In the Chinese Book of War, written about 500 B.C. we find that they had banners on which

* "Heraldry as Art" (Chapter 1). By G. W. Eve.

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were figures of dragons, white tigers, red sparrows, snakes and tortoises. The ancient Athenians bore on their ensigns the figure of an owl, the bird sacred to Minerva, the protectress of the city. The Thebans used a sphinx in memory of the monster overcome by Œdipus.* The Romans adopted the eagle as their badge and put it on their ensigns, in allusion to the idea that as the eagle was the lord of the air, so they were the lords of the earth. Napoleon introduced the eagle standards into the French army for the same reason. The raven of the Vikings also comes within this category.

In ancient times the headdress of the opposing armies was usually different, but as in battle it was often removed, either forcibly by the enemy or otherwise, some other means of distinction had to be devised. In ancient Greece the "Word" or password was first used, selected by the commander. He would choose the name of some deity worshipped by his followers, or some good omen. This he communicated to his officers who passed it on to their men. This, however, sometimes led to fatal consequences in battle because the men, by much questioning among themselves, often became confused and not only killed each other but also disclosed the "Word" to the enemy. To remedy this a visible distinction was introduced, such as nodding their head, waving their arms or clashing their weapons in a particular manner. The ancient Romans seem to have relied mainly on their general difference in dress, but a "Word" was always given.

A first century instance in our own land of a badge being employed to distinguish an army and which is now used as a regimental badge, is the leek which Cadwallader ordered his men to wear, so that they could recognize each other, when he gained a great victory over the Saxons in 640. The leek is, of course, the uniform badge of the Welsh Guards.

The famous Bayeux tapestry depicts in a series of seventy-six scenes the Norman account of the Battle of Hastings and events leading up to it. It is regarded as a contemporary

* "The ancient heroes were proud of wearing for their defence the skins of wild beasts, which they esteemed *badges* of their prowess."—"Archaeologia Graca." By John Robinson.

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account, having been executed between 1066 and the end of the eleventh century. A study of the knights' banners reveals that a number of devices were employed to secure identification of individuals. The banners differ in the number of their tails and they contain balls, crosses, etc., in varied arrangement to secure the same end.

With the introduction of body-armour man began to cover himself and his horse as much as possible to exclude the possibility of suffering hurt from any source. About the twelfth century this "covering up" had reached the point where nothing of the man and very little of his horse could be seen. This, of course, put him into the same position as our primitive naked man, in that in the din and dust of battle the difficulty of distinguishing friend from foe was almost impossible. The need for some rapid means of identification became, therefore, a matter of life and death. "From the circumstances that it first found its special use in direct connection with military equipments, knightly exercises and the melée of actual battle, mediæval heraldry has also been styled Armoury. Men wore the ensigns of heraldry about their persons, embroidered upon the garments that partially covered their armour, and so they called them Coats-of-Arms; they bore these same ensigns on their shields and they called them Shields-of-Arms; and in their Armorial Banners and Pennons they again displayed the very same insignia, floating in the wind high above their heads, from the shafts of their lances" (Charles Boutell in "English Heraldry"). It is clear that mediæval nobility, having found themselves in the same position as early man, adopted his methods for securing identification, with the difference that instead of ornamenting their naked bodies with painted figures, they decorated their outer clothing and shields with badges.

In view of the fact that the use of personal badges was fairly universal in Europe about this time, it was quite possible that in opposing armies would be found knights wearing very similar badges, so that their general appearance was practically identical. Such a situation called for further measures to secure national identification at a glance, which was no doubt

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responsible for Richard II issuing the following Article of War in 1385 :—

> "Every man of what estate, condition or nation he may be, so that he be of our party, shall bear a large sign of the Arms of St. George before and another behind, upon peril that if he be hurt or slain in default thereof, he who shall hurt or slay him shall no penalty pay for it; and that no enemy shall bear the said sign of St. George whether he be a prisoner, or otherwise, upon pain of death."*

Richard was a young man of twenty at this time and the counties about London had recently been disturbed by Wat Tyler's rebellion. More serious than this, however, was the scheming of the young king's uncle, Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, who formed a party of the more important nobles to oppose him. This led to Civil War. It was, therefore, a matter of some importance to the king to know at a glance who was on his side, which this very plain Red Cross of St. George must have proclaimed.

The battle of Agincourt was fought on 25th October, 1415, St. Crispin's Day, and the following conversation between Henry V and Fluellen, as given in Shakespeare (King Henry V, iv., 7), shows that the Welshmen wore their leek badge at that famous victory as well as on a previous occasion :—

FLUELLEN : Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your Majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Black Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

KING HENRY : They did, Fluellen.

FLUELLEN : Your Majesty says very true. If your Majesties is remembered of it, the Welshman did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your Majesty know, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service; and I do believe your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

KING HENRY : I wear it for a memorable honour; for I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

* See page 210, Vol. V of the "Journal of the Society for Army Historical Research."

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The Wars of the Roses (1450-85) take their name from two Rose badges: the White Rose of York and the Red Rose of Lancaster, both of which are worn to-day by some of our regiments. Besides the rose uniform badges we are also familiar with the roses worn on Minden Day* by the "Minden" regiments in memory of the tradition that the British infantry regiments, on passing across Minden Heath to meet the French, plucked roses from the briars and stuck them in their hats and coats. The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers wear red and white roses in their hats, on their drums and colours on St. George's Day. In 1881 all English infantry regiments that had not a special badge were ordered to assume the Union Rose. This badge has gradually been discontinued as a result of these regiments being granted special badges.

In 1512 Henry VIII, in his orders to the Earl of Shrewsbury, directed: "And ye then to delyver for us in our name, to every of our subjects so retayned in your company, suche badges, tokyns or lyveres to were (wear), as by you shall be thought most convenient for the Same, which we will they shall were for the same purpose."† In 1544 "Bluff King Hal" issued another order which must have given his troops a comic opera appearance, while achieving the much-desired distinction. It runs—"Every man to provide a payer of hose for every of his men, the right hose to be red and the left to be blew, with one stripe of three fingers brode of red upon the outside of the leg from the stocke downwards."‡ This seems to be an early attempt at uniformity in dress, the absence of which led also to the wearing of coloured scarves, flowers, twigs of oak, etc., about the ordinary civilian clothes.

In 1540 Henry VIII had a very troubled time; a war with Scotland broke out in 1540 and lasted until the battle of Solway Moss in November, 1542, when Henry defeated the Scots so decisively that it ended the war. James V of Scotland, however, had allied himself to France so that Henry now had to con-

* The battle was fought on 1st August, 1759.

† Grose, "Military Antiquities," i, 324.

‡ Grose, "Military Antiquities," i, 325. This uniform appeared in the Field of the Cloth of Gold scenes at the Aldershot Tattoo of 1938.

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tend with a foe in the south. In 1544, however, Henry had to send a large English army to Scotland to subdue the Lowlands. This done he prepared an expedition against France. For this expedition "Statutes and Ordynances for the Warre" were framed. These are reproduced in the Journal of the Society for Army Historical Research (VII, 222), the forty-eighth Article of which reads as follows, and shows the persistence of the St. George's Cross as the National Badge—

> "For theym that beare not a bond
> or a crosse of sayncte George."

Also that every man goyng in hostyng or battayle, of what estate condition or nation he be, of the kynges partie and hoste, excepte he be a bysshop or officer of armys, beare a Crosse of saynt George, sufficient and large, vppon the peine that if he be wounded or slaine in the defaulte thereof, he that so woundeth or sleeth him, shall beare no payne therefore. And if he for any cause passe the bondes of the fielde, that then he beare openly a crosse of saint George, vpon peyne to be imprisoned and punyshed at the Kinges pleasure. And that no souldier beare no cognisance but the Kinges and his captaines, vpon paine of death. And that no ennemy beare the sayde signe of Saint George, but if he be prisoner and in warde of his maister, vpon payne of deathe."

The idea of Company Badges, which alone persists to-day in the Foot Guards, seems to have come into vogue about the beginning of the seventeenth century, for we find in "Animadversions of War" by Ward, published in 1639, in the chapter dealing with the "Office and Duty of a Colonel of a Regiment," that "hee ought to have all the Colours of his Regiment to be alike both in colour and in fashion to avoide confusion so that the soldiers may discerne their owne Regiment from the other troops, likewise, every particular Captain of his Regiment may have some small distinctions in their Colours, as their Armes, or some embleme, or the like so that one Company may be discerned from another." Herein we see a definite use of private badges (Armes) for regimental and company distinction.

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Regarding the wearing of scarves as distinguishing badges, Sir Charles Firth in his "Cromwell's Army," relates that at the battle of Edgehill during the Civil War, Sir Faithful Fortescue's troop in the Parliament forces deserted in a body to the King's army, but about seventeen or eighteen of them were killed by their new allies owing to their negligence of not throwing away their orange coloured scarves, which was the badge of the Parliament army. At the battle of Marston Moor Lord Fairfax of the Parliamentary force was surrounded by the Royalist cavalry but escaped from them by the simple expedient of removing the piece of white paper from his hat, which was the badge of the Parliamentarians on that occasion. When the New Model of the Commonwealth came into being in 1645 the whole of the army was clothed in scarlet coats, regiments being distinguished by the colour of their facings, which corresponded to their title, e.g., the Red Regiment wore red facings and the Blue Regiment wore blue facings. We find something of an echo of this system in the present day titles of a few regiments, such as The Blues, The Greys, The Buffs, and The Green Howards.

When Charles II established the Standing Army in 1661 he granted to each company of his Foot Guards one of his Royal Badges to be borne upon their colour. These badges are still borne in rotation on the Regimental Colours of each battalion, the change taking place at each new issue of colours.

According to Sir George Arthur* only the drummers and trumpeters of the Household Cavalry wore badges when they were established in 1661; they wore the Royal Cypher embroidered on the breast and back of their coats.

Roger Boyle, 1st Earl of Orrery, was a soldier of much experience during the period of the Civil War, Commonwealth, and the early years of the Restoration. Not long before he died he wrote "A Treatise of the Art of War" (1677) wherein he gives some space to the use of distinguishing badges between armies. In the chapter on "Battels" he says—"Before the fighting of a Battel, the *Field Mark*, and the *Field Word*, ought

* "The Story of the Household Cavalry," i, 40.

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still to be given to every one of your men; the first is, That you may be able to distinguish afar off, who are Friends and who are Enemies. . . In the hurry and confusion of a fight, private soldiers must have some very apparent *Field Mark* to enable them to distinguish Foes from Friends, else much mischief may too easily ensue.

And because such *Field Marks*, wherever you place them, are not still visible on all sides of the head or body of every one who wears them, the *Field Word* is also given; For it often happens that in a Battel, the *Field Mark* is by accident lost by many out of their helmets or hats, and then if they had not the *Field Word*, they might be killed by those of their own party who knew them not personally.

Besides, the *Field Mark*, of each army is seen by all of both armies before they engage, and the matter of it, being to be had in all places by private soldiers (as a green branch, a piece of Fern, or a handful of Grass, or a piece of white paper, etc.). If you rout your enemy, he may, while he is pursued, take off his own *Field Mark* put up yours in stead of it, and so escape, if not do you hurt; but the *Field Word* he cannot know, unless it be told him by some of your own men; and therefore the giving of both before the Battel must never be omitted.

I remember once when some forces I had the honour to command, obtained, by the Blessing of God, the victory against the enemy; an officer of mine, having killed an officer of the enemy, and finding he had a good beaver, he tyed his owne helmet to his saddle bow, and put on so hastily the dead man's beaver, as he forgot to take out of it the *green branch* which was their *Field Mark*, and to put on a *White Paper* which was our *Field Mark*, and following the execution with his sword all bloody, a Captain of Horse of my own regiment, taking him by his *Field Mark* for one of the enemy, and judging he had done no little slaughter by his sword being all gored to the hilt, undertook him in the pursuit, and turning about on him, before he could see his face, ran him through and through with his tuck, whereof he dyed in a few minutes."

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Another well-known writer on military matters in Charles II's time was Sir James Turner, who wrote his "Pallas Armata" in 1683. He shows how these distinguishing badges were not confined to hats (cap badges) but were also worn on the coats. He writes, in regard to preparing for battle—"All these things being done, the *Word* and the *Sign* should be given, and these are quickly carried through the army by the Major-Generals and the Adjutants. At such a time the *Word* is ordinarily a sentence (for Souldiers are no Grammarians) as, God with us, For God and the King, Our Trust is in God, and Vivat such a Prince, and the like. The *Sign* may be a handkerchief on the hat, or a piece of Linnen on the right or left arm, a twig of birch, an Elme, an Oak, or a Sycamore, or it may be a Fur, or what else the Prince or his General pleaseth."

Boughs, or twigs, in the hat seem to have been a favourite badge among English troops and an incident during the War of the Spanish Succession, which occurred in Spain in 1707, lends colour to this view. Captain George Carleton, in his "Wars against France," records that—"About eight leagues from Cuenca, at a pretty town called Huette, a party from the Duke of Berwick's, with boughs in their hats, the better to appear what they were not (for the bough in the hat is the Badge of the English, as the White Paper is the Badge of the French)."

The British carried the idea to India where, at the battle of Wandewash (22nd January, 1760), Coote ordered—"The whole army as well European as black, are to have a green branch of the Tamarind tree, fixed in their hats and turbans; likewise upon the tops of the Colours, in order to distinguish them from the enemy."

Perhaps what is the earliest Army List to be printed after the Restoration is Nathan Brooks' "General and Compleat List Military . . . As Establish't at the time of the review upon Putney Heath, the First of October, 1684." From this list we obtain the description of badges borne upon the Standards, Guidons and Colours of the regiments as they were a few months before the death of Charles II. The cavalry regiments mentioned in the List are the Household Cavalry and The Royal

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Dragoons, whose badges will be noted later under their respective headings.

Charles II died in February, 1685, and was succeeded by his brother James, Duke of York, as James II. The new king's coronation took place on St. George's Day, 23rd April, 1685, of which Sandford, the Herald, wrote a detailed account. From this we gather that the three Troops of Life Guards were distinguished by the colour of the "large knots of riband" in their hats and on the heads of their horses; blew for the King's or First Troop, green for the Second Troop and yellow for the Third Troop. During James's reign the use of private armorial bearings by Colonels of Regiments grew apace but it seems that they did no more than put them on the Standards, etc., of their regiments. In the Royal Library at Windsor Castle there is a set of paintings of Standards, etc., of this period, clearly showing the Colonels' badges borne upon them. And so this practice continued until George II put a stop to it by Royal Warrant dated 1st July, 1751.*

A very fine relic of the period under consideration is the standard of Ligonier's Horse, carried at the battle of Dettingen in 1743, which now hangs in the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution. Although it must be about two hundred years old, one can still see General Sir John (later Field-Marshal Lord) Ligonier's coat-of-arms upon it. For many years the 7th Dragoon Guards, formerly Ligonier's, wore his crest as a uniform badge.

The Royal Warrant of 1751 created a parting of the ways in the matter of regimental badges, as shown by its opening paragraph—"No Colonel to put his Arms, Crest, Device or Livery on any part of the Appointments of the Regiment under his command." This referred mainly to badges on Standards, etc., because uniform badges were hardly known at that time. Regimental distinction was attained by the use of different coloured facings, plus the use of lace sewn on to the facings.

*A Royal Warrant is said to have been published in 1743 giving the substance of the 1751 Warrant but it has never been traced. In the Royal Library at Windsor Castle there is a copy of Regulations dated 1747, which appear to be the basis of the 1751 Warrant.

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Cavalry Regimental Distinctions under the 1751 Royal Warrant.

This warrant was the first attempt at systematizing uniforms and it contained precise rules for Cavalry and Infantry. At that time Cavalry of the Line was divided into Horse, Dragoon Guards and Dragoons and so that each could be identified at a glance, it was laid down in the warrant as follows:—

Horse—Coats to be lapelled to the bottom with the colour of the regiment and lined with the same colour (except the 4th Regiment of Horse,* whose facings are black, and the lining buff colour), small square Cuffs of the colour of the lapel.

Dragoon Guards—Coats to be lapelled to the waist with the colour of the Regiment and lined with the same colour, slit sleeves, turned up with the colour of the lapel.

Dragoons—Coats to be without lapels, double-breasted, slit sleeves, turned up with the colour of the Regiment, the lining of the same colour.

Accompanying the Royal Warrant is a table called "General view of the differences and distinctions" of the various regiments and it is in this that we find how regimental distinction was achieved. No doubt the colour of the facings assisted but as more than one Regiment wore a shade of the same colour,† some other means had to be adopted to ensure differentiation between regiments. The lace on the coats of the drummers and trumpeters helped to some extent, for the arrangement of the stripes thereon was different in most cases. What, however, was different in each regiment was the badge or device on the housings, holster caps and second and third standard or guidon.

So far no clothing badges had been approved for general use.

* In 1788 became 7th Dragoon Guards—"The Black Horse."
† The 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 5th Dragoons wore some shade of blue.

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Royal Warrant of 1768.

The next Royal Warrant in regard to Clothing was published on 19th December, 1768, and in this we see some progress towards the general adoption of a badge or device on the clothing, with a view to assisting regimental identification. Here are two of the items:—

1. The number of each regiment to be on the buttons of the uniforms of officers and men, except in the three regiments of Dragoon Guards, who will wear the initial letters of their corps instead.*

2. The rank of the regiment to be embroidered on the housings, upon a red ground, within a wreath of roses and thistles,† or the particular badge of the regiment as on the second guidon or standard.

As in 1751 a "General View" accompanies the warrant and gives the details of the colour of facings, lace, etc., as worn by each regiment, all of which will be particularly noted later when dealing with each regiment. There are, however, two items of general interest in this General View: the first is the grant of the battle honour "Emsdorff" to the 15th, or King's Light Dragoons, in commemoration of the battle fought on 16th July, 1760. This is the earliest grant of a battle honour to the British Army in the form of the name of the engagement.‡ The second feature is the grant of the now famous badge "Death's Head" with "or Glory" to the 17th Regiment of Light Dragoons. Both grants may have been made earlier than 1768 or they may have been assumed earlier, and their appearance in the warrant was merely regularising them officially.

Regulations of 1844.

The next general regulations relating particularly to regimental clothing badges are those of 1844, and still there are a number of regiments without them, which indicates that

* At this date there were Horse, Dragoon Guards, Dragoons and Light Dragoons, and no doubt this exception was made to avoid confusion between "—— D.G." and "—— L.D."

† Ireland did not join the Union until 1800, hence the absence of the Shamrock.

‡ For further details see p. 584 of the "Cavalry Journal" for October, 1938.

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the practice had not become general at that time nor was it to become until very much later.

Badges as Rewards for Service.

The practice of the Sovereign granting badges to noblemen as augmentations to their arms, is very old. One such grant was made by Henry VIII to the Earl of Surrey (later 2nd Duke of Norfolk) to commemorate his victory over the Scots on Flodden Field on 9th September, 1513. The Earl commanded the English forces. The grant took the form of a demi-lion rampant, pierced through the mouth with an arrow. A more recent grant is that made to the Duke of Wellington for his illustrious services, the grant in this case taking the form of the Union Badge.

A grant of some interest to cavalrymen is that made to Major-General John Byng, First Earl of Strafford. Byng was one of Wellington's brigadiers and during the fighting near Bayonne on 13th December, 1813, at a place called Vieux Mouguerre he distinguished himself at a critical moment by seizing the colour of the 31st Foot (now 1st Battalion The East Surrey Regiment) and rushing forward with it to the summit of a position which General Hill desired to seize before the French occupied it, and placing it thereon. He thus led his brigade in person and achieved the object which Hill desired. For this gallant act Byng was granted an augmentation to his arms in the form of a badge consisting of a representation of the colour of the 31st Regiment. One of his crests is a mural crown, out of which is issuing an arm grasping a colour of the 31st Regiment, with the word "Mouguerre" on a scroll.

The late Field-Marshal Lord Byng was a grandson of the above-mentioned general and of course, bore his arms. Thus a distinguished cavalry commander bore as a badge an infantry colour in his personal arms. (*Vide* Burke's Peerage.)

The military counterpart of these augmentations are the badges granted to regiments for distinguished service in the field. The earliest grant of a badge in this category was the lion of Nassau, a badge of William III, who granted it to the

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Regiment of Ireland—later The Royal Irish Regiment—for its gallant conduct at the siege of Namur in 1695. The next badge to be granted was the Sphinx, to commemorate our victory over the French in Egypt in 1801. A unique feature connected with this badge is that it is worn by The Gloucestershire Regiment at the back of the headdress as well as at the front, in recognition of their exploit of fighting back to back at the battle of Alexandria. In this category come the Eagles worn by The Royal Dragoons and The Royal Scots Greys and the Elephant of the 19th Hussars.

(*To be continued.*)

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"SOME MORE THOUGHTS ON MECHANIZATION."

By VESNULRET.

IN "Some Thoughts on Mechanization" published in the October issue of THE CAVALRY JOURNAL, "Tabmow" expresses the view that the light tank is neither a good reconnaissance vehicle nor one which is suitable for minor tactical roles, and that "the squadrons of brigaded regiments will find themselves short of finding-power."

So far, at least, as concerns these squadrons—by which we take it "Tabmow" means the squadrons of the Mobile Division—the view cannot be substantiated by practical experience.

The tasks of the regiments and squadrons of the Mobile Division (as at present organized) are primarily concerned with the enemy's armoured forces, and for these tasks our armoured fighting vehicles are by no means unsuitable.

While we do not claim that the present "mark" of light tank meets the ideal, practical experience does show that in the hands of the well-trained commander and crew the vehicle can and does develop characteristics which compare very favourably with those of the corresponding class of vehicle in other armies. Opinions to the contrary are sometimes expressed, which may be explained by, firstly, the typically British characteristic of crying down our own wares and secondly the fact that at the moment regiments are short of experienced commanders and crews. There is no reason whatever to suppose that in a short time cavalry as a whole will not have attained their former standard of mastery over their "mounts" and weapons or that—broadly speaking—the light tank driven by cavalrymen will not be able to cross—or alternatively rapidly

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to manœuvre round—the ground which, in war, a troop in marching-order, mounted on troop-horses, could cross. The light tank still has defects, many of which are in process of elimination, but it also has admirable characteristics which fit it for the types of reconnaisance and minor tactical action demanded of it by its role in the Mobile Division. It is well protected by armour; it has speed, long circuit of action, and a good "manœuvrability"; it affords a good platform for observation by an observer who at the most only exposes a head-and-shoulder target; it can open a "spray" of automatic fire instantaneously and in any direction when it is moving or halted; last, but not least, its commander is in continuous communication by wireless telephony with his fellows and with his squadron leader.*

Each of "the squadrons of brigaded regiments" can dispose, in its reconnaissance task, five troops, each troop consisting of three light tanks, each light tank a "sub-unit" which can manœuvre widely at speed in close co-operation with its fellows, can re-concentrate with them at a moment's notice and is free from the necessity for halting to receive instructions or to send back information.

The scope of such a squadron acting as a reconnoitring-detachment whose task, distinct from that of the divisional regiment, does not entail close, detailed reconnaissance, is very great; even the small amount of practical experience which we have had up to date has shown clearly that in general these squadrons have *not* found themselves short of finding-power in their proper role.

The importance of minor tactics to those squadrons—that is the tactics of the troop leader and of the commander of the individual tank—is greater than ever to-day. The wide dispersion of detachments and patrols on reconnoitring tasks, the speed at which they and their potential opponents move, and the susceptibility of the armoured fighting vehicle to ground, make it more than ever necessary for the junior commander to have an

* This is not true of *all* light tanks at the moment, but will shortly be so.

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"eye for country," quick decision, and above all a sound knowledge of tactical principles.

"Tabmow" asks "how will a mechanized unit cope with that most unpleasant job of the Advanced point" which, he goes on to state, did not seem in the Great War to result in excessive casualties because the advanced point presented to "a rather excited enemy" two or three moving targets which decamped at speed, counting on their horses for willing co-operation.

The armoured advanced point of to-day seems to be even less likely than its forbear to suffer excessive casualties. It has armour, speed and the ability to engage "a rather excited enemy" with a fierce spray of automatic fire which, though not necessarily of the first order of accuracy, will certainly do nothing to lessen the excitement of a firer who is trying to hit a not-very-large, fast-moving and well-armoured vehicle in a vital spot. There is a tendency to weight the scales of judgment in favour of the anti-tank small arms weapon and to credit its user as the possessor of an almost superhuman coolness and marksmanship.

In point of fact, while it would be absurd to claim that the moving light tank is likely to be entirely immune from the fire of a stationary anti-tank gun, the individual light tank, with its armour-protected observer and crew, has characteristics which enable its commander to manœuvre at speed "to draw fire and disclose a trap prematurely" with considerable confidence that he will not suffer "excessive casualties"; but in making best use of these characteristics all the old qualities of leadership are as essential to-day as they were formerly.

The use of a single light tank as an advanced point does not really offend against the principle that "the nearest unit to the enemy must not be a single man." This principle would appear to have been evolved from the fact that the single man cannot send back information without breaking contact with the enemy he is watching. The crew of the single light tank, on the other hand, are in continuous communication by wireless with their troop leader and are "listening in" to the reports of other

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patrols; they are also ready to open fire from an armoured "O.P." with no more delay than is incurred in taking aim. In these conditions, the light tank is not "single" in the sense that it is isolated tactically or from the point of view of intercommunication.

In the past days—in which we cavalrymen could justly pride ourselves—our success and comparative immunity from heavy casualties in minor tactical operations were largely due to the sense of moral ascendency which was bred by our confidence and skill in the use of our weapons and of our horses. That moral ascendency is being reproduced to-day: our men are the same breed as in 1914, and they are applying themselves with all the old enthusiasm to their new tasks. Our training is not yet perfect, but it is rapidly improving. With that improvement is coming the confidence in our equipment (now as good as, if not better than, any in the world) which is the only thing at present needed to complete the spirit of the new cavalry.

"Mechanising the cavalry's all very fine, but the War Office don't seem to realise that tanks are practically useless for stud purposes."

By courtesy of "The Daily Express."

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FROM SUNSET TO SUNRISE.

By Charles Trehane.

Sunset.

An inexorable sun ending its day's journey across the hard blue sky was slowly sinking from view behind the trees that edged a polo ground on the North-west Frontier of India. We watched it go from the comfort of a deck chair while quenching a thirst occasioned by having played several chukkers, and the tinkle of ice against glass suitably saluted its departure.

Polo had finished for the day and as the sun's slanting shadows gradually disappeared the ponies, each with its attendant syce, were led across the ground back to their several stables. Amongst the many one's eyes not unnaturally roved to one's own little group. There they were, following the orderly: "Red Biddy," a c-b mare, who would have been the best pony we had ever played except for that occasional maddening refusal to ride off; "Vermouth" up to a packet of weight, and handy as could be, but just a trifle slow; the young Waler, now just beginning to play in fast chukkers after many months of slow, still a bit excitable but promising to be a real fizzer; and old "Biscuit," who had more than once been pulled out for a third chukker in a tournament and was still as good as any despite his twelve years.

Away they went, rugged up and bandaged, and with them as usual went "Zip," our bull-terrier, padding along at their heels; "Zip" their pal who accompanied them whenever they went out for exercise and appeared to enjoy their company no less than that of his master. In parenthesis, it may be noted that the term "bull-terrier" in his case was something of a euphenism—appearances suggested that at least one of his

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ancestors had been somewhat promiscuous and anti-Nazi with regard to restrictions in connection with the maintenance of racial purity—but he was a nice dog so we can leave it at that.

Then, as the short-lived twilight was beginning to give place to dusk, we too departed and with several others strolled across the ground to pay our usual evening visit to the club. That particular club was just like most clubs in the cantonments on the North-west Frontier—a long bungalow building in pleasant grounds with trees and lawns and tennis courts adjoining—and as usual at that time of the evening it was crowded. A babel of chatter rose up from the verandah and behind it we could hear the band of one of the Infantry Regiments which struck up a dance tune just as we arrived. As we walked up the steps someone suggested bridge and someone else murmured something about oysters, but at that moment our interest was attracted elsewhere. The subject of it was seated at the far end of the verandah and as a rapid preliminary reconnaissance suggested that the occasion was auspicious we marshalled the forces and advanced. Unfortunately we were beaten a couple of lengths by someone with a like intention.

We appeared to be late, we said, but were hoping for a dance.

"I'd love to . . . what about the third after this?"

So we had to resign ourselves, the resignation consisting of accepting the now vacant chair beside the General's wife and making polite conversation—conversation with our General's wife always being polite, she being that sort of woman.

However, the time passed and "the third after this" duly occurred. That passed quickly. Indeed it passed too quickly but it gave an opportunity to arrange a ride on the following afternoon and with that accomplished we departed towards the bar in search of oysters.

On the way we were buttonholed by Rawlins our Adjutant. He explained he was dining out so would not be seeing us in mess.

"And I've just had a word with Cartwright. A gang was reported approaching the border last night with the supposed

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intention of raiding in our district. Nothing more definite than that but I thought I'd better give you the tip."

H'm . . . possible alarms and excursions. And we—our Major being away—were temporarily in command of "B" Squadron. And "B" was Emergency Squadron for the week.

But the information did not appear to amount to much. Cartwright, the D.C., was a sound fellow himself but past experiences had led most of us to the conclusion that the imagination of his Intelligence Department was over lively. In fact in that particular station hardly a week passed without some gang or raiding party being reported somewhere or other, and usually nothing more happened. But of course sometimes something did. We registered a mental note that perhaps it would be as well to get to bed early rather than late and left it at that.

Oysters and black beer, some conversation on this and the other, and then back to the bungalow to be boisterously greeted by "Zip" who had just had his dinner and was feeling good. Then a stroll round the stables.

The ponies, fed and watered and comfortably settled for the night with plenty of good bedding, were munching away contentedly. Lumps of *ghur* sugar were duly appreciated, particularly by "Rufus," first charger, whose chestnut muzzle nuzzled with such insistance that he undeservedly obtained two, and the orderly asured us that saddlery was packed and everything ready in case we had to go out that night. So back again to the bungalow, to see regimental orders and send our own to the Squadron for the next morning's parade, and then a quick change and a walk along the road to the Mess.

After dinner, bridge. The C.O. happened to be dining in with us that night and as was usual on such occasions a minor tactical exercise was conducted in the bridge-room by those who appreciated the situation. The general idea was to play bridge, and the special idea was to be included in a four that did not include the Colonel. Our C.O. was a remarkably dashing bidder and though we all liked him a lot some of us felt that bridge with him as partner represented an expense that was unnecessary! He played his hands well but his calling was un-

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fathomable. Rawlins always maintained that he used a seniority system of his own in which, irrespective of the cards dealt, the appropriate bid for a fellow with one star was "One", for two stars "Two", and so on. Thus a star and a crown equalled, roughly, a small slam, and supplied the only understandable reason why the Colonel so frequently bid it!

On the way to the bridge-room we were stopped by young Palmer, with a rather intense and eager look on his face. He had only lately joined and was also a member of "B" Squadron.

"I say—is it true that the Emergency Squadron may have to go out tonight?"

We told him that there were certainly rumours but that if past experience went for anything they meant a possibility of it rather than a probability. Full of enthusiasm and hope he departed for the billiard-room.

But the delay resulted in our not being able to take part in the bridge-room tactics so we had the mixed but not unexpected pleasure of completing a table that included the Colonel. Three rubbers were played, in two of which we cut with the C.O. as partner. In the first of these we won the rubber but lost on points; in the second we failed to make our contract about five times, were once four down doubled vulnerable, and were finally sunk because, as the Colonel said, one could not keep the flag flying for ever when one was not getting the cards.

We remembered our good resolution and retired early to bed.

* * * * *

The rays of a hurricane lamp shining in my eyes woke me up. A tousled figure in grey flannel bags with a great-coat over a pyjama jacket was standing beside me.

"'Fraid you're for it, old thing," murmured Rawlins voice.

I sat up and rubbed my eyes. The Emergency Squadron . . . alarms and excursions.

"Will you call my bearer?" I said, and, leaping out of bed, hurried into the bathroom and pushed a sleepy face into a basin of cold water.

Rawlins had already sent word to the lines, and to Bently and Palmer, and as I dressed he told me what it was all about.

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The village of Zakka Khel, some twelve miles away, had been raided, and, though the inhabitants had apparently put up a fight, the raiders had succeeded in capturing and carrying off two Hindu *bunias.** A villager had galloped to a police post with the news and the police had telephoned Brigade.

We spread out a map on the table and studied it. The Intelligence people, Rawlins told me, thought the gang to be a certain Mahsud one led by Badshah Gul (an outlaw whose many exploits were notorious at that time) and that it might try to get back via the Turi Pass.

"Your orders are to proceed to Zakka Khel as quickly as possible and act as you think fit on the information you get from there. The police post is being informed and told to co-operate. They are to send a detachment to the Pass and Thompson is already on his way out."

I strapped on the paraphernalia of war and loaded my revolver. "Oh, by the way—I had a date for a ride this afternoon . . . . will you send her a note for me.?"

Rawlins promised he would and we went out on to the verandah.

There was "Rufus," looking massive and rather ominous in the dim light of a hurricane lamp that cast grotesque shadows of him on the surrounding trees, champing his bit and pawing the ground to show his resentment at being disturbed from sleep. He did not succeed in nipping the seat of my breeches when I put a foot in the stirrup—a pleasantry he usually tried when irritated—and, with a "Good luck!" from Rawlins and a whimper from "Zip," I mounted and was soon clip-clopping away down the road to the barracks.

The parade ground in front of the Squadron lines where I dismounted was full of hustle. Spots of flickering light stabbed the darkness as men carrying hurricane lamps moved about among the horses and in and out of the barrack rooms; shadowy forms hurried past carrying saddles on their heads; someone trotted by leading an ammunition pack-horse, swerving hurriedly to avoid a figure staggering along with a bundle of

* *bunia*=Trader and Money-lender.

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rifles; two men were filling water bottles from a tap, their lamp on the ground throwing caricature shadows of them on the barrack-room wall. Forms moving everywhere; forms which, save for an occasional warning—"*Khabbadar!*" or a muttered "*Hut!*" to a wilful horse, worked in silence.

Bently had already arrived and he and I and the Woordie-Major stood together talking. Bently was only six months my junior and like myself had had a good deal of experience of Frontier minor war and raider chasing; his chief characteristics were a remarkable sartorial immaculateness on any and every occasion and an enviable cool-headedness when bullets were flying about. As we were talking Palmer rode up, fervently hoping he was not late, a little flustered and very earnest.

The dark shapeless mass that had collected on the parade ground was now dissolving itself into smaller masses as the Indian officers formed up their troops, and in a short while came the "All present and correct" report.

My whistle—"Mount!"

A rattle of accoutrements, a shuffling of feet, some muttered exclamations to sidling horses, and a hundred or so men heaved themselves into saddles and stuffed rifles into rifle-buckets.

"Half-Sections right. Walk march!"

And so we filed out on to the dim road and wound our way through cantonments, disturbing the night's stillness with the echoes of our horses' hoofs on the metalled roads. Here and there a sleeper stirred, some natives lying on charpoys in the open uncovered their heads and sat up to gape as we passed, a dog howled and was answered by another . . . and then the cantonment was left behind and we were away into the starry night.

Though a long night march can be a dreary affair at times, I always felt there was something rather stirring about a squadron moving purposefully along in the dark on the Frontier; when, even at the trot, the horses' hoofs are making hardly any noise in the dust at the sides of the road and save for the chink of bits and occasional rattle of a mess tin against a rifle bucket there is only muffled sound, there seems to be an atmosphere of sinister stealthiness that quickens the imagin-

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ation. In that part of the world, where there is always the possibility of meeting with unpleasant surprise, one had to expect the unexpected, so even the outcropping rock or group of bushes or funny shaped tree that loomed up out of the darkness as one rode along were apt to be only prosaic after they had declared themselves.

For the first part of the march Bently was at the rear of the Squadron and Palmer rode in front with me. And Palmer was excitedly voluble; he showed what some might consider a commendable thirst for knowledge and asked me endless questions about what possibly might, or on the other hand might not, happen. I am all against chatter before breakfast and as I was feeling definitely unconversational I am afraid my answers became curter with each succeeding query. But he did not seem to notice that, when he had exhausted the mundane subject of our possible tactics in all eventualities he turned his attention to the heavens and started to wonder about the stars. At the next halt it was not entirely to give Bently a respite from riding in a cloud of dust that I told Palmer to relieve him!

"He was beginning to fray my nerve ends, John," I remarked as we rode on again.

Bently rubbed some grit out of his eye. "Well, he'll certainly have to keep his mouth shut back there!"

We rode on mostly in silence. What Bently was thinking about I do not know—perhaps, after all that dust, of iced beer—but my own thoughts, as they often did on long marches, wandered off to the contrast of home; to a certain pleasant garden with a sloping lawn, sweet with the odour of fresh mown grass; to the Devon hillside opposite, richly red with its patches of lately ploughed earth; to a winter Piccadilly with all its bustle and flickering lights and pavements shining wet. How true it is—"What do they know of England who only England know?"

But, after a little while, wandering thoughts were brought back to the work in hand. The sky was getting faintly lighter with the coming of the false dawn, the stars seeming to recede, and the jagged outlines of the hills were beginning to show dimly

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as dark masses against the lesser dark of the sky. I calculated that now we could not be far from Zakka Khel and, sure enough, a few minutes later, we discerned the shadowy mass of a big mud-built village away to our right. We turned off the road towards it to be greeted by a babel of barking from the village dogs.

I halted the Squadron, gave the order to off-saddle and give backs a rub, and rode forward with Bently and two of the Indian officers.

We were met at the entrance to the village by a small crowd led by the village headman, an old man with a long beard dyed red with henna; he greeted us solemnly and led us down a narrow street in which two burnt houses still smouldered to an open space in the centre of the village, where most of the population seemed to be collected, from old men who salaamed to us gravely to little naked children who stared at us frightened and wide-eyed. In the centre of the place was a broad mud platform about two feet high. On it three corpses were laid out—one mutilated. Whether the display had been arranged particularly for us, to underline our failure to protect them, I do not know, but the headman led me up to the platform and pointed—

"Sahib, our dead."

I turned away. The stomach rebels easily in the small hours!

"How many raiders were there?" I asked.

"Your Honour, there were many."

"How many—a hundred?"

"Perhaps."

"Fifty?"

"Perhaps."

"Ten?"

"Aye, many times ten."

I made a mental note of a dozen or so.

"And they took off two bunias?"

The old man nodded his head slowly. "It would appear so, your honour; they are not now with us."

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He did not seem to be much concerned at the fate of the bunias; possibly he owed them a good deal of money and was inclined to look upon their disappearance as a manifestation of the mercy of Allah.

"And how long is it since the raiders left?"

"One hour, perhaps."

Obviously that could not be right. "Or three, or four," I suggested.

He shrugged his shoulders. He was not used to measuring time with exactness, he declared, and appealed to some of the men standing round. But this was not helpful; it loosened all their tongues at once and some of them started arguing with him and some addressing me. I could only understand about a quarter they said, and, as far as I could gather, each was merely describing the heroic part he himself had played in the night's affair embellished with vivid and irrelevant detail and a romantic disregard for fact.

I turned to Bently, "'Fraid this isn't getting us very far, John, we'd better leave it to the I.O.'s and clear out."

"Yes, they'll probably get on quicker without us. And I'm hating these smells."

So was I; I certainly had no desire to stay in that village a moment longer than was necessary. The odours of I know not what, the aroma of smouldering wood, the sight of the corpses, and the incessant wailing of women that was going on in some of the huts, all definitely suggested departure. So leaving the Indian officers, both of whom spoke the local Pushtu dialect fluently, to collect all the useful information they could, and telling the headman we should probably want a couple of men who knew the country to the north to act as guides, we went back to the Squadron.

We found Palmer was taking the opportunity to have a snack of food, but the corpses and smells in the village had produced a particularly unhungry effect upon our stomachs and when, with the best of intentions he offered us a packet of meat sandwiches, Bently murmured—"Anything but flesh!" and I

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shuddered. The most we could manage was a nibble of dry biscuit and a bit of chocolate.

While we were eating, the two Indian officers returned from the village. The information they had collected amounted to this; at least two members of the gang were Mahsuds; during the fight at least one raider had been wounded; the gang had retired in a north-easterly direction taking two *bunias*, a couple of donkeys, some bags of grain and other loot; and they had left between two and four hours previously.

Bently and I and the senior I.O. immediately held a pow-wow. Our conclusions were: (a) that the gang was almost certainly the Mahsud one led by Badshah Gul mentioned by Intelligence, (b) that having the *bunias* to take care of, donkeys loaded with loot to drive, and own wounded to look after, they were more likely to keep together and not split up as gangs often did, (c) that they were making for the Turi Pass, and (d) that though they had a considerable start of us their captures would slow their rate of march and they might be held up by bumping into the police detachment. Last but not least there was the possibility of getting Badshah Gul who was about the most notorious outlaw on the Frontier at the time. I decided to go after them.

The news spreading through the Squadron acted like a tonic. The long dusty march had been a tedious business for the men and they were not feeling over enthusiastic, but now there was the chance of a scrap. Off we went.

Bently was detailed to take on a small advance guard with the two villagers mounted on tats acting as guides, and the Squadron followed, once more hurrying along through the night. It may have been imagination or the reflex of one's own feelings but the atmosphere in the Squadron seemed to be very different now; one sensed a liveliness in it that had not been there before. Whether we were again setting off on one of those wild goose chases that we had experienced so often or whether this time we were really in for something the next few hours would show. Myself, I felt the odds were about fifty-fifty. Palmer, on the

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other hand, was enthusiastically sure we were in for a fight. As it turned out he was right.

We pushed on as fast as conditions allowed, for whatever chance there was of overtaking the gang it was obviously a poor one unless we hurried. For the first few miles we trotted along what might optimistically be termed a road but we soon left this and cut across the open country straight towards the hills. Soon after, led by the guides, we scrambled down a high steeply sloping bank into a nullah and proceeded for a considerable distance along a dry river bed. This gave us a very uncomfortable ride; shingle and large boulders alternated with sand that had jagged bits of rock sticking up out of it, and as we were down in a nullah it was even darker than before. Two horses came down and though neither rider was seriously hurt, one fellow cut his head rather nastily so we were thankful when, after a while, we scrambled up another bank out of the nullah on to higher ground.

On and on, cantering across an open plateau, trotting over stones, dismounting to lead in single file up a steep goat track that wound in and out of big hillside boulders and surmounted a ridge, and then on at the trot again.

It was now beginning to get decidedly lighter, the stars were fast disappearing and the sky was greying with the dawn of another day; all around the hill-tops stood out in clear cut silhouette against the pale sky and one could see a considerable distance ahead. The light was very welcome to us but it had this disadvantage; a raider looking back from some ridge in front would now be able to see us, so having no desire to be ambushed we slowed up a little to let Bently with the advance guard make good the next commanding position and then proceeded as far as was practicable "by bounds."

We had not been going on in this manner for long when suddenly the advance guard signalled to us to halt. I pulled out my glasses and in the distance spotted a couple of men on ponies coming towards us just before they disappeared from sight behind the ridge in front. We waited expectantly. Before very long Bently came cantering back bringing with him the

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two men, who turned out to be sowars of the Frontier Constabulary with a message from Thompson.

I tore open the envelope and read—

O.C. Emergency Squadron.

Am engaging raiders aaa Bunias and loot recovered aaa Have partly surrounded gang in cave aaa Require assistance.

Thompson, Comdg. Frontier Constabulary.

As can be imagined we did not dawdle then. The going before us was very much the same as what we had left behind—the kind that one prefers to take at the walk, in terms of the Shires more or less "unrideable"—but it is remarkable what horses that are used to it can tackle, how sure footed practice and necessity can make them, and so we moved. It is not suggested that we did a sort of "National" time, and probably the proverbial cat being chased by the asbestos dog through hell could have given us a few lengths, but we certainly did proceed with all possible expedition.

Very soon we heard firing; desultory shots, then bursts of rapid fire, then more desultory shots. On we clattered, over a ridge, down into a broad valley and then along this keeping close in beside the foot of the range of hills that edged it. A little later we came upon some wounded men of the Frontier Constabulary collected behind the shoulder of a hill that jutted out into the valley, and here we halted.

As I dismounted Thompson came hurrying up.

"I think we've got 'em this time," he announced excitedly. "My men struck the gang some miles back and engaged them in a running fight as far as here. Pressed 'em so hard they let the *bunias* go and we've also captured a couple of donkeys loaded with loot and stuff."

I congratulated him. "And what's the situation now?"

He started to explain but cut himself short. "If we go up to the top of that ridge," he said pointing, "I can show you."

So we clambered up the ridge and very cautiously peered over the top. About three hundred yards in front a sheer wall of

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cliff faced us, the intervening ground being broken and dotted with boulders.

"See that sort of cave at the foot of the cliff, about half-right, with a breastwork of stones in front of it? That's where most of 'em are."

I took out my glasses and had a careful look. The place was hardly a cave, just a deep irregular indentation in the face of the cliff, but it afforded cover from both sides and was well protected from in front by a loose wall of stones and boulders built in a semi-circle.

Thompson went on—"The majority are in the cave but there are a few more—three I think—on the top of that far hill," he pointed away to the right, "and they've been making it devilish awkward for us."

At that moment, as if to give point to his words, a bullet pinged over our heads, kicked up a spurt of dust uncomfortably close and ricocheted away with a whine.

"That's been going on all the time, and as I've so few men and have been expecting the main gang to break out every moment I haven't been able to do anything about it. But now," he turned to me with a relieved smile, "we shall be able to tackle 'em properly."

We proceeded to tackle them. First I sent off a party under Bently to deal with the snipers on the hill. They had to do a lot of climbing and they did not manage to capture any of the men—there was little chance of that anyway—but they succeeded in driving them off at a cost of one sowar slightly wounded and we soon had no more trouble from that direction.

Meanwhile we gave the main body of the gang as hot a time as we could, keeping up a steady fire on their position with a troop and a couple of Hotchkiss guns.

I then sent Palmer with a small detachment to try and climb up on to the top of the cliff from the rear with orders to collect bundles of scrub and brushwood, set them alight, and drop them down on to the raiders position from above; the idea being to smoke them out.

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While we lay waiting for this detachment to gain its objective Thompson gave me some more details of what had previously occurred. It appeared that when the main part of the gang, probably keeping together because some were wounded, had reached this spot they had been fired on by some of Thompson's men who had managed to outflank the raiders who were acting as rearguard to the main body. The men had reported that as a result of their fire one raider had dropped, and the rest, carrying him with them, had run to the cover they now occupied. The rearguard party had then sheered off and taken up the position on the hill-top to the flank.

It seemed to me a little surprising that the main part of the gang—even allowing for the fact that they were hampered by wounded—should have occupied such a bad tactical position, and I remarked on it to Thompson.

"It is a bit strange," he said. "But coming under fire when they arrived here must have been an unpleasant surprise for them, and I'm wondering whether the one who was hit wasn't perhaps Badshah Gul himself. It would be natural to lug whoever it was to the nearest cover and if it was Badshah Gul the rest would be likely to keep with him, for the moment anyway. Since then they haven't had much chance to do otherwise."

I agreed that might explain it. If it was true and meant that Badshah Gul was not with the men on the hill-top, but that we had got him cornered in the cave, it was a devoutly to be hoped for contingency.

But our theorising was cut short by the appearance of figures on the cliff top and very soon we were watching bundles of flaming scrub being pushed over the edge. This manœuvre, however, was only partly successful. Under cover of the smoke and the distraction it created, troops were enabled to advance closer to the position, but the raiders were not forced to come out; during a lull they were shouted at to surrender but they only shouted back curses. So more bundles were dropped over and whenever, which was seldom, one did drop inside the semi-circle of stones it produced, as I could clearly see with my glasses,

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some movement inside and our heavy fire must have caused casualties. We continued with this plan for some time and then a halt was called and the raiders were again shouted at to surrender. There was now no reply; no answering shots and no curses—silence.

One hoped that they were at last all accounted for.

The next phase was an advance on both flanks by a troop from the right and a section of Frontier Constabulary from the left. And while we kept up a steady covering fire from all round, the men crept forward with their hand-grenades ready.

It was at this point that the excitement of a young *naik* of the Frontier Constabulary became too much for him. He suddenly leapt up from behind a boulder and, oblivious of our covering fire and everything else, dashed across the open towards the raiders' position. Everyone immediately ceased fire and there was a sudden silence as we watched him rush up to the barricade. It was a brave but foolish act and it claimed its penalty. As he was climbing over he was shot at point-blank range; his body crumpled up and lay flopped over the wall.

They were not all accounted for.

We could, of course, have rushed the position there and then, but there was no sense in risking casualties unnecessarily so I signalled the flanking parties to halt and gave the position one more straffe. Men were sent to every possible vantage point, took careful sighting shots from all the new positions to get the exact range, and then, with the Hotchkiss guns and every available rifle, we poured in two minutes of rapid concentrated hate. The noise was terrific. Every shot produced a dozen echoes and the valley was filled with a continuous pandemonium of sound—explosions and echoes and the echoes of echoes. The raiders' position became obliterated in a cloud of dust and sand kicked up by bullets; the sand spurted up all round it and showered down in a continuous avalanche from the cliff face behind. Then pandemonium ceased and immediately the flanking parties charged in. They gained the position without opposition.

"Probably all dead," I suggested to Thompson as we hurried forward together.

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"Most likely, but if Badshah Gul's been killed in there he's had too good a death. I'd have preferred to see him hanged."

His words, as matters turned out, were prophetic.

We found the place a shambles; a heap of bodies, bloody limbs and rifles mixed up with sand; a gruesome spectacle on which we need not dwell. The men started to clear things away and discovered that we had accounted for nine dead and three wounded; and then, when they had pulled away the last body, we saw a strange sight. There on the ground was what appeared to be a decapitated head—but the face was not a dead face and the eyes in it were staring around.

For a moment or two we stared back at it in astonishment, and then suddenly—

"Badshah Gul, sahib!" shouted one of Thompson's men.

And Badshah Gul it was, completely buried up to the neck by the sand and bits of rock that had fallen down on him from the cliff face behind and filled the pit in which he crouched.

We dug him out, to find he was only slightly wounded, and later he was taken to the nearest police post to be subsequently summarily dealt with by the Political Agent and pay the price of his many murders by being hanged from a tree.

That, as far as we were concerned, was the end of the action, and nothing more remained but to set off on the longish march back to cantonments, albeit fortified with the knowledge that we had accomplished a not uncreditable night's work.

But the memory of the episode that remains clearest with me is of that head sticking up out of the sand; the moment when the sun climbing above the eastern horizon shone its slanting rays on a pair of sinister eyes that stared at me from a bearded face that had no body.

It was just after this that I noticed the sunrise.

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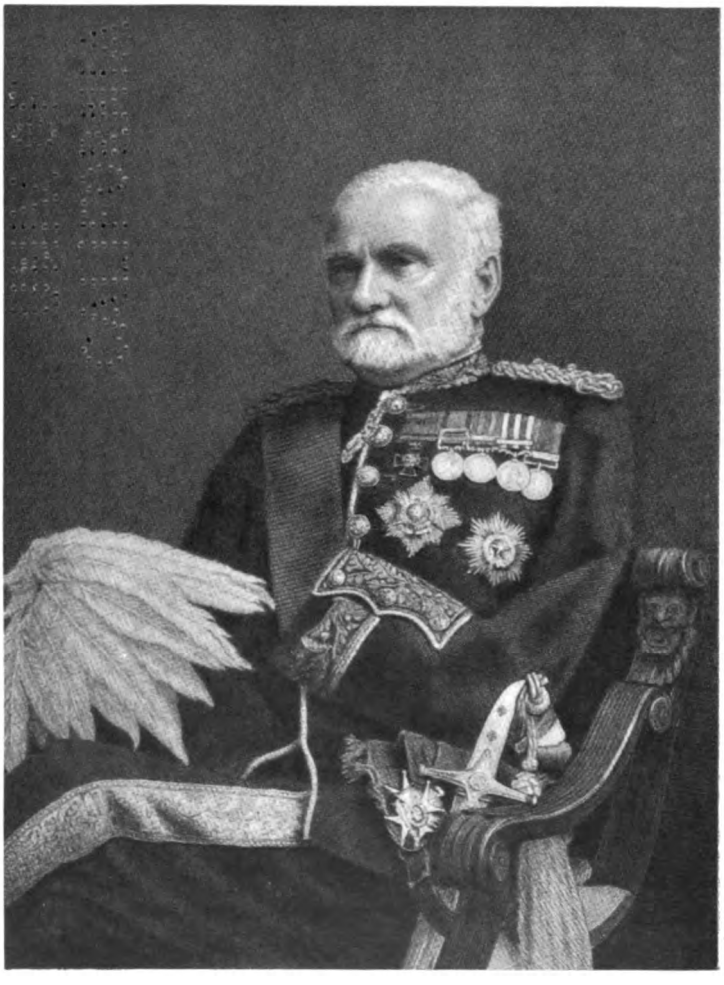

GENERAL SIR SAMUEL J. BROWNE
V.C., G.C.B., K.C.S.I.

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SAM BROWNE

Himself—His Cavalry--His Belt.

By "INVICTA."

IT is a truism to say that there exists no article of military accoutrement known by a personal name that has achieved such almost universal adoption and lasting fame as the "Sam Browne" belt. And although methods of fighting have changed since necessity forced its eventual inception on the inventor, it shows no sign of waning popularity in the armies and police forces of the world.

The Wellington boot is of course older, but it found little adoption outside the British sphere. Its counterpart, the Napoleon, has entirely disappeared from the French service—though this cumbersome legwear which is not unlike the jack boot of the Household Cavalry is still worn by the Governor-General's Body-Guard of India.

Again the names of some inventors of weapons still cling to the improvements of their creations. But all of these just dimly remembered came after Sam Browne, and while they are becoming obsolete his name continues to linger. The Bayonet is out of order in this discussion—it is not a personal derivate, nor the invention of the French town where tradition says that weapon was first manufactured.

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Now, although Sam Browne's name is a household word amongst soldiers, none amidst an argumentative body of Britain's defenders into whose discussion I happened to stumble during the Great Crisis of 1938, seemed to know who Sam Browne really was. One gentleman of Sappers quite seriously averred that our hero was the original "Buffalo Bill"—admittedly the name has a western movie tang. Mistakenly thinking that Sam's second name was John, a more superior type—"war's just a question of mathematics"—attributed him to Harper's Ferry, Georgia, one of the dashing characters of the American civil conflict. None was prepared to give credit to the Indian Army.

Samuel James Browne, the inventor of the leather accoutrement which has girt the bodies of most of the horsemen of India for seventy years or more, was born on the 3rd October, 1834, to an East India Company's doctor and a Royal Naval officer's daughter. After school days in England, Samuel decided that he would look best in martial red and so when just sixteen swore fealty to the Honourable Company as a subaltern at the India Office in Leadenhall Street.

The five months voyage to India he found somewhat monotonous; though it was enlivened later by a rough tussle with the mutinous crew, afterwards starved into a promise of good behaviour, but not before the passengers were enforced to assist in working the ship.

Eventually Ensign Browne reached his appointed corps, the 46th Bengal Native Infantry, then commanded by an active, able and smart officer, but rather free with his tongue; who was later succeeded by an irascible old gentleman with little thought it appears but the accumulation of rupees and a wish to be unpleasant to the rest of the world. Sam's first eight years with his regiment seem to have passed happily, and he has left behind a brief but vivid record of those times when the King of Oudh gave grand entertainments at which there were combats between elephants, tigers, rhinoceros and all the other species in the menagerie of that dissolute old potentate.

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Quickly ascending the ladder of seniority Sam Browne received the Adjutancy about the same time as the slaughter of the British officers at Multan started off the second Sikh War in 1848. This was his first active service. He was present at the actions at Ramgarh, the Chenab River, and Sadulapur, as well as the drawn battle at Chilianwala and the concluding victory at Gujrat.

Events which seem to have impressed him most at the time were the carrying away of a gunner driver's saddle by a small round shot which injured neither man nor beast; and a brother officer producing after the day's work an Army List "to scratch off the men as they are knocked over"—promotion was then truly a case of dead men's shoes; one has only to read the ages on the graves at Chilianwala to see that. There were also some severe words between Colin Campbell and John Nicholson—words which neither forgot nor forgave.

After the war the Government of India unwillingly annexed the Punjab, since it was abundantly clear that there would be no peace among the warring factors of the leading Khalsa families unless they did. Enlargement of the Company's sphere meant a heavy increase in their military obligations, as well as a more turbulent frontier to guard. This was a problem of the first order, the new seven hundred miles border being peopled by some of the most semi-barbarous warlike tribes in the world. To meet it an irregular force—the famous Punjab Frontier Force—was created. Sam Browne posted to Lahore was ordered to raise one of the new irregular cavalry regiments, being offered at the same time the office of second-in-command. He accepted. Another Neville Chamberlain was to be the Commandant, but he declined, so did his brother; meanwhile Browne went on raising the regiment, and in 1849 the corps moved towards the Frontier. There seems to have been some sort of "breeze" when the men arrived, for the archives of Simla record that the General expressed himself not pleased with their appearance. Browne was not yet commandant, and he did not receive the appointment until 1851. Little did he think then, that the 2nd Punjab Cavalry would years afterwards continue to bear his name; a

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name by which they were popularly, but not officially, then known, it being the custom of the men to describe their corps by the Commandant's patronymic. "Sam Browne's Cavalry," however, did not appear as such in the Army List until 1903.

Browne was undoubtedly a leader of men and his regiment soon became one of the "crack" frontier corps. The next ten years were certainly full of excitement. One lay down with sword in hand and pistols at the ready. Journeys from quarters to the mess offered a constant target, necessitating revolvers being kept ready for prompt and accurate use. Grass cutting and other foraging parties were frequently cut up on the homeward run and altogether life in the Punjab Irregular Force had certainly no place for the tactics of modern democracy.

Then came the time when a vast and overwhelming majority of the soldiers in the East India Company's Bengal Army decided to seek self-determination in a most improper way, whatever may have been the wrongs or the rights—and there were some of the latter. This by no means unexpected development gave Sam Browne and his men an even tougher time holding back those beyond the border who had heard of the free distribution of wealth then going on in parts of Hindustan. While the "locals" ever ready to join in were sitting on the fence watching which way the cat would jump. With the telegraph cut, and strong men who feared no politicians, the situation eased; and after the fall of Delhi whither a squadron had already been despatched, Sam Browne's Cavalry could be spared for the "mopping up" of the disaffected areas in what is now the United Provinces.

During a surprise dawn attack on the insurgent enemy position at Sirpura on the 31st August, 1858, Brevet-Major Sam Browne, together with one of his intrepid troopers found themselves confronted by a field-piece which was certainly going to make a decided nuisance of itself to the advancing infantry. The gunners, too, were well-armed and desperate. Attack being the safest form of defence, the miniature light brigade charged, but with slightly better results than at Balaclava. After a first class hand-to-hand scrap the outnumbering artillerymen and the

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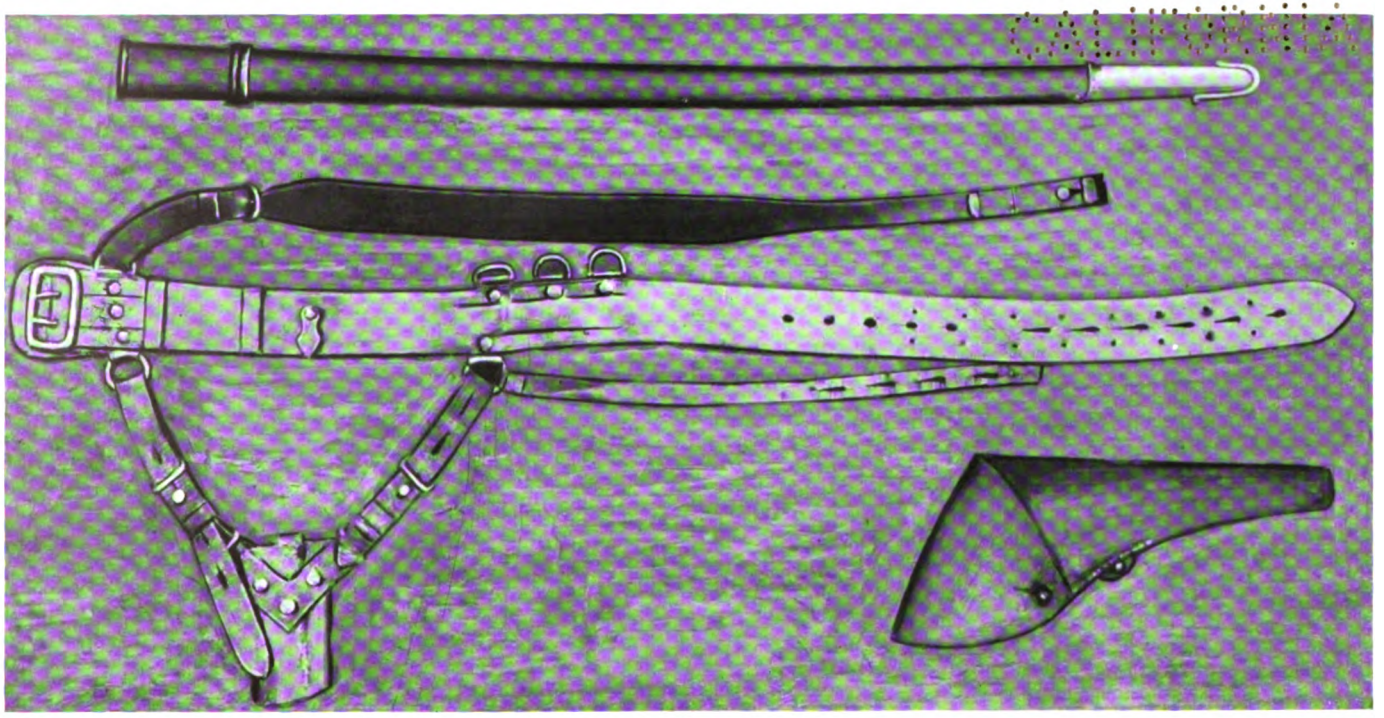

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THE ORIGINAL "SAM BROWNE" BELT

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gun were completely knocked out. So very nearly, was Samuel J. Somewhere in the arena lay his left arm, whilst his other injuries well-nigh drew the double line under his earthly account.

The credit entries were a Victoria Cross, the thanks of the Government of India, and brevet promotion to Lieut.-Colonel. Not bad! But still there was no cash in it. And a most promising career looked as if it was being brought to an early close. There was no benevolent Ministry of Pensions in those days, nor was there any Roehampton; disability awards were uncertain. There was of course Nell Gwyn's traditional foundation in the shape of Chelsea Hospital, but that was for other ranks. The tender care of a Doctor Maxwell, who resisted all the attempts of the travelling medical boards of the time to remove Browne's leg, resulted in his recovery. So back he went to duty severely handicapped, but probably happy in the thought that his adversaries had been settled with in full.

The Colonel, always of an inventive turn of mind—he was the originator of sewing chain burnishers on to the shoulders to mitigate heavy sword-cuts which for many years was a feature of cavalry dress—now turned his thoughts towards an idea he had been toying with for some years. The invention of a belt upon which could be hung in a convenient position the articles which were necessary to military efficiency in the field. The revolver was to be secured so that if it did go off accidentally—and they often did—no harm would come to the wearer. The sword when not in use was to be prevented from shifting about. Comfort and fit were to be studied, and above all the greatest freedom and movement allowed to both arms, together with the underlying idea that the whole outfit should come off and go on with the minimum of effort and security of fastening. That was Sam Browne's principle; not just a sword carrying girdle with a shoulder supporting brace, an idea as old as the Crusades.

And so the "Sam Browne" belt was born.

The inventor, continuing his career, became a Colonel in 1864 on appointment to the famous Corps of Guides; Major-General with the command of the all-important Peshawar District four

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years later; Director of Remount operations 1875, in which year he organized the Prince of Wales' (later King Edward VII) tour round Queen Victoria's eastern Empire; Lieut.-General 1877, having received the K.C.S.I. (then the only Indian order of knighthood), the previous year; and Military Member of the Viceroy's Council in 1878. An absurd appointment which meant that the Queen's representative was advised on army matters by an officer junior to the Commander-in-Chief; a position concerning which George Nathaniel Curzon and Herbert Horatio Kitchener in after years more than parted "brass rags" to the undoing of the Viceroy.

In Sir Samuel's time Lord Lytton was the supreme head of the Government of India, and the latter had to make war upon the truculent Afghan monarch who owed his throne incidentally to the efforts of "Thomas Atkins" and "Jack Sepoy." The Viceroy had his ideas on how the war should be conducted; so did his Military Member, who also knew the Afghan characteristics and the insuperable difficulties an ill-prepared invading force would have to encounter. Browne's advice was inconvenient, but finally the Viceroy more or less gave way. Sir Samuel taking command of the Peshawar Valley Field Force cleared the Khyber and began his advance towards the Afghan metropolis. Progress was not too good. The clansmen of the Pass as usual failed to play fair; while supply and transport was certainly sub-standard. All of which was blamed upon the force commander when as is sometimes the case it was the fault of the higher powers. Worry coupled with the strain of the years before now began to take their toll. The late Military Member commenced to dwell in his despatches upon the impossibility of reaching Kabul. The Viceroy thought otherwise —the Commander-in-Chief seems to have been out of the picture. Just then the Amir conveniently died, and his son wishing to be friends—or at least so he said—the curtain came down on the first act of what afterwards became a long and expensive drama for India.

In disfavour Sir Samuel was relegated to the inferior Lahore command. When Act two started he was by the rules no longer

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eligible for a field command and so he shook the *mutti* and departed. But he did not go without reward. The Queen made him a K.C.B., and both Houses of Parliament said "thank you." Although no opportunity arose by which his services could be actively used again, he was still held in esteem and became a General in 1888. The sovereign again honoured him with the bestowal of a G.C.B. in 1891. He died in the Isle of Wight at the age of 76 on the 14th March, 1901. He is remembered by a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, by the imperishable fame of his Belt, and by " Sam Browne's Cavalry " of the Indian Army.

The latter collected " Delhi " and " Lucknow " in the Mutiny, as well as another Victoria Cross for a series of brilliant exploits culminating in the capture of an enemy standard by Dighton Probyn, afterwards Sir and Private Secretary to King Edward VII and later to Queen Alexandra.

" Sam Browne's " carry the honours for " Ahmad Khel," " Afghanistan, 1878-80," " Kut-al-Amara, 1917," " Baghdad," " Mesopotamia, 1916-18 "; as well as " Charasiah," " Kabul, 1879," "Afghanistan, 1878-80," "East Africa, 1917," "N.W. Frontier, India, 1914-15 " and "Afghanistan, 1919." The six latter came from another corps of the Frontier Force, the 5th Punjab Cavalry raised by Captain Robert Fitzgerald at the same time as Sam Browne's. Fitzgerald's promising career was early cut short, but he too is perpetuated in St. Paul's Cathedral by the beautiful marble pulpit.

These two corps, the 22nd Sam Browne's and the 25th of 1903, were merged in 1922 as the 12th Cavalry, the name of Sam Browne being emasculated from the new title. Some unimaginative soul enshrined in the Himalayan heights soon realized that he had dropped a brick, but nevertheless Sam Browne's name remained unemblazoned for six years until 1927 when the Corps again blossomed as " Sam Browne's Cavalry (12th Frontier Force)." For nine years they were happy : and then another blow fell. The Regiment would never again take the field, no longer would the subaltern and the sowar be received and cradled in the stories of old Sam—what he said and what

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he didn't say; of Inman Khan of Jemador who with twenty-seven stalwarts charged a thousand blood-thirsty braves found the wrong side of the border, "did in" a hundred and fifty, and brought the rest to trial; and a host of others. For in 1936 they became the training centre for the 2nd Indian Cavalry Group. A regiment in name only, with no officers of their own save the C.O., his next, and the Quartermaster, permanently directing at Ferozepore all their efforts to the moulding of horsemen for others. What has been done cannot be altered, but it seems a pity that a corps with such long and glorious tradition should be selected for this fate when there are others, admittedly older in service, who through pure fortuity cannot tell anything like the story of themselves that Sam Browne's can.

The original "Sam Browne" Belt as finally perfected differs very little from the present sealed pattern. It was made from a model constructed regimentally in India by Mr. R. Garden a saddler of Piccadilly who the inventor declared was the only person who could make the belts properly.

The "Sam Browne" was widely adopted in India, as well as by British army officers on active service abroad. It was not, however, sanctioned for universal use by the War Office until 1898. Sir Samuel on being asked to give his approval to the final ordnance pattern felt constrained to point out that many pirated models of his contrivance were abroad among military outfitters, though the bluff old soldier used a different adjective of illegitimacy which would most certainly be frowned upon in official correspondence to-day.

Our French allies were the first to copy Sam Browne's invention, the "Ceinturon Baudrier" unofficially adopted by many officers from 1915 onwards becoming the regulation after the Great War.

Likewise, although not mentioned as the approved dress, the British pattern "Sam Browne" procured from Canada was worn by all officers of the United States forces who served on the continent of Europe during 1917-20. Thereby hangs a tale. Early in 1918 the American War Department authorized for wear a version of the "Sam Browne" known as the "Liberty," but to

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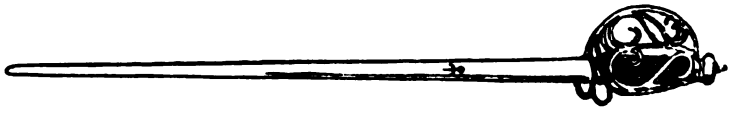
be made of very dark coffee-coloured leather with all the metal parts in black, an innovation which never found favour with U.S. officers overseas who continued to wear the British pattern. Thus when the American Expeditionary Force returned "back home" the difference between the boys who had been "over there" and those who had not had that good fortune at once became outstanding, that the authorities in Washington issued regulations adopting to all intents the "Sam Browne," a name by which the present-day officer's belt is affectionately known to all Americans.

And so Sam Browne's idea remains. His name has outlived in general military parlance that of Martini, Henry, Snider, Metford, Gatling, Nordenfeldt, Maxim, Mackenzie, and Slade-Baker; all of whom followed him and who gave familiar names to weapons or equipment in their day. The Wolseley helmet for active service has almost gone; the Lewis gun is passing. How much longer will the "Sam Browne" remain? "Quien sabe?" General Franco might say—he wears one, so do "Der Fuehrer" and "Il Duce." And so let us leave it at that.



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EXTRACTS

From the Diary of a Convertor.

November, 1937.

Have been selected as the officer in charge of the Royal Tank Corps Cadre for a Horsed Cavalry Regiment about to become a Light Tank Cavalry Regiment.

There will be much to be done.

Commanders old and young will have to learn all about the tank and its tactical handling, about its armament, its system of fire control and its means of propulsion, its capabilities, limitations and means of internal and external intercommunication.

Men will have to be trained to drive and maintain the tanks and other vehicles with which the regiment will be equipped.

Men will have to be trained to fire and maintain the tank guns.

Wireless operators will have to be trained for the wireless.

Careful records will have to be kept of the progress of all this individual training.

That will be necessary for the every day running of the vehicles.

Then all the peculiarities of dealing with tank stores, with petrol and oil will have to be studied: more worries for the quartermaster.

Looking to the future the Regiment will have to produce N.C.Os. who can digest enough about all these subjects to instruct in them very soon. Perhaps some troopers will have to be worked up to the standard of junior fitters.

Granted these people are supreme with horses, whatever will be their attitude towards tanks? Is this conversion or revolution? I do not know.

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DECEMBER.

Reported to the colonel of the regiment. His object is for the regiment to go to the brigade camp in November next, mechanized. It appears that the alternative will be that I go to Bombay, in a bowler hat, about the same date. It will be a close finish. Went on Christmas leave to think it out.

JANUARY.

Analysed, the colonel's object will mean one hundred men trained to drive tanks, one hundred men trained to drive lorries and other wheeled vehicles. These men will need a three months course divided into two parts, general principles of the I.C. engine and wheeled and tracked vehicles, each part of six weeks.

Also one hundred trained gunners who will need a course of at least six weeks.

At his disposal he has the A.F.V. schools, who intend training about twelve driving and maintenance and six gunnery instructors before November, and some six wireless operators before September.

A neighbouring R.T.C. unit will be able to train about thirty drivers and the storemen.

Thirdly there will be the R.T.C. cadre attached to the regiment. This consists of one officer, four qualified N.C.O. instructors, six driver mechanics and a few fitters.

For better or worse the driver mechanics will have to become instructors and those that have not yet got a stripe, will have to be given an unpaid one now.

To begin with the R.T.C. cadre will have to drive, maintain, and inspect the instructional vehicles, but as soon as possible these duties will have to be done under squadron arrangements.

So it will be possible, and instructional material is available to start immediately seven driving and maintenance classes each of eight students, one class officers.

No tank gunnery material is available yet so these courses can wait. Courses are being run by regimental instructors on the Mark 1 gun; these courses will help a great deal.

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Amidst this organization twelve instructional vehicles have arrived; the coming of the first was far from auspicious. The regimental syces, now out of work, were summoned to the quartermaster's stores, marched solemnly to the railway station and there to their alarm and despondency presented with the ignominious task of pushing a part-worn staff car back to barracks with the regimental quartermaster sergeant at the helm.

So the first vehicle entered the regimental lines. To the eternal sorrow of all ranks no photographer witnessed the triumphal march.

FEBRUARY.

The D. and M. classes are in full swing, on traditional lines and based on the notes issued from A.F.V. schools.

Drivers are not being let loose on the public thoroughfares until they pass a preliminary test on a convenient driving ground. I hope this will minimise accidents.

The colonel agrees to written tests in theory and practical tests in driving and maintenance at the end of all courses; and also to the compulsory keeping of notebooks. Good.

There is a great wave of enthusiasm for this mechanization and members of the cadre spend many hours every day answering questions of every description.

The clerical staff are often mystified by unfamiliar phrases, even when written in the well-known hand of their own colonel. Controversy arose as to whether the colonel in a letter was referring to the skirts of the piston or the shirts of the piston. Shame facedly, though confident of some sympathy, the head clerk was compelled to ask the colonel to decipher. "SKIRTS you idiot not shirts, don't you know that all motors are shes." The rules of common sense apply even to that mystery below the bonnet.

MARCH.

The first six weeks of the D. and M. classes are over. They have been devoted entirely to the general principles of the

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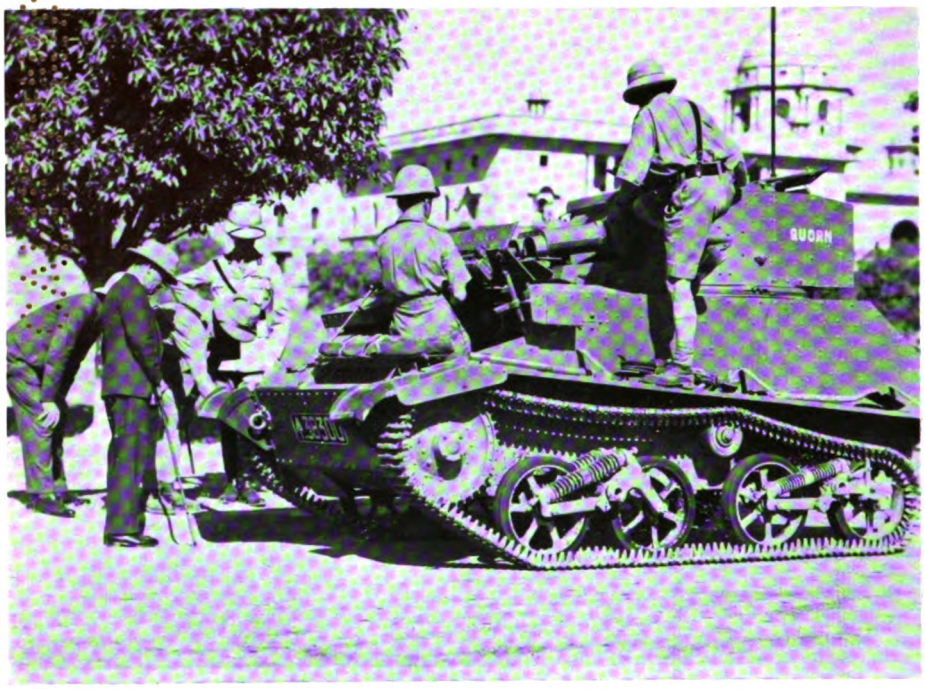

A LIGHT TANK

THE 17th/21st LANCERS (RE-ARMED)

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internal combustion engine. Examinations have shown that R.T.C. driver mechanics, quite contrary to what could reasonably be expected from them, make excellent instructors and more important still that our students are capable of digesting what they are being taught.

So far so good, though tests have not always found students unbeatable.

Trooper Brown when asked to time his magneto to the engine did ask if he could go and look at the guardroom clock; and somebody, did define an armature as a man who plays football for nothing; but accidents will happen.

Those who showed themselves brighter than Trooper Brown are now in the midst of the second half of their course, particular to tanks and certain types of wheeled vehicles.

APRIL.

More instructional vehicles have arrived also two tanks, and trained drivers of the regiment have now relieved the R.T.C. cadre of all drivers' duties.

The first regimental instructors have returned from Ahmednagar.

The schools certainly have filled them with knowledge and enthusiasm.

It will now be possible to run ten D. and M. classes and four gunnery. As far as possible regimental instructors and the R.T.C. driver mechanics will now be able to do the instruction; the qualified R.T.C. instructors will supervise and advise.

The gunnery classes are to be run on the N.C.O. cadre basis.

At the end of the courses these N.C.Os. will return to their squadrons to act as instructors.

The courses will be of an elementary nature and as well as gunnery will include crew drill and the maintenance of the turret.

MAY.

The return of the regimental instructors from the A.F.V. schools and the excellent work of the drivers has made it possible

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for the whole of the responsibility of inspection, maintenance and care of vehicles to be placed in the hands of squadron commanders. This is a great step forward.

A technical officer for the regiment has been appointed and under supervision he now controls the technical office and the workshops.

The germs of mechanization are spreading fast, though many curious ideas still exist.

Somebody considers a carburettor to be fitted to the engine to mix petrol and air in the correct amount to form a spark to go to the cylinders to ignite the gases.

In view of this fact I imagine the plug can now be relegated to its more historic function.

One student got the Chevrolet carburettor, the Carter's Downdraught carburettor, a little muddled with some patent tonic when he referred to it as "A dandruft carburettor with a hair cleaner."

JUNE.

Half time.

There are now 48 trained drivers in the regiment and another 100 men who have had a general principles course.

The gunnery cadre class has finished its course. Students have done well. It will be possible to run eight gunnery classes each with an instructor and assistant instructor.

Am busy preparing a report for the commanding officer, who is at present on leave, as I shall be on leave before he returns. The basis of the report will be the excellent work of the students, the great success of the regimental instructors returned from the A.F.V. schools and my great desire to start a driver mechanics course in September; the fact that the officers yield much more readily to a course on which are three students who work with an instructor to a given programme by mutual arrangement as time suits (a sort of Metropolitan Services course), than to a set course where actual times of instruction are specified and more students instructed.

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On the gunnery side there is now a cadre capable of instructing 48 students at a time. The absence of a 30 yards range suitable for moving targets will hold back training.

Finally the time has now come when squadron commanders have much to do settling their squadrons down to the new conditions.

SEPTEMBER.

Have returned from leave and seen how well everything has progressed.

Squadrons have really settled down to the new conditions.

Have started the much cherished driver mechanics course consisting of eight bright boys of the regiment under an R.T.C. instructor.

Am busy assisting with additions to standing orders and pamphlets of guidance on the subject of vehicle inspections, crew drill, battle drill and so forth.

OCTOBER.

Classes are drawing to a close and troop training is starting. All drivers and gunners required have been trained. Only the driver mechanics class remains and their classroom has become a veritable rendezvous for inspecting officers. It is the pride of our hearts second only to "Gertie," the colonel's invention. Light-heartedly Gertie has been the source of much mirth, but seriously it is a revelation in tank gunnery.

NOVEMBER.

The 14th of this month will be the great day when the 73 miles march to camp will take place.

Seven wireless sets have arrived and the regimental operators trained at the wireless school are hard at work—good work. The technical inspector of mechanical transport is upon us. I have seen the outline of his half-yearly inspection report; it reflects great credit upon the regiment. I think it finally disposes of the old bogey that it is easy to teach anybody to drive a vehicle, but very difficult to teach anybody to maintain one.

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The driver mechanics have been tested by a board who were of opinion that seven of the eight students were up to the standard of driver mechanics of the R.T.C. Well done the students and the instructor. They have worked eight hours a day for the last three months. Less than a year ago one of them thought in all seriousness that it was the fan of a motor car which made it move. Even at that date a glance at a Mark VI Tank would have worried him, as its fan points to the sky.

On 14th November the regiment, consisting of 39 tanks, 20 Chevrolet trucks, 10 motor-cycles and 1 staff car (plus 15 lorries which were not in the column) had the honour of marching past H.E. The Commander-in-Chief. The regiment had already done a 45 miles march that morning and marched past 100 per cent. strong of the marching out strength.

The Chatfield Commission also saw the regiment that day.

Later in the day the 73 miles march was finished, one vehicle only failing to finish.

Field firing has passed off safely; over a hundred gunners were exercised and, with a new 30 yards range awaiting the return of the regiment from camp, the gunnery of the regiment will soon be in order. Gone are the days when students read the "smoke" signal to means "lighting-up time."

Squadron training continues and the tactical readjustment of the regiment is rapidly taking place.

How much of the old cavalry training still stands.

That is not a question but an exclamation.

So the diary ends.....

Conversion has in fact taken place and for one reason. Everybody concerned with the conversion, and there were many, both high and low, were determined that conversion would succeed.

When speaking of the future I can only prophesy, and that I do in all humility.

There is still much polishing up and buttoning up to be done, but after the regiment has returned from camp it will be ready again for war in three months; provided a second line organization has been developed capable of carrying out its major repairs.

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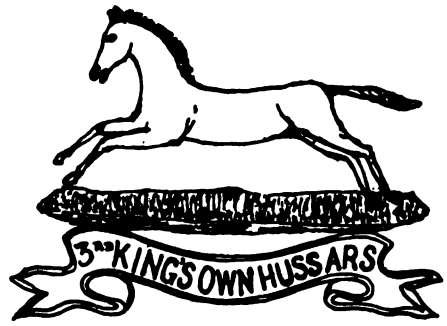

MEMOIRS OF THE THIRD HUSSARS

By J. Paine.

> "Of battles fought at long odds, without fear as without support; of hospitality catholic as an Arab's; of friendships deep as the sea and steady as the fighting line; of Honours won by hard roads for Honour's sake; and of instant and unquestioning devotion to the Regiment—the Regiment that claims the lives of all and lives for ever."—*Rudyard Kipling.*

The Third The King's Own Hussars is distinguished by several peculiarities owned by no other cavalry regiment. Prior to the almost universal adoption of Service Dress, this, the first Hussar regiment in the Army List, was the only regiment of its kind to sport red tunic collars and Garter Blue busby bags. It is the only cavalry regiment entitled to a sergeant-kettle-drummer and no other regiment can boast of a drummer who wears a silver collar. Unlike other cavalry regiments, its silver kettle-drums are carried on parade without banners, a distinction which commemorates its gallantry at Dettingen one hundred and ninety-six years ago. And, rich in its Eastern Honours, it is the only British cavalry regiment in possession of

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the Battle Honours, "Cabool, 1842," "Moodkee" and "Ferozeshah." No less than three officers of the regiment who served in the Second Sikh War were the authors of books dealing either solely or partly with that campaign. To that trio of industrious Light Dragoons may be added one former Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-General Sir Joseph Thackwell, G.C.B., K.H., who lost an arm at Waterloo and whose "Military Memoirs" were edited by Colonel H. C. Wylly, C.B., over thirty years ago.

Only a minor portion of the last mentioned volume is entitled to discussion here since Thackwell had spent thirty years in another cavalry regiment and was a Colonel of fifty-six years of age when he was gazetted to the Third. In that very same year, 1837, he was given the local rank of Major-General in India and the following letter written by a senior officer of the Third testifies to the regard in which Thackwell was held by the regiment in which he had so short a stay, "Though now a Major-General, I shall always consider you our Colonel. I do not like the new title; it appears that you are separated from us, which I should be sorry to think." Whether Thackwell himself liked the new title must have been another matter. He was not officially nominated Major-General in the Army till nine years later, when, on relinquishing command of the Third, he referred in a farewell order, to the regiment's recent services in the Sutlej Campaign, where, to quote his glowing words, its "valorous behaviour" had given it "a deathless renown, which the hundred tongues of fame will blaze until time shall be no more." Lieutenant-General Sir Joseph Thackwell was not far off eighty when he passed away in 1859, after having had a most distinguished career. To the Third he is best remembered for his gallant conduct at the battle of Sobraon, where he led the regiment over the earthworks into the enemy's entrenchments. With the approval of Lord Charles Manners, the Colonel of the Third during the 'forties and 'fifties, Sir Joseph adopted a dragoon as sinister supporter to his coat-of-arms. When Thackwell was appointed Colonel of the Sixteenth Lancers in 1849, Lord Charles reminded him of something he was unlikely

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to easily forget. "I trust," he wrote, "that you will not allow the Third Dragoons to be entirely obliterated from your recollection, and that you will not cast away all regard for your old love now that you have formed connection with a new one."

Mention was made of three officer-authors who had served in the Punjaub Campaign, as it is sometimes called. One of these gentlemen, the Adjutant of the Third, will be dealt with later, when discussing the various historians of the regiment. Though not disclosed on the title page, the author of the "Narrative of the Second Sikh War," published in 1851, was a lieutenant in the Third Light Dragoons. He bore the name of Edward Joseph Thackwell and during the campaign performed the duties of Aide-de-Camp to his father, Major-General Sir Joseph Thackwell. His book is not of an autobiographical nature though he must have been an eye-witness of much that he describes in connection with the battles of Ramnugger, Sadoolapore, Chillianwallah and Goojerat. The last mentioned and final victory over the since faithful Sikhs gave the regiment its last Battle Honour of the nineteenth century.* The Third of course come in for a mention here and there in young Thackwell's volume, and on one occasion the reader is told that it was "as brave a body of men as ever lived." The despatches of the leader of "The Army of the Punjaub," General Sir Hugh Gough, fill quite a large portion of this book.

In the volume just mentioned a tribute is paid to a charge at Ramnugger delivered by a squadron of the Third commanded by Captain Henry Ouvry, whose book, "Cavalry Experiences and Leaves From My Journal" was published at Lymington in 1892, when the author was a retired Colonel nearing his eightieth birthday. The fact that a Medical Board had pronounced him to be unfit for further service in the infantry (a branch he had served in for sixteen years) after injuring his leg in Canada, coupled with the fact that shortly afterwards he was

* The Third's pre-War Battle Honours are "Dettingen," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "Toulouse," "Peninsula," "Cabool, 1842," "Moodkee," "Ferozeshah," "Sobraon," "Punjaub," "Chillianwallah," 'Goojerat," and "South Africa, 1902." Capt. A. E. H. Ley, 20th Deccan Horse, contributed to the "Cavalry Journal" in 1911 an interesting article on "The 3rd (K.O.) Light Dragoons at Moodkee and Ferozeshah."

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able to purchase into the Third King's Own Light Dragoons may seem rather odd and perhaps a trifle uncomplimentary to the cavalry of those days, but later the reader will obtain consolation when reading of another case in which circumstances are reversed. It was with the Third that Ouvry had his first spell of active service and in his letters home many curious sidelights are thrown on the events attending the triumphs and tragedies of the Second Sikh War. He has more to say of himself than of his regiment and the reader is left with the impression that he was a man who took a one-sided view of the dark side of war, a view that is all the more keenly felt when reading in one of his epistles that he had got his medal for the campaign and, appalling to relate, didn't want it. Returning with the Third to England in the early 'fifties, Ouvry duly obtained his majority in the regiment, but shortly afterwards exchanged into the Ninth Lancers, the latter half of his book being devoted to his services with that regiment during the Indian Mutiny. He became Second Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ninth, commanded it before Delhi until appointed A.D.C. to Sir A. Wilson, and retired by sale in 1859. The privately printed edition of "The Campaign of 1866: A Tactical Retrospect," issued in 1870 was one of several foreign military works translated by Colonel Ouvry, whose wife is remembered as the authoress of "A Lady's Diary Before and During The Indian Mutiny," published in the same year as her husband's "Cavalry Experiences."

During the greater part of the twenties the Third's Colonel was Lieutenant-General (afterwards Field-Marshal) Viscount Combermere, the celebrated Stapelton Cotton of Peninsular days, but the regimental service of this dandy cavalry leader was spent in other regiments, so he is hardly entitled to more than a brief mention. His appointment to the Third is in fact ignored by Alexander Innes Shand in his chapter on Combermere in "Wellington's Lieutenants" published in 1902. The "Memoirs and Correspondence of Field-Marshal Viscount Combermere" edited by Captain W. W. Knollys and the Viscountess Combermere made its appearance in two volumes

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in 1866, the year following that in which the ninety-two year old veteran passed away. When raised to the peerage, Cotton obtained permission to add as an additional crest to his coat-of-arms the figure of a mounted dragoon of the Twentieth Regiment in the act of charging the enemy, surmounted by an escroll bearing the word "Salamanca." The figure of the dragoon was changed later to that of a Third Light Dragoon in consequence of the disbandment in 1819 of the old Twentieth, or Jamaica Light Dragoons, of which regiment Combermere was Colonel. It is curious to note that whilst Burke describes this figure as that of a Third Light Dragoon, Debrett still designates it a Twentieth Dragoon. It would be interesting to know if the descendants of the Third's most illustrious Colonel are aware of this fact.

A memoir published in 1921, "My Life as Soldier and Sportsman," by Major J. Robson Scott, late of the Third Hussars, is devoted almost entirely to hunting, flat-racing and steeplechasing, but the pages reserved for this officer's Indian reminiscences take one to the happy years he spent whilst serving with the regiment at Mhow in the late 'seventies. He recalls with pleasure too an impromptu hundred yards race for a cup presented by Lady de Crespigny, between all members of two rival cricket teams, Champion Lodge and the Third Hussars, when the latter were stationed at Colchester in 1881. He attributed his winning the sprint to the fact that he had not partaken too lavishly of the excellent feast provided by his hosts. It was with another regiment that he served in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882 and the Soudan 1884-85, and, following his subsequent service with the Third in Ireland, he performed good work in the 'nineties with the British Bechuanaland Border Police, a force in which he acquired the nickname from the natives of "The Wolf," hyenas invariably being referred to in South Africa as wolves.

Whilst practically every book connected with the Third is a memoir either of the services of the regiment or of someone who has served in the regiment, it would be unfair to omit the name of a certain Commanding Officer of over a century ago because his

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work happened to be a collection of Standing Orders. These Orders were issued as far back as 1804, almost thirty years prior to the appearance of the first Regimental History of the Third and long before any officers of the regiment had thought fit to give the public an account of their personal experiences. Since most of us have handled, if not digested, at some time or other a brochure of Standing Orders the need for a description of one of these publications is unnecessary. This particular one of the Third King's Own Dragoons was compiled by Lieutenant-Colonel Godfrey Basil Mundy, who commanded the regiment from 1803 till nine years later, when we are told that ill-health obliged him to bid farewell to the strenuous life of a Dragoon and exchange into a Scottish foot regiment, which does not sound altogether complimentary to the infantry branch of the Service at this particular date. It is worthy of note, however, that he lived to attain General's rank. An example of the not unusual practice of including in Standing Orders a short history of the regiment may be cited in the "Standing Orders of The Third King's Own Hussars" published at Aldershot shortly after the Great War. This instructive and well compiled little work is embellished with a few photographs showing the mode of laying out the men's kit and the correct arrangement of saddlery in the stables.

As worthy of mention as the personal memoirs of officers of the regiment are the memoirs of the services of the regiment itself. The Third had been raised at the time of Monmouth's rebellion and celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary in 1935. Almost every cavalry regiment can boast of having had two histories written of its achievements, a few can boast of three, very few can boast of four, but no less than six histories have been compiled of the Third Hussars, and all during the last century. Each of these works however comprises just an addition to its predecessor with, in some cases, a few revisions. The first historian of the regiment is not, as is the case in most regiments, Richard Cannon, but Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Stisted who commanded the Third from 1830 to 1837, his "Historical Records of the Third; or, King's Own Regiment of

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THE SERGEANT-KETTLE-DRUMMER OF THE THIRD HUSSARS, 1912

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Light Dragoons, From the Year 1685 to the Present Time" being published in 1833 at Glasgow, where the regiment was then stationed. King William the Fourth must have been highly pleased with this little work since he took the trouble to inform the author, through one of his Lieut.-Generals, that he was "much satisfied with the manner in which the Colonel had executed a task to which His Majesty attached great importance, and gave him credit for the zeal and industry with which he had undertaken and prosecuted it." The "Historical Record of the Third or The King's Own Regiment of Light Dragoons 1685-1846" published by authority fourteen years later, bears a close resemblance to Stisted's work since its compiler, Richard Cannon, a clerk in the Adjutant-General's office, was not slow to take advantage of the existence of a ready-made "Historical Record," a pleasing alternative to that of sifting information from a mass of official manuscripts, orders, despatches and newspapers.

Cannon carried the story of the regiment a little further on of course, as did also Captain George E. F. Kauntze, who when on half pay in 1857 published his "Historical Record of the Third, or King's Own Regiment of Light Dragoons, 1685-1857," which, like Cannon's record, was embellished with a few coloured plates of uniforms. At this date Cannon was no longer in the land of the living, but the little record which he had compiled of the Third was with certain revisions practically embodied in the volume by Kauntze, whose later chapters devoted to the part played by "The Moodkeewallahs,"* in the Indian campaigns are full of interest, as indeed they have every right to be since in those now almost forgotten wars the author was himself serving with the regiment. He received wounds at all three battles of Moodkee, Ferozeshah and Sobraon and in the subsequent campaign fought at Ramnugger, Sadoolapore, Chillianwallah and Goojerat. The regiment's conduct at Chillianwallah called forth praise from a contemporary *Times* correspondent who was of opinion that "such gallantry

* An older nickname of the regiment was that of "Lord Adam Gordon's Life Guards," an officer of that name having kept the regiment in Scotland for many years.

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deserves to be handed down to posterity." Like many other Adjutants of his day Kauntze had served in the ranks and had risen to the rank of Regimental-Sergeant-Major. A feature worth noting in the pages of his "Historical Record" is that after the description of each action he gives the names of the officers whose horses were killed or wounded, a detail not usually met with in regimental histories. Methodically too he gives tables now and then, showing the strength of the regiment in its various grades, nominal lists of officers and casualty returns of all ranks. The short biographical sketches of all the Colonels of the regiment, placed at the end of the volume recalls the fact that two holders of this appointment were renowned in their day as authors of important military works.* A few extra illustrations would have greatly improved Kauntze's book. No record of the achievements of the Third should be without a portrait of Trooper Brown, whose recapture of one of the regimental standards at Dettingen is too well known an exploit to need repetition. Worthy subjects for inclusion too would have been reproductions of the well known paintings by Henry Martens of the regiment's charges at Ferozeshah and Chillianwallah. The best known picture of the Third in battle is that by Ernest Crofts of the charge at Moodkee, another attractive modern canvas being that of Trooper Brown in the act of being knighted by his Sovereign on the field of battle, an honour it is thought conferred only in the imagination of a scribe of that far distant period. One of our present-day writers of verse however clings to the popular belief when he says,

> "And Dapper King George, having then and there
> Dubbed Trooper Tom Brown and the Earl of Stair
> Knights-Banneret both like a King and a winner,
> Sat down on the ground to a cold mutton dinner!"

This is from one of Frank Taylor's poems and may be found in a small volume of military verse entitled "The Gallant Way"

* "A Dissertation on the Manoeuvres of Cavalry." By Lieut.-General Lord George Carpenter, Colonel of the Third 1703-1732. "A Treatise on Military Discipline" (first published in 1727). By Lieut.-General Humphrey Bland, Colonel of the Third 1743-1752. One of the marches still played by the regiment is known as "General Bland." Worthy of mention, too, is Lieut.-Colonel Dalrymple of the Third who in 1760 published an essay in which the re-introduction of Lancers was advocated.

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published in 1913 and dedicated to Field-Marshal Earl Roberts. A host of writers including Kauntze leave readers with the impressions that this gallant Yorkshireman recovered from his wounds and was granted the post of private gentleman in the Life Guards (Stisted says the Royal Horse Guards), a statement partially true, but he never fully recovered from those sabre cuts and died in fact only two and a half years after Dettingen. It was in this battle that the regiment captured the famous pair of kettle-drums often erroneously thought to have been taken at the Battle of Aghrim in the Irish War of 1691.

For almost half a century Kauntze's record remained the History of the Regiment, since after the Second Sikh War it was destined that the Third was to see no further active service till 1902, the year that it arrived in South Africa.* At the instigation of Major-General R. Blundell Hollingshead Blundell, a former Commanding Officer, the volume just referred to was brought up to date and as the "Historical Record of the 3rd (King's Own) Hussars, 1685-1903" was published with a few coloured illustrations of uniforms. The British Museum does not possess a copy.

The fifth volume to be devoted to the history of the regiment differs from its predecessors in that it concerns only one campaign. Styled "The 3rd (King's Own) Hussars In The Great War (1914-1919)," this work made its appearance in 1925 and the author, Lieutenant-Colonel Walter Temple Willcox, C.M.G., who commanded the regiment from 1915 till 1921, is to be congratulated on having produced such a worthy addition to the records of a regiment whose many Battle Honours gained during those eventful years speak for themselves.† Treated as it is in detail the story assumes a respectable size and is enhanced in value by the addition of several useful appendices relating both to individuals and their horses. Naturally enough

* One of the officers who served with the regiment in the Boer War, Lieut. J. Montgomery translated in 1907 Count G. Wrangel's work "The Cavalry in the Russo-Japanese War."

† "Mons," "Le Cateau," "Retreat From Mons," "Marne, 1914," "Aisne, 1914," "Messines, 1914," "Armentières, 1914," "Ypres, 1914-15," "Gheluvelt," "St. Julien," "Bellewaarde," "Arras, 1917," "Scarpe, 1917," "Cambrai, 1917-18," "Somme, 1918," "St. Quentin," "Lys," "Hazebrouck," "Amiens," "Bapaume, 1918," "Hindenburg Line," "Canal du Nord," "Selle," "Sambre," "France and Flanders, 1914-1918."

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one reads in these pages much about the infantry work that had to be performed by the Third, and it is pleasanter to recall the early days of these trench duties when the horses were kept fairly near the lines and the trench detachments were able to return to billets mounted. The names of those gallant members of the regiment who were not spared to return to billets and home are inscribed on the portable War Memorial Gong, whereon the hours are sounded daily by the Sergeant of the Guard. The author, who also served in the Boer War and whose portrait is one of several illustrations included in this work, is remembered for the fine history which he wrote of his former regiment, the Fifth Lancers, over thirty years ago.

In view of the existence of the work by Willcox an account of the regiment's services in the Great War was purposely excluded from the sixth and last history of the regiment, the "Historical Record of the 3rd The King's Own Hussars, 1685-1927" published at Aldershot. The brackets by the way in the regiment's title were very sensibly removed shortly after the Great War. With certain curtailments this record was an up-to-date edition of the work published after the Boer War, but, like the little record compiled by Lieutenant-Colonel Stisted almost a century before, it was, unfortunately, issued without any illustrations. Though in outward appearance a small work, it contains considerably more letterpress than the average brief history. A more exhaustive history of the Third is however badly needed.

Whereas books, even when long out of print, are usually obtainable by some means, the same cannot always be said of articles which appear in the many miscellaneous magazines which, when finished with, are invariably thrown away. A little article worthy of mention is a monograph of the Third which appeared in "The Army and Navy Chronicle" in 1912,*

* The year in which the regiment caught the public fancy with its musical ride at the Royal Tournament, the men taking part in the display being dressed in the various uniforms worn since the day of the regiment's embodiment. Among several relics of the regiment now preserved in the Royal United Service Museum, London, is a dress sabretache of the 'thirties, an officer's shako worn in the 'forties, and a pair of officer's epaulettes of the pattern in use up to 1858. Two Regimental Medals were sold in London a few years prior to the Great War. They bore the respective inscriptions "The gift of Lieut.-Col. Wm. Wade, 17th July, 1801," and "Presented to Richard Brunton by the officers, 1816: Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse."

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contributed to that now defunct monthly journal by its editor. The latter was the son of Major Michael Francis Healy, a one time veterinary surgeon of the Third who served with the Royal Artillery in the South African War of 1879 and figures in the pages of one of John Strange Winter's military novels. Among the many interesting illustrations with this monograph, none of which are reproduced in any of the histories of the regiment, is a fine portrait of the first Colonel of the Regiment, Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset,* and reproductions of two very rare lithographs by Dickenson of the actions at Chillianwallah and Goojerat. In an attractive photograph accompanying the same article, the mounted kettle-drummer† is depicted wearing the historic silver collar presented to the regiment by the wife of Lieutenant-General Charles Fitzroy, the Colonel of the Third from 1772 till 1797. The name of the Third's kettle-drummer appears in the list of men wounded in the late War. An article which appeared in the "Cavalry Journal" in 1912 on "London's Great Quadriga, The Triumph of a Cavalry Officer," devoted as may be guessed to the late Captain Adrian Jones, serves as a reminder that this talented sculptor and artist was at one time in the Third Hussars. He served in several campaigns as a veterinary surgeon and produced an excellent autobiography, which under the title of "Memoirs Of A Soldier Artist" was published in 1933.

Mention should be made of the first number of the regimental journal published in July, 1916, since its title, "The White Horse," recalls the regiment's distinctive badge (worn in silver

* "The Memoirs of the Duke of Somerset" quoted by Lord Macaulay in his "History of England," are of interest to the Third only in that they concern one who had the honour of being the first Colonel of the Regiment. This rather vanity-stricken peer was only twenty-three when appointed in 1685 to the Colonelcy of what was then the Queen Consort's Regiment of Dragoons, a position which with that of a Lord of the King's Bedchamber he was deprived of two years later for refusing to attend the Pope's nuncio into the King's presence. Macaulay came to the conclusion that, "he was in truth a man in whom the pride of birth and rank amounted almost to a disease." Nevertheless he lived to the ripe old age of eighty-five and was buried in Salisbury Cathedral.

† The fact that the kettle drummer of the Third was a black in 1776 is revealed in an Army Inspection Return of this date preserved in the Public Record Office, London. From the same Return it is learnt that whilst most of the officers' horses were bays, those ridden by the farriers were black. Mounts of the last-mentioned hue were afterwards secured for all ranks of the regiment, the solitary exception being the white drum horse. "Mary," the present drum horse, served in India with the regiment from 1927 to 1932.

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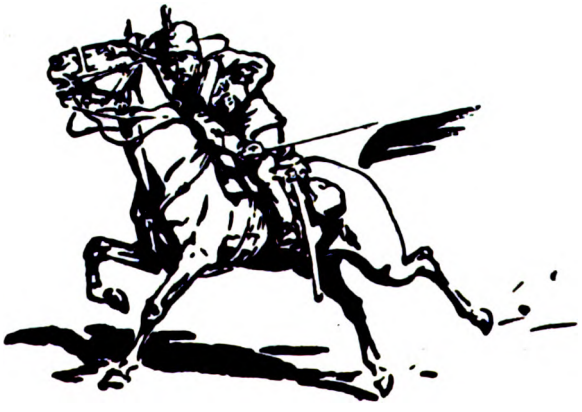
on the tunic sleeves of sergeants), which, with the motto "Nec Aspera Terrent" (Difficulties do not deter), was granted to the Third to commemorate its services during the Jacobite rising of 1715. Apparently the second number of this journal was the last of "The White Horse," the pages of which were not wanting where humour was concerned. Then in 1922 "The 3rd Hussars Old Comrades Magazine" was launched. This journal has since appeared only once a year and in consideration of that fact it seems a pity that it should not have been previously enlarged to the size attained during the last few years when it blossomed forth as "The 3rd The King's Own Hussars Magazine." Worthy of mention is the number for 1924 since it contained the verses of Colonel O'Grady's "Song of The Third King's Own Hussars," previously published at Aldershot in the 'sixties. One always seems to hear more about the kettle-drums of the Third than of any other cavalry regiment and on the very cover of the regimental journal the following sub-title greets the eyes, "The Journal, for all Ranks who have ridden behind the Silver Drums."

"Should the tocsin of war again summon the gallant Third to the field," to use the very words uttered by Sir Joseph Thackwell over ninety years ago, one "feels assured that the young soldiers will strive to outdo the glorious deeds of their older comrades, and those who nobly fell, and new laurels will be gathered to adorn those which the page of history has consecrated."



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TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING

By "AIGUILLETTE."

> "We have no right to count again on being able to build up our Army during the progress of a struggle. Nor, whatever our hopes about the League of Nations, can we afford to disregard the necessity for adequate military preparations."
>
> FIELD-MARSHAL EARL HAIG.

THE boxer whose energies in the ring are confined purely to self-defence, in his anxiety to avoid an actual K.O. may very easily experience an equally decisive defeat on points.

And, these days, for nations which rank as anything but second-class Powers, it may fairly be claimed that they are always "in the ring"!

From this stern and abiding rule Great Britain, isolated for so many centuries by her salt-water girdle, and protected by the "sure shield" of her Navy, can no longer hope to be exempt. Authority's recognition of this fact, tardy as it may have been, is now resulting in an effort to marshal the national resources on a scale even more extensive than that witnessed during the period of the Great War itself.

The recruiting drive to secure 1,800,000 volunteers for A.R.P. and other civilian defence services is in full swing. Wardens, Red Cross Parties, Decontamination Squads, Rescue and Demolition Sections, Ambulance Drivers, men for First Aid Posts, for Communications, for work at Report Centres, not to mention Police Reserves—the number and variety of activities that promise to absorb the energies of the willing are almost bewildering in their multiplicity and scope. Moreover, the

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claims of the Civil Air Guard and the Observer Corps are not to be overlooked; while the six million workers in "reserved" occupations can confidently regard themselves as as much a part of the defensive system as those ear-marked for purely "emergency" responsibilities. Even London's own river is to contribute its quota of helpers, one hundred and fifty vessels having been signalled out for use in and about the Thames basin in the event of an emergency. All this in addition to the enrolment, busily proceeding, for those women's organizations responsible for the equally necessary ancillary services, wherein their usefulness could most profitably be employed.

Nothing is being left undone, as it would seem, to intimate to any potential enemy the country may possess that the land he might seek to conquer and, as a means to that end, endeavour to terrorize from the air, is more than prepared to give a good account of itself. Nothing has been forgotten or overlooked, in effect, save the one unassailable and vital fact that *the best form of defence lies in an ability to attack!*

That is a cogent and unequivocal consideration of which a good many people—and people in authority at that—appear to be in grave danger of entirely losing sight.

That our small, highly-congested island—with, above all, the enormous and tempting target its sprawling capital presents—offers a highly vulnerable surface to the would-be aggressor, cannot be gainsaid. That its defence should be undertaken to any limit compatible with the obligation to strike back at whatever enemy attacked it, is equally to be admitted. But that the ability to put an adequate striking force in the field, and more particularly into the air, should be sacrificed to the demands of a purely passive defence, is a measure the latent danger of which simply cannot be exaggerated.

As General Sir Walter Kirke, the Director-General of the Territorial Army, recently pointed out, "Defence of the nerve centre alone of the British Empire is not a complete defence. Still less will over-concentration on A.R.P. prove effective. To place the importance of purely *passive* defence on the same footing as the *active* defence services—the Navy, the Army, the

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Royal Air Force—would be to mislead the British public. . . . It is only fear of reprisals by our armed forces which will prevent the disturbance of peace by countries who believe they have everything to gain by another world war."

No more striking yet sober exposition of the facts which the Government's present policy would appear so completely to ignore could very well have found expression.

Passive defence never won a war yet, and never will. Wars can be *lost* on the Home Front; they can only be won on the field of battle, where the armed forces of the enemy must be made to yield to the superiority of the men and metal brought into action against them.

It is true that the moral and *élan* of the fighting troops can be undermined by a weakening of the "will to conquer" on the part of the home population; as, to a very large degree, was the case with Germany in the Great War. To this end, as some persist in emphasizing, no more devastating and demoralizing measure can be devised than large-scale, persistent, and entirely ruthless air raids. This view constitutes the gravamen of the case advanced by those responsible for the preparations to defend our own home population at the expense of starving our potential striking force.

But all the available evidence of recent years goes to demonstrate that, once the initial alarm and confusion provoked by this novel method of terrorization has been survived, the effect of air raids on the civil life of a city induces, less a panic desire to "throw up the sponge," than a hardening of the will into a dogged determination to "stick things out" to a finish, however appalling a draft on life, health, and possessions the interim may entail.

No city, for example, can have been more consistently and devastatingly raided from the air than the capital of Spain. One has yet to learn, however, that the inhabitants of Madrid were at any moment reduced to such a state of trembling demoralization and exhaustion as to demand that the armies fighting their battles for them at the front should cast down

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their arms, on any terms so that their long travail should somehow be brought to an end.

Is it to be insinuated, then, that what the Madrelenõs have supported with firmness and quiet stoicism, the Londoner would find himself too lily-livered and invertebrate to endure?

The very suggestion is an outrage on those sterling qualities of fortitude and resilience on which the Britisher is so justifiably entitled to pride himself.

The Home Front is of course entitled to a reasonable measure of protection; but not to the extent of starving the essential legions of attack. Figures upon which reliance can be placed are not readily available; but in the vast budget of the present programme of rearmament it is doubtful if as much as one-third is being devoted to the establishment and equipment of our armies of aggression. Yet, under present conditions, the possession of a strong, easily amplified, perfectly equipped Field Army is absolutely essential; the existing equipois in Europe rendering pressure by the Naval Weapon of blockade a measure of doubtful effectiveness and increasingly difficult application. For, as we have been repeatedly informed, our frontier in these days lies on the Rhine. Yet when it comes to a striking force to send to and beyond that frontier, with two Divisions tied-up in Palestine, it is patently impossible for us to put into the field even so many men as we shipped overseas in the B.E.F. of 1914. Are we, then, to request our Allies to be so kind as to hold our trenches for us while we again put into motion the long, costly and indiscriminate processes of improvization by which our national armies were made ready to meet the foe during the years of the Great War? *

Behind the first line furnished by our present microscopic professional army stand the men of the Territorials. They constitute our second, and only, source of immediate supply; the reserve from which the fighting line would have to draw those reinforcements—and amplifications—which the incidence of casualties, and the tendency of wars always to enlarge their scope, inevitably demand. Yet of these few and, as some think,

* Written before the statement made by the Secretary for War in Parliament.

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wholly inadequate reserves, no less than five complete Divisions, out of a total of fourteen, have been permanently allocated to Home Defence through the entirely disproportionate demands of the anti-aircraft service.

Of the Air Force as at present constituted, a very similar story may justifiably be envisaged. It is well within memory how, during the Great War, many of the offensives staged by the Expeditionary Force were ruthlessly sacrificed, in the matter of air service, by the retention for "home defence" in England of squadrons desperately required overseas. With the present preoccupation with the passive and more negative aspects of defence, it would be idle to hope that the same concession to a negligible if vociferous handful of the pusillanimous would not repeat itself, and upon an even larger scale. Moreover, the proportion of "fighter"—i.e., "defence"—machines to bombers—i.e., machines of "aggression"—is in the ratio of five to one. Yet by far the best method of discouraging hostile air raids is to nip them in the bud by obliterating the enemy aerodromes whence they originate, and destroying the depôts and factories from which reinforcements would otherwise be procurable.

Under modern conditions, war has ceased to be an interlude played out by professional armies, facing each other in a *terrain-de-campaign* conveniently remote from the snug civilian breakfast table, whereon the printed report of their deeds provided a not unpleasing matutinal titillation. War, in these days, is not solely the business of a few "professional hired assassins"; it is everybody's business—the business of the man who pays for the cartridge, of the man who makes the cartridge, and of the man who fires the cartridge (as of their dependants), equally.

And while it is everybody's business to try and avoid war by every means within their power, should it come, it is equally without question everybody's business to wage it with equal intensity, in equal proportion, and with equal liability. In swift, unstinted, and therefore successful, aggression lies the only hope of bringing any war of the future to a speedy termination. As Admiral Fisher always so emphatically recommended, "Hit first, hit hard, and keep on hitting!" An

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admirable policy, which can only be achieved, however, at a certain sacrifice of that "protection" of what one might call the un-uniformed areas in what, in effect, would constitute one vast, conglomerate battle-ground.

The country which is unwilling to face-up to this proviso had better prepare itself, if not for actual defeat, at least for that nebulous condition of stalemate which, in the long run, proves no more than defeat's ill-favoured brother.

For the moment, peace has been rebuilt again. But for how long? And what confidence can we feel in a peace erected upon so shaky and unsubstantial a foundation?

While we must all render tribute to the dogged and determined manner in which Mr. Chamberlain struggled to avert war, it would be idle to deny that his task would have been rendered infinitely easier had the German Chancellor possessed the knowledge that England's Prime Minister had at his disposal the means—if negotiation failed—of waging it on an overwhelming scale. Armed strength, in wise hands, is no more than tranquillity's most trusty servant. For, as the late F. S. Oliver so aptly observed, "the nation that would enjoy peace must be strong enough to enforce peace"; and there is nothing but sound sense in Marshal Lyautey's dictum that "the deliberate display of force should be employed so that its actual use may be avoided."

No one, as has been said, will deny that the home population is entitled to adequate protection. But the best means of ensuring its immunity from menace is the possession, even at the cost of a large and, if it must be, conscripted army, of the necessary armed strength to render a would-be aggressor chary of challenging its might and prowess in the field. For it should never be forgotten that *the only "war potential" calculated to exert the slightest deterrent influence over the minds of Continental despots is the strength of a possible enemy's Field Army and of the trained reserves it can immediately call to its support.*

In effect, what is wanted, and wanted badly, is a little less concentration on A.R.P. and a great deal more attention devoted to a potential B.E.F.!

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BATON IN THE KNAPSACK

By Reginald Hargreaves.

> "Every private soldier carries in his knapsack the bâton of a Marshal."—*Napoleon.*

If it is true, as has been said, that it takes a Republic really to appreciate a Prince, then conversely it may be advanced that only the conditions of the reactionary, oligarchal England of George III could have produced the phenomenon embodied in the amazing career of that typical son of the people, John Shipp.

One of the most persistent charges levelled against the British army system of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries was that it entirely lacked democratic flexibility. In its choice even of subordinate leaders, it was insisted, it always turned to men of a certain social type and assured worldly connection; an "Officer class" in effect; honourable and courageous enough, without doubt, but of frigid sympathy and stiffly conventional outlook, self-sufficient and clannish, and barricaded from the world in general by a narrow exclusiveness past which it was impossible for anyone from a different social plane to penetrate.

But the fact which critics do not realize is that rigidly as the code of exclusion might be maintained in most circumstances, in the case of a man displaying unquestionable qualities of courage and initiative, and the faculty for leadership, no matter what his origin, the barriers melted away as though by magic; and his welcome within the charmed circle of his erstwhile superiors was as sincere as it was entirely spontaneous. This is all the more noteworthy when it is recalled that, until the abolishment of 'Purchase' in 1871, the King's Commission was, as Mr. Montagu Tigg would have put it, "a realizable pro-

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perty"; when to grant promotion to commissioned rank as a reward for gallantry in the field was to bestow *gratis* upon the favoured individual what had cost the vast majority of his fellows the bulk of their capital to buy. (Commissions changed hands at prices ranging from £400 to £800 for an Ensigncy, up to £1,200 to £5,000 for a Colonelcy.) Yet such "free" commissions *were* awarded, and far more frequently than might be supposed in view of the infinitely wider gulf, both educational and social, which divided the eighteenth century officer from the rank-and-file than the vague borderline which separates them to-day.

But of all the instances of promotion from the ranks that could be cited,* easily the most remarkable, in its long-sustained exhibition of every soldierly virtue, is that of the quondam 'charity' boy, John Shipp, the only man in military annals of whom it is recorded that he twice won his way to commissioned rank as a reward for conspicuous bravery in the face of the enemy.

Born of the very humblest parentage—his father was a Marine and his mother a hard-working woman of equivalent social standing—John Shipp came into the world on a blustery day in the March of 1785. His early childhood was uneventful, if marked by the ever-present spectre of poverty and hard times; but his mother dying in the absence of her husband on service abroad, the last-born, together with his elder brother, was driven to seek the asylum provided by the poor-house of the parish of Saxmunden.

A sturdy lad of excellent physique, despite his early privations, soldiering was obviously in the youngster's blood. An early, if frustrated, attempt to join the Royal Artillery was followed, in 1795, by his admission to the ranks of one of the 'experimental' battalions instituted by the Government to relieve parish authorities of the incubus of boys, up to the age

* As a recent contributor has reminded us, from the ranks of Ligonier's 'Black Horse' alone no less than 37 'private men' attained to Commissioned status; while such names as Trooper Thomas Brown, of Dettingen fame, 'Waterloo' Ewart of the 'Greys,' and—later—Hector MacDonald and William Robertson immediately recur as overwhelmingly successful instances of elevation from the ranks.

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of eighteen, who showed promise of developing into likely warriors. Clad in a new coat and a swashbuckling pair of leather breeches, a valedictory gift from the poor-law guardians, the young adventurer of something under ten full years set forth to see with what fortune the adoption of the King's red jacket would eventually endow him, characteristically enlivening the journey by a whistled rendering of " See The Conquering Hero Comes "!

After a short spell of preliminary training, followed by garrison duty in Portsmouth and in Guernsey, the new recruit, by this time a well-developed, upstanding lad, more than usually tall for his age, was drafted for service overseas at the Cape. His first taste of active operations came with the inclusion of the 22nd Foot in the expedition against " the Caffres," as Shipp invariably called them; a fatiguing and hazardous campaign, as are all enterprises for the suppression of a rebellious native population, fighting with all the advantages of an unorthodox method of warfare coupled with a thorough knowledge of their own terrain. The ungrateful task successfully concluded, the young soldier was entrusted with the conveyance of the officers' baggage overland to Cape Town, preparatory to the regiment's departure for India. The journey was accomplished in the company of an old Boer *vörtrekker* and his family; of whom Sabina, the youngest and most attractive, made an immediate impression upon the red-coated veteran of sixteen, who, before the journey was well upon its way, had fallen her unresisting prey.

It was a case of calf love if ever there was one; but its victims took it with tremendous seriousness notwithstanding. Indeed Shipp's one and only lapse from military integrity was the outcome of his determination to desert and throw in his lot with his beloved Sabina and her family on their return up-country. This design was only frustrated by the intervention, in its initial stage, of the Provost Serjeant, who bundled the fugitive back to regimental headquarters under close arrest.

Brought to trial by court martial, the delinquent was awarded the savage punishment of no less than 999 lashes, " more

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than fifty lashes," as the culprit himself remarked, "for every year he had been alive." Fortunately, however, Shipp's Commanding Officer was a man of rare sympathy and understanding. Holding that, heinous as had been the lad's offence, it had very largely been mitigated by his absolute refusal to desert prior to his arrival in Cape Town, and safe delivery of every smallest item of the property with which he had been entrusted, a piece of foolishness against which the old *vörtrekker*, in the hope of acquiring the spoil for himself, had protested all in vain, the wise and kindly man refused to let the punishment proceed. "He sent for me," John Shipp himself informs us, "and admonished me like a parent, painted the crime of desertion in all its enormity, and finally dismissed me with the assurance of his full forgiveness and friendship."

It was a re-enheartened, if somewhat chastened, John Shipp, all thought of the peccant Sabina banished from his mind, who landed a few months later at Calcutta, the gateway of an India which was to witness the bulk of the long and arduous service he was destined so faithfully to render.

Reinforced in his determination to turn himself into the model of what a hard-working and devoted young soldier should be, his progress towards the realization of his ideal was stimulated by the unwearying encouragement of his immediate commander, Captain Effingham Lindsay. To this officer the poor, untutored 'charity boy' owed that grounding and progress in general education which, within a year, was rewarded by promotion to the rank of Corporal and the care of his mentor's private accounts, in addition to the charge of his Company's books.

So conscientiously did he fulfil his new responsibilities that the expiration of a further six months saw his advancement to the rank of Serjeant, and shortly after, to that of Pay-Serjeant; an achievement implying a steadiness and integrity far beyond that usually associated with the modest total of eighteen years, which was all that the fledgling N.C.O. could boast, despite the fact that he "stood the tallest man on the parade."

But even further opportunities were awaiting him in the

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campaign against the Mahrattas; an early episode in which was the investment of the fort and city of Deig by a mixed force of King's men and "John Company's" troops under the command of Lord Lake. It was a tough nut to crack; but a breach having been battered in the outer walls, a storming party was hurled forward to force an entrance, in the van of which strode the battle-eager John Shipp. A matchlock ball in the head was the first reward of his impetuosity; but, nothing daunted, he pressed on and was one of the first to scale the tumbled bastion. Hot work in the streets of the ravished city presented the young N.C.O. with a chance to rescue his beloved officer from a particularly tight corner; an opportunity he seized upon with a reckless ardour which spoke volumes for the devotion which Effingham Lindsay had inspired in him. With the praises of his superiors ringing in his ears and a valuable enemy musket, which he subsequently sold for a round two hundred rupees, as tangible evidence of his prowess, Serjeant John Shipp had no reason to regard his first experience of this new type of fighting with anything but satisfaction.

The siege of Bhurtpore followed hard upon the capture of Deig; and in this difficult and protracted operation Shipp headed no less than three out of the four 'Forlorn Hopes' by which the storming parties were led in an attempt to break down the Pindaris' stubborn resistance. Wounded again, on the first occasion by a spear thrust, and on the second by another matchlock ball, the distress of the intrepid N.C.O. at the doctor's refusal to let him participate in the third assault was so injurious to him that medical opinion eventually came to the conclusion that to restrain him was calculated to work more harm than to let him join in and take his chance. The assembly of the 'Forlorn Hope' for the fourth attempt, therefore, saw the half-recovered stalwart once more at its head; and although the assault ended in a failure no less sanguine than those which had preceded it, so conspicuously gallant had Shipp's conduct been throughout that his reward took the form of an Ensign's Commission in the 65th Foot, known to us in these days as the "York and Lancasters."

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It was an honour richly earned, and one that was made the easier of acceptance by the kindness and liberality of the officers who had sponsored it. From Lord Lake the new Ensign gratefully accepted a gift of money to help in the purchase of his equipment, together with the present of a horse, two camels and a tent; while Effingham Lindsay promptly charged himself with the provision of all that might be required in the way of uniform.

We may easily imagine the thrill that accompanied the tyro's first assumption of his officer's "regimentals," adorned with the epaulette of rich lace denoting his new rank; the solemn business of submitting his head to the regimental barber for a hair-trim "à la Ensign," a process which ended by his having "a large pad filled with sand poked into the back of the head, round which the hair is gathered tight and tied back with a ribbon." A mere week before it had been caught back by a leather thong; but John Shipp now bore the King's Commission, and was very justifiably proud of it and the ribbon and gold lace that made the world acquainted with the fact!

A further period of strenuous campaigning followed, as the outcome of which the new Ensign again enjoyed promotion, being elevated to the rank of full Lieutenant on his transfer to the 76th Foot, more familiar to us nowadays as the 2nd Battalion the Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment.

With the temporary cessation of hostilities, the 76th, which had been serving continuously in India for five and twenty years, was ordered home; and in the October of 1807 Lieutenant John Shipp set foot once more on that shore of England from which, a mere eight years before, he had set forth as no more than a humble drummer boy.

II.

It was not so much in his possession of an indomitable, reckless but cool-headed courage that John Shipp differed so signally from the vast majority of his contemporaries: bravery was no rare quality in the armies that fought so long and resolutely under the blazing sun of "John Company's" India. It lay

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rather in the integrity, the rare quality, the almost puritan austerity, of his way of life. For, in an age when habitual intoxication was regarded as no more than a venial sin, he maintained a rigid temperance which for many years amounted to total abstinence; in an era wherein religious observance was the last thing to which the average soldier was prone, he professed a forthright, simple faith, as unaffected as it was heartfelt and devout. In one particular, however, his character exhibited a flaw all the more regrettable since he appeared to be entirely unaware of it, or, at best, only conscious of it when faced with the dire consequences of its indulgence. In effect, in money matters he was hopelessly improvident; less, it would seem, through any innate tendency to extravagance, than as the outcome of a complete absence of apprehension as to the value of money as such. Generous to a fault, it never seemed to occur to him that the sources of supply could ever dry up; and when funds ran short, as they so often do with a man of meagre resources, his bewilderment at the situation with which he found himself confronted was as naive as it was obviously genuine.

It was as an outcome of this very human trait that, soon after his return to England, on being detailed to Wakefield on recruiting duty, his liabilities began to mount to such an alarming extent that only the sale of his proudly-won Commission could hope to extricate him from the morass of debt in which he found himself completely bogged. It was an enormous sacrifice to be called upon to make, and it speaks volumes for the bedrock honesty and moral courage of the man that he neither whined nor hesitated once he had grasped the essentials of the situation with which he found himself confronted. His Commission, having been granted him " without purchase," its sale brought him little more than sufficient to discharge his immediate liabilities. So, seeing no reason, as he tells us, why he should not rise again as he had done before, he cheerfully sought re-enlistment, this time in the ranks of the 24th Light Dragoons.

With an obvious " old soldier " of such experience and patent ability, his promotion was as swift as it was inevitable. A strict disciplinarian, although by no manner of means the

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typical cursing, bullying martinet characteristic of the period—no one, for example, was stronger in his condemnation of the brutal practice of flogging; " if you touch the back," as he wisely observed, " you touch the loyalty,"—his progress from Serjeant to Drill Instructor, and thence to the proud position of Regimental Serjeant-Major, occupied little more than a couple of years.

With responsibilities greater than those of many junior officers, but occupying an assured and comfortable position in the military hierarchy, Shipp at last found himself in circumstances which would permit him to translate into actuality those dreams of happy matrimony which for so long he had nurtured secretly in his bosom. His fancy had lighted upon Anne, the eldest of three daughters of a worthy ' Conductor ' in the Commissariat Service; who proved only too ready to link her fate with that of the dashing young paladin of the Light Dragoons, who wooed her with such impetuous ardour. Owing to the tender years of the bride-to-be, however, it was reluctantly agreed by both parties to the engagement that their actual marriage should suffer postponement, at least until after the termination of the campaign against the Ghoorkas, which now seemed imminent.

With his abiding longing for advancement fanned into even fiercer flame by the not-too-distant prospect of matrimony, Shipp set every influence he could command to work to secure again that Commission that only pressure of worldly affairs had forced him to relinquish. In the May of 1815, on the recommendation of the Marquess of Hastings himself, his long-cherished ambition was gratified. For the second time he emerged from " below the salt " to the dignity of an Ensigncy in the 87th Foot, later the renowned Royal Irish Fusiliers, but then listed as the Prince's Own Irish.*

Hardly had the freshly-appointed officer scrambled into his new " regimentals " when the 87th were ordered to join the expedition which, under the command of Sir David Auchter-

* A Regiment more colloquially referred to as 'The Ould Fogs,' by virtue of its Erse battle-cry of 'Faugh a Ballagh ! '—(Clear the way !).

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lony, had been organized to attempt, for the second time, the subjection of the stubborn, war-like inhabitants of Nepaul.

As ever, Shipp's conduct throughout the arduous and hazardous campaign which followed, was an example to one and all; while his personal bravery—his triumph in a hand-to-hand combat with one of the enemy *sirdars* was the talk of every camp fire for many a long moon—was only matched by his care and consideration for the men under his immediate command. If personal distinctions had been the order of the day, his breast would have glowed with one long shining row of medals; as it was, the repeated thanks of his Commander were esteemed as more than adequate reward.

The Nepaul campaign successfully concluded, the war-worn Ensign was at last free to return to Cawnpore, there to claim the hand of his faithful Anne and, as a blushing Benedick, enjoy the overwhelming hospitality tendered him by the officers of his erstwhile regiment of Dragoons, whom he found already installed in garrison. With no slightest thought for his humble beginnings or the fact that, a few months earlier, he had, as a subordinate, been entirely at their orders, they welcomed him to their mess as one of themselves, a comrade they were proud to entertain and a brother-in-arms of whose prowess it was their unending delight to boast.

The next eighteen months constituted, in all probability, the happiest period in John Shipp's hazardous and nomadic life. Endlessly happy in the company of a wife who returned in full measure the adoration it was his delight to lavish upon her; accepted everywhere, by high and low alike, with every manifestation of cordiality and respect, it was a halcyon interlude which, in after years, he was always to recall with unfading gratitude and pleasure.

But in the India of those days, peaceful garrison duty was the exception rather than the rule; and trouble in the Hattrass rajah's country brought the 87th once more into the field. At the storming of Hattrass itself Shipp, although again slightly wounded, was the first who managed to force an entrance into the fort; and the manner in which he bore himself throughout

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the whole campaign never once sank below the level of high performance his superiors had come to expect in him.

In the Mahratta and Pindari campaigns of 1817-18, which followed hard on the successful conclusion of the Hattrass expedition, Shipp, as heretofore, was busily employed; distinguishing himself upon innumerable occasions and eventually achieving promotion to the substantive rank of Lieutenant once more, in addition to being appointed to a temporary billet on the Staff.

The year 1821 found him again in garrison at Cawnpore; where, on March 22nd, his domestic happiness was crowned by the birth of a son.

But, as he himself confessed in a rare moment of self-examination, "whenever fickle fortune deigned to smile on me, some untoward circumstance was sure to happen to nip the fair promise in the bud." With the idea of amplifying his somewhat straightened means, he had entered into an agreement with a certain Major Browne to run horses at Cawnpore races. Browne was admittedly a brave and honourable man; but it never seems to have occurred to him that to encourage a junior officer, a man with family ties and without monetary backing, to embark upon anything so hazardous as a speculation on the turf, was hardly an act of true friendship. However that may be, the unhappy fact remains that, falling out with his partner over his share in the conduct of their joint business, Shipp was guilty of the inexplicable foolishness of vilifying his erstwhile associate, both in public and in private, in speech and upon paper. Whether it was the effect of his old head wounds that temporarily robbed him of his balance and his usual cool, sane judgment, can only be surmised. Suffice it to record that, in the teeth of his superiors' reiterated advice, he carried the ventilation of his alleged grievance against his quondam partner to such lengths that an official investigation of the whole matter in dispute became imperative.

The proceedings of the court martial which was appointed to conduct the enquiry were as lengthy as they were conscientiously conducted.* But, sympathetic with the defendant

* The report of these proceedings covers over 300 foolscap sheets.

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as its members might be, the duty of the Court admitted of no equivocation. Found guilty of what would now be described as "conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman," Shipp was sentenced to be discharged His Majesty's service; although a rider was unanimously added to the verdict recommending him to "the clemency of His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief." Taking all the circumstances of the case into consideration, the best that that exalted official could do for the unhappy man was to permit him to "retire" from the service, thus enabling him to qualify for entry on the half-pay list.

With this partial mitigation of his original sentence, the chastened John Shipp had to rest content; and the future, which, such little time before, had loomed so promising, and in which no obstacle threatened to debar attainment to the highest military appointments in the land, faded into a painful, premature and inglorious end. His own obduracy and folly had robbed him of all chance of grasping the bâton which, at one time, had glittered so invitingly from the corner of his knapsack.

III.

A chill morning in the October of 1825 saw John Shipp turn away from the parade which had witnessed his last official appearance in all the glory of King's scarlet. It was six months and more since he had left an India wherein he had entombed a dearly-loved wife and said farewell to the children that the indigency of his circumstances had forced him to surrender to the care of kindly relatives. At forty-one he could look back upon thirty odd years of honourable service in arms; service which had scarred his body with the cicatrix of no less than seven dangerous wounds, without count of numerous minor injuries. So far as the future was concerned, he could look forward to nothing more concrete than the award of £50 a year generously promised him by the Court of Directors of the East India Company, more sympathetic to his claim on consideration than the Government in whose service he had actually been engaged. For the rest, his prospects were scarcely enheartening. With his exceptional credentials, he had regarded the secure-

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ment of suitable employment as a thing upon which he could rely with fair confidence. But numerous as were the smooth promises made him, he soon found that a world of difference separated profession and practice, between the expression of a vague benevolence and its translation into active help.

It was at this juncture that Shipp, recalling that his life had been spent in circumstances of more than usual interest, determined to turn to his pen as a means of amplifying the pittance which barely sufficed to keep him above actual want. As an additional incentive, "he was inclined," as a friend of his somewhat coyly put it, "to submit again to the bonds of Hymen"; and in consequence money was more than ever necessary.

His first literary effort was entitled *The Shepherdess of Arranville, or Father and Daughter; A Pathetic Tale in Three Acts.* This was followed, in 1829, by the horrifically-named piece of dramaturgy, *The Maniac of the Pyrenees, or The Heroic Soldier's Bride.** "The success of these light works, however," as a contemporary informs us, "was inferior to that of his *Memoirs*, which soon became extremely popular," This is no more than truth, for, first published in 1829, a second edition of of the work was called for within a year. Incredibly naïve, ponderously sententious, and wearisomely pedestrian as the work may be, it is still worthy of perusal, since from its pages there emerges the unconscious self-portrait of a man of sterling worth, invincible courage, and singularly outstanding military quality. This initial literary success, however, the striving author was unable to repeat; and despite the donation of £50 from that worthy philanthropist, Sir Francis Burdett, in recognition of the zeal for humanitarian reform exhibited in the ex-Lieutenant's pamphlet on the evils of military flogging, literary success seems definitely to have deserted him.

In his extremity, Shipp sent in an application for appointment to the newly-constituted London Police Force. The response was immediate and enthusiastic; and a preliminary assignment to Stepney was followed by promotion to Super-

* Almost as rare a volume, nowadays, as a First Folio of Shakespeare.

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intendent of the Night Watch at Liverpool, at the handsome salary, for those days, of £200 *per annum.*

To a man whose Indian experience had embraced every known variety of Dacoity and Thuggi, the relatively milk-and-water desperados of Merseyside proved no more than "fowls for the plucking." Strenuous personal intervention in the nefarious activities of a gang of local banditti known as the Park Rangers, followed by the frustration of the elopement of an unsophisticated young 'Miss' with a thoroughly abandoned nautical Don Juan, soon brought it home to potential back-sliders that the straight and narrow way would indubitably prove the better path to follow so long as John Shipp remained in Liverpool to sustain the side of law and order.

So firmly did the new Superintendent establish himself in the favour of his fellow townsmen that, when the Governorship of Liverpool Workhouse fell vacant, at a salary of £300 a year, with free residence, opposition to the ex-Lieutenant's candidature was easily swept aside, and his return to the office assured.

But the war-worn veteran's enjoyment of his new found position and prosperity, and those "bonds of hymen" in which he had found a new fund of sympathy and consolation for all the disappointments of the past, was not destined for long duration. Installed in his new office at the end of May, 1833, in the February of the year following the toll exacted by his years of strenuous soldiering had so taxed his constitution, in earlier days so marvellously resilient and robust, that he succumbed to an attack of pleurisy, after a few days of severe but uncomplaining agony. It is satisfactory to be able to record that his funeral afforded an opportunity, not only for his official superiors, but for a vast concourse of his fellow citizens, to bear witness to the high regard in which they had come to hold both the man himself and the magnificent legend he had embodied.

Thus passed John Shipp, 'charity boy' and proud bearer of his King's Commission; of whom it may well be said that he vied with Ney and "little brigand-killing Gillespie" for the

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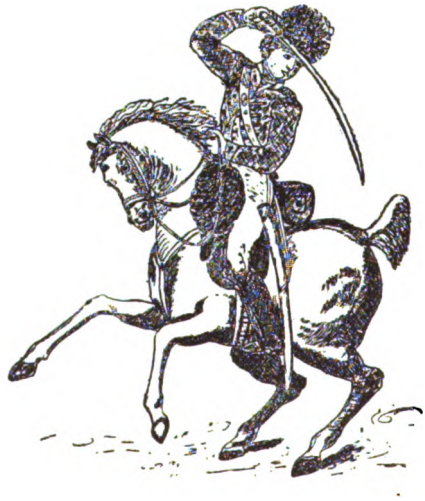
title of "the bravest of the brave." A soldier born, diligent, alert, far-sighted and sternly self-disciplined, he could discipline others with a sternness which never lacked an alieviating touch of very human understanding. In his work, dependable to the ultimate degree, his compliance with the commands of those set in authority over him, no matter what difficulty and fatigue their execution involved, was rendered with a ready cheerfulness as spontaneous as was his unhesitant obedience. Even when, with the findings of his court martial, the whole prospect of a dazzling future fell away in ruin, there came from him no single murmur of self-exculpation or recrimination. Realising the folly of which he had been guilty, he accepted his punishment without a whine, steeling himself with every atom of fortitude at his command to look beyond the present penalty to the future that, even in the darkest hour, he was determined should not be without reward, if resolution and honest effort could command it.

Last but not least; his elevation from the ranks was welcomed, on each occasion, by those who had been his superiors and had now become his comrades, with a warmth of general approval which reflects as creditably upon those who evinced it as it redounds to the sterling quality of the man himself which, in the heyday of promotion through patronage, purchase or privilege, rendered such a demonstration possible.



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VITTEL'S OPPORTUNITY

By George Hume.

"Son of a pig! Where hast thou been idling? Is it for finding one Jack-fruit in a whole day that I support thee? Child of iniquity!"

Vittel's face showed his nervous, twisted smile, as he stood on one leg leaning on his iron-shod staff with the other heel pressed against the knee. Jack-fruit were scarce now. A colony of bears which lived in the caves in a ravine five miles away had seen to that! But he had become accustomed to such abuse since at the age of five a cholera epidemic had made him an orphan, and Rama the village shopkeeper—his mother's cousin—had taken him in.

Rama was the rich man of this tiny hamlet near the Kalapani river, which flows through the great forest-belt along the southwest coast of India. Among the villagers, who but seldom handled even the smallest silver coin, his income was reputed to be as much as forty rupees (some three pounds) a month, and he had saved largely. His, were most of the terraced rice-fields in the clearing round the village, in which Vittel worked. Rama and his wife were a hard, close-fisted couple, and the boy Vittel had grown up thin and undersized.

"Every day that I send thee to the forest thou sleepest! It is enough. Thou art now a man—go to Kavahatti and get work there. No longer will I support thee."

Vitell crept off to the low hovel behind the shop where, in a corner among sacks of rice and lentils and tins of rancid-smelling butter and pungent spices, on a pile of dried grass, was his sleeping place—on his way he pulled out a bowl of sugar for Rama to trip over on his way to bed. Since he had grown up, more and more did he revolt against his helpless slavery.

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Lying in the darkness he thought of this oft-repeated threat of Rama's to turn him out. How he longed to be able to pay him out by taking him at his word, to be free, and to earn some money of his own. Meagre food and the scanty rags he wore were all that Rama paid him. All the village hated Rama and his skin-flint, usurious ways; and for his orphan ward, the undersized Vittel, there was at best a mocking pity.

How he loathed the village! Supposing he went to Kava-hatti city where he sometimes drove Rama's bullock-cart, three days' journey, to get supplies? Perhaps he could earn wages as a coolie; but then, feeling his skinny arms, he was not fit to carry heavy sacks or the big baulks of timber—as coolies did.

Only in the forest was he happy. There, every track and tree he knew, and the haunts and ways of birds and beasts. Others were frightened of bears, tigers, bison and elephant; and, alone, did not like to leave the forest roads. He, had no fear in the forest. He could laugh at them there. Even the Forest Wardens at Nedabet village, five miles away, where there was a bungalow to which Sahibs sometimes came, were afraid of elephant!

Vittel could hear the drone of Rama's voice in the shop as he cast up his long columns of figures late into the night. Far in the distance there was a sharp, barking cry and an occasional "Ponk—Ponk"—like a motor horn; Vittel knew the tracks the spotted chital and stately sambhur were following to the river side. Well—tomorrow he would have to decide what to do; Rama was going away for two days on business, so he would have time to make his plans. He stretched out his child-like body and was soon asleep.

When the sun was high next morning, Vittel, lying out-stretched on a smooth rock in the river bed in the heart of the forest, was asking himself for the hundredth time how he was to escape from his slavery to Rama. He had followed a track to this his favourite retreat in the hot season. The river was now a dry, rocky ravine—in which a string of pools was joined by a trickling stream; but at this point the pools were large and deep and great over-hanging trees gave plenteous shade. One could

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bask on the smooth rocks, too, after swimming in the clear, cool water.

This was a resort beloved also by elephants and other game, who came to drink in the evenings and to wallow. Sometimes Vittel, perched in a tree, would spend hours watching the elephants rolling on their sides, splashing, and squirting water over themselves with shrill trumpeting of delight. The way the mothers bathed their children fascinated him.

Looking down into the clear depths below his rock, Vittel thought of the mills at Kavahatti city—where it was said that big pay could be earned. One had to work without pay, however, to learn the job, and foremen had to be bribed to take one on —so that too was hopeless. There seemed no way of escape, yet things could not go on as they were. At any rate he would start for Kavahatti tomorrow and try his luck. How angry Rama would be to lose his slave! He slipped again into the pool and swimming slowly round enjoyed the swirling of the cool water on his body.

Suddenly he heard voices! Strange, angry voices! He swam silently to the side of an overhanging rock and crouched half-hidden in the deep shade.

On to the grassy bank not twenty yards from him came three men. One was a Sahib, in khaki shorts, grey shirt, and large sun-helmet—carrying a rifle. The others Vittel recognized as Forest Wardens from Nedabet.

Evidently the Sahib was very angry. He was scolding the Wardens, who were obviously making excuses. Perhaps they will soon go away—thought Vittel—as he watched them unseen.

But no. The Sahib sat down in the shade of a tree and one of the Wardens brought a basket which he opened and placed before him. The Sahib unpacked it and began eating and drinking. The others withdrew about fifty yards behind some bushes —and soon Vittel could smell the reek of tobacco.

The Sahib took off his hat. What yellow hair he had! His face was bright red! and his eyes seemed a very light colour. Vittel had never watched a " ruler of the world " from quite so

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close. They were said to be rather mad, and of fabulous wealth.

From a tree a long-tailed bird floated down towards the pebbly beach beside Vittel to have a drink; but suddenly spied him and with frightened squawks and noisy flutter of wings regained his tree—shouting to all the world what a narrow escape he'd had.

Then, Vittel saw that the Sahib was looking at him! He called out something he could not understand and beckoned to him.

Vittel was rather frightened but felt he could not disobey—so, slipping round the rock until he could get his loin-cloth and the strip of rag he called his paggri, he walked slowly towards the Sahib, and salaaming stood on one leg leaning on his stick.

What a big-boned, strong man he was! Vittel, seeing the kindly look in his light grey eyes, began to gain confidence. The Sahib spoke but Vittel did not understand so salaamed again and shook his head. Calling his men, the Sahib asked through one of them: "Who are you, and what are you doing in the jungle?" "I live at the village four miles from here" said Vittel. "I gather fruits in the jungle."

After some conversation he did not understand a Warden spoke: "I have told the Sahib that you can track elephant, and he asks if there are any in this part of the forest?"

"I have not seen any fresh tracks to-day," replied Vittel.

"Do you know where to find them?"

"Yes," said Vittel with his twisted smile, "I often follow elephant. They sometimes come here in the evening. There are some tracks over there by the water; they are several days old. Now they may be in the big bamboo jungle the other side of the river, on the higher ground."

The Sahib gave an order which was translated: "Come to Nedabet bungalow tomorrow morning at four o'clock." Vittel salaamed, "The order of the Great King will be obeyed."

From the Wardens he learnt that this was an Army Sahib, a brother of the Forest Officer, who had come to Nedabet to shoot. "He comes from the north" they said, "and he wants to shoot an elephant. We have walked a hundred and fifty miles in the

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last week; he never gets tired! Perhaps if he shoots an elephant he will be less angry and we shall get some rest. But, mind thee! If thou showest the Sahib an elephant, and there is reward—we, the Sahib's servants get the half share."

Vittel set out in the moonlight next morning and by half-past three reached the bungalow at Nedabet. Lights were already burning. In the kitchen, close to the servant's quarters, food was being prepared, and the servants said that the Sahib would start at four o'clock.

A Warden told Vittel that the Sahib had given orders that only he and Vittel were to go with him. They would go by motor car along the forest roads to whatever place Vittel might chose, then leave the car and search for elephant.

The smooth swiftness of the car was a revelation to Vittel who had once begged a lift in a rattling lorry. How the dark walls of trees raced past! Sometimes, out of the darkness, twin jewels would flash red or green as the eyes of some animal reflected the head-lamps; while ahead was a patch as bright as day. Once, a panther crossing the road paused, blinking a moment in the dazzling light, and disappeared.

In the time it would take to walk two miles; just as the dawn was beginning faintly to lighten the sky, they arrived at the place Vittel had chosen. Leaving the car, they entered the still-dark forest following a game-track.

" Where's my daugh-ter " a jungle-cock started his strident, oft-repeated cry.

Vittel, barefoot, glided silently along; then came the Sahib carrying his rifle, and the Warden with axe and haversack brought up the rear.

Presently ahead there was the sound of crashing branches and heavy, galloping feet. Vittel turned and whispered "khulga," and in a few moments they came to a glade smelling sweetly-strong, like a cow-byre, where a herd of bison had spent the night. Then, high in the tops of the trees came the sharp, metallic—chuck chuck, chuck . . . . of a Malabar squirrel—awakened rudely by the tumult. Whoo, Whoo—away in the distance—a big grey Langoor monkey, watchman of his tribe.

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gave his warning cry. Day was breaking; time for night prowlers to take their rest, and for sleepers to awake.

The forest was parched and for the most part leafless; on the hard-baked ground lay inches of brittle leaves and twigs. What a noise the Sahib's feet made! Vittel was heading for a large area of bamboo jungle, a favourite haunt of elephant at this time of year. The young bamboo shoots were sweet and on the higher ground there would be more breeze and fewer flies—to escape from which is the major day-time preoccupation of all big game. Besides, a small tributary of the Kalapani ran close at hand.

Vittel could scarcely believe that he, Rama's despised servant, was actually working as shikari for a Sahib—one of the Great Ones who owned the earth! In his heart he offered up a prayer to his red village God that this might be a fortunate day. At all events he would do his best.

On they trudged, and for a time the trees becoming less dense the already hot rays of the sun began to reach them. A large sounder of pig crossed in front with sordid grunting and the shrill squeaks of countless piglets. Old boars for the most part roam apart; they cannot stand this noisy, squalid domesticity for long. On again. Suddenly Vittel stopped, and pointed to the ground.

Tracks of elephant!

As he followed them Vittel thought there must be more than a dozen. Several big cows with calves of various sizes. There at last too were the tracks of a good sized bull—Vittel could tell by the more oval shape of the hind feet. In and out they wound individually among the trees, while following the same general direction.

From time to time he examined the big circular piles of dark green droppings and thrust his small bare foot deep into them —from the temperature he judged that the herd were some two hours ahead. The tracks were easy to follow as the contour of each footprint showed up in pulverized leaves on the hard ground. Here and there, too, on the bark of a tree was the mark a dusty side had made as it scraped past.

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Up—the herd had climbed—to the top of a steep ridge of hills then down again into a valley through which ran a little stream. Here there was more foliage, and an occasional tree that bore some sort of fruit had been stripped of its branches.

In a narrow dell a pool had been trampled and used as a mud-bath—the smooth, churned-up red mud showing where great forms had rolled. Turning away from the stream the tracks took the direction of the bamboo forest of which Vittel had been thinking. This was splendid, as the herd would probably spend the day there; if it had been "on trek" it might have gone on for forty miles and the Sahib would, without doubt, have been very angry with him.

Suddenly a loud uproar started some distance to the right, growing snarls of intense ferocity rang through the forest. The Sahib tapped Vittel on the shoulder. "Bears fighting"—explained Vittel—through the interpreter. The Sahib ordered him to lead towards the noise; but, after going some distance, it did not seem to get much closer, so as the direction was away from the elephant tracks he changed his mind and the tracking of the elephants continued.

Again the tracks led up on to a ridge, near the top of which a Sambhur stag had settled himself comfortably for the heat of the day—away he plunged down the steep slope with great clatter of rolling stones and loud rattle of antlers against the dry undergrowth.

From the crest of the ridge a great sea of feathery bamboo plumes could be seen swaying on the undulating plain below; this was where Vittel hoped to come up with the herd.

Sure enough, after perhaps a mile, the loud reports of breaking bamboos showed that the herd was not far off.

Vittel led on unhesitatingly until the crashing noise seemed very close; the wind was towards him. Presently he stopped, beckoned to the Sahib, and showed him a cow, not fifteen yards away, plucking at a bamboo clump; while beyond, the red, dusty backs of half a dozen others showed up round and plump above the patch of small bamboo upon which they were feeding.

Standing upright, Vittel seemed to have gained in size and

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stature; his mouth was firm as with gleaming eyes he signed to the Sahib to scout round to the right to see if he could get a sight of the bull. Standing quietly in the open he watched him go.

He waited tensely. In a few minutes there was a shrill trumpet of alarm and the herd, packing together, plunged off—crashing through the forest; lucky for the Sahib they had not taken his direction!

Vittel drooped with disappointment. The Sahib had gone too far round and they had got his wind.

Before long he returned cursing and swearing and very hot; he sat down in the shade looking most dejected. Presently he called for the Warden, who, after a few minutes appeared—looking rather sheepish. Then having had some food and a drink from the haversack he sent for Vittel and asked how far the elephants were likely to go.

"God knows! Perhaps three miles, perhaps ten"—answered Vittel, standing upright and alert. His heart warmed towards the Sahib who only cursed himself in his disappointment; it was a new experience not to be the scape-goat when anything went wrong.

Again they started to follow the tracks which, for some distance, bunched together, had beaten a wide lane—avoiding only the big clumps of bamboo. Gradually they became more normal, until individuals spread out again roaming about a common axis.

In an hour or so they came to a low lying plain; here the forest changed to large clumps of towering bamboo with wide, winding alleys between them—carpeted smooth and soft with the fallen leaves of ages. The tracks here were harder to follow, but Vittel kept up a steady pace—while the scorching sun beat down and not a breath seemed to stir.

After a couple of miles the ground rose again, and the bamboo was interspersed with trees; there was more breeze here and it was cooler.

Presently Vittel heard some movement and held up his hand. It was the herd again! The Sahib signed to the Warden to stay where he was.

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Testing the breeze continually with a wet finger Vittel led up to the herd, which, near the top of a gentle slope, had settled down to its afternoon siesta. Straight in front, about thirty yards away, a large cow was standing on three legs leaning against a tree, apparently half asleep—while a half-grown calf and a much smaller one fidgeted round her. Away on the right was another family party in the shade of a big bamboo clump. No bull could be seen.

Vittel was in his element. He always felt a strange exhilaration in getting close up to elephant—it was here he felt his superiority over the village folk who treated him with such contempt.

Puffs of warm breeze came eddying through the trees and set their crests rustling. Vittel could judge just where the eddies would carry a scent. Round to the left he led, moving fast across open spaces when the head of any elephant near was turned away, then "freezing" still when it turned in his direction. Several more family parties were inspected in this way, but still no bull was there. The wind made it unsafe to go farther round this side, so he retraced his steps and round to the right of the herd they scouted. Again, however, though he had counted fifteen elephants, no bull could he see.

Having got as far round this side of the herd as he dared, Vittel decided to wait until they started moving again—a chance might then occur of seeing the whole herd. He chose a large tree near which they watched and waited.

After some time the young elephants became more restless, and some of the bigger ones started feeding and moving about. Vittel watched eagerly; the herd was getting on the move. It seemed that a gradual straggling movement was beginning towards where they stood.

Slowly the herd came on—two cows were leading and would pass, it seemed, some twenty yards on each side of them.

Vittel judged it better to stay where they were behind their tree trunk—he drew the Sahib close beside him. It was well that the leading cows had no calves. We may yet see the bull—

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thought Vittel—and the Sahib will know that I spoke truth. May it not be a "Mackna"—a tuskless bull!

On came the two cows a few steps at a time and then a nibble. There was something moving, too, behind a large bamboo clump between them. Vittel, as he again tested the wind with his wet finger, prayed that it might be the bull. The two cows would before long be almost level with them and then it would be only a matter of seconds before one of them got their wind. Vittel, himself, had never before been so nearly enveloped in an on-coming herd; but there was a cross wind and the tree trunk was a stout one. He felt intoxicated with self confidence, and was obsessed with the desire that the Sahib should see the bull.

Ah! There was a gleam of white. A tusk! It *was* the bull!

Vittel twitched the Sahib's sleeve and pointed. Round the bamboo clump in front, not twenty-five yards off, appeared a stately bull. King of the herd and of the forest—with Royal escort he was on the move. On he came swaying and detached—deep in thought it seemed. Century old memories of his youth, perhaps—when the nauseating smell of man was a more rare occurrence. Strange how the world was deteriorating. The whiff that he had got that very morning was the strongest he had smelt for many years—the man must have been very close! He had trampled more than one of them in his time. Why could they not keep to their evil-smelling clearings? Well—well. . .

Bang!

A great lurch.

A tottering sprawl.

A loud crack as a tusk became embedded in the hard ground, then, wrenching in its socket, was released as the great bulk rolled over on to its side—inert.

For a split-second there was stillness. Then a medley of gigantic rushing forms in crashing tumult packed together and surged past on each side of the tree; and charging on, tore through the forest like a company of tanks—beating down all but the biggest trees in their path.

Vittel was transported with exhilaration—all had gone well! The Sahib had shot a bull! His word had been vindicated!

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He let out a "whoop" as the charging elephants passed and struck at a great wall of flesh that scraped past the tree with his bare hand. In Vittel's starved life this moment held all the glory of great achievement—a moment that comes but once in span of life.

The hubbub died away in the distance. How still the forest seemed—even the birds were silent; while the glaring sun beat through the jungle shade in shimmering patches of brilliant light as the tree tops waved gently in the breeze. Only the acrid smell and salt taste of smokeless powder and the huge carcase lying still ten yards away were there to prove that what had happened in those breathless seconds was not a dream.

The Sahib was wiping his face with a coloured handkerchief, and looked rather white—Vittel thought; but he had taken a steady shot. Suddenly, as Vittel was moving towards the fallen elephant, the Sahib seized him by the hand and crushed it so that he nearly screamed; but the smile and the look in the grey eyes showed him that this was congratulation and delight. Vittel salaamed low, then stood upright, and looking him square in the eyes smiled widely—perhaps for the first time since his parents died.

Together they examined the elephant. Vittel stooped suddenly and lifted an eyelid. Yes—his suspicion was right. He pointed to the rapid flow of blood from the wound in the forehead. Understanding came. The elephant was only stunned—not dead!

Quick as thought the Sahib reloaded and, standing back, fired both barrels into the base of the skull at the back of the head. The great form twitched and shivered, then seemed to shrink somewhat. There was no doubt now that life had passed.

Vittel called the Warden, and with his axe the tusks were chopped out of their hard sockets and from each the long nerve wide at the base and tapering to a point was removed. The Sahib ordered a foot to be cut off and pulled the fringe of coarse hairs out of the tail.

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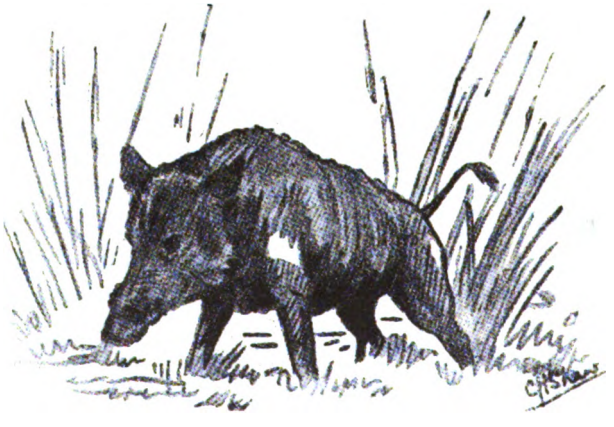
Vittel wondered what "baksheesh" he would get. A rupee perhaps—or even more if the Sahib was really pleased; but the Wardens would certainly want half.

At the bungalow a telegram, brought by a runner, was waiting; and then there was a bustle of hurried packing. The servants told Vittel that the Sahib had been recalled from leave; there was fighting on the frontier and he must start at once.

Presently, standing in the verandah, the Sahib sent for Vittel; and shaking his hand—not quite so hard this time—gave him ten shining rupees!! Vittel could scarcely believe it. This was a fortune.

Lying that night on his grass bed, tired out but happy, he felt the hard lump in his loin-cloth—eight rupees! For he had had to give two to the servants, who fortunately had not seen how much the Sahib had given. He would start for Kavahatti before daylight; no one in the village knew anything yet—and there was no need for farewells!

Sleep came quickly to the small, weary form—and in his dreams Vittel was followed by a pair of kindly grey eyes.



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HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES

The January "Army Quarterly" devotes as usual a good deal of its space to military history, topical articles being considerably in the minority. Among the latter class, Lieutenant-Colonel Browning in the second part of "I Believe," deals first with the problem of the advance under present-day conditions, and then with those of defence, withdrawal, traffic, and organization. Robert Leurquin describes last year's Belgian manœuvres, and Lieutenant-Colonel Granville Baker the fortunes of the British Legion contingent that volunteered to go to Czechoslovakia last autumn to supervise the plebiscite that never took place. Lieutenant-Colonel G. S. Hutchison discusses in typically downright and somewhat metaphysical terms the "Inner Nature of War," and an anonymous writer gives a description of the present-day German Reichswehr, which must be regarded, he thinks, as a force in a dangerous transition stage of expansion and modification, and thus of much inferior military value to the homogeneous highly professional force of a few years ago.

The "Fighting Forces" for February is in controversial mood. Lieutenant-Colonel Burne has a vigorous tilt at the advocates of what he considers the dangerous heresies of the limited liability war and the power of the defensive; Commander Russell Grenfell wonders if we have enough light craft to combat effectively the new submarines Germany has now announced her intention of building; and the journal's Air correspondent warns his readers against over-optimistic views of the powers of the fighter and the A.A. gun as against bomber attacks. Finally the editor pleads for a clearer definition of the role envisaged for the Territorial Army in a future Great War, and a system of training on less general lines than that now in force,

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designed specially to fit Territorial units for that role, whatever it may eventually be.

The " Royal Artillery Journal " for January has two good historical articles, the one by Lieutenant-Colonel Head on Waterloo and the other the reminiscences of an anonymous battery commander in France in the spring of 1915. Captain Pike describes his interesting experiences while on a visit to the American artillery, and another anonymous writer, with admirable topicality, the present state of affairs in Tunisia, There are also papers on the organization of men's sports and social clubs, and the erection of miniature ranges for combined land and sea shooting. The leading article by Brigadier Cherry, entitled "Some Thoughts on Training," discusses how best our artillery can fit itself at training and in practice camps to get the fullest advantage out of the longer ranging and more powerful guns with which it is shortly to be equipped.

The most interesting paper—indeed the only one with any real appeal to the non-specialist reader—is Major-General Bond's lecture on " the Military Engineer in Modern Warfare," delivered recently at the Royal United Service Institution. His views are that recent developments have increased the destructive powers of engineers in the field, and that the lag in their power of reconstruction and repair is bound seriously to slow up the mobility for which every army is striving. These are now depending more and more on their engineers, and yet there is an ever-growing gap between what these latter can actually do and what they will certainly be expected to do.

The " R.A.S.C. Quarterly " for November opens with a useful paper on the organization and operation of the R.A.S.C. of the Mobile Division. The writer points out that it will have to work in two sorts of conditions—the one normal and the other when a division is detached on an independent mission, and that it is the latter which will make the highest demands on the resourcefulness and powers of initiative and responsibility of the R.A.S.C. officers concerned.

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The "Journal of the Royal United Service Institution of India" contains an admirable account of the recent Italo-Abyssinian War by Lieutenant-Colonel Arnold and an anonymous article "You Can't Mix Oats and Petrol," which is of interest to all cavalry officers. He advocates that in India, at any rate, the cavalry brigade should include horsed, light tank, horse artillery and engineer units, and considers that each form of unit has very valuable qualities by means of which the defects of the others can be compensated for, so that in undeveloped countries the great disadvantage of such a combination—the differing rates of movement of horsed and mechanized troops—will not make itself appreciably felt.

The "Royal Air Force Quarterly" for January opens with an article on "The Trend of Air Power" the key to which the anonymous author sees in the widespread development of a great network of British air bases; once provided with these, he sees nothing impossible in the air arm shortly taking over and exercising control over land and sea areas which have hitherto been regarded as the sole province of the older Services. Apart from two somewhat surprising items to meet here, an account of Cromwell's dictatorship, and a narrative of the Austrian offensive in the Italian Trentino in the summer of 1916, the rest of the journal is taken up mainly with matters of domestic interest to the Royal Air Force.

E.W.S.

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FOREIGN MAGAZINES

The French " Revue de Cavalerie " for November-December, 1938, and January-February, 1939, contains less than usual that is likely to interest British readers. In the former number Chef d'Escadrons Fix has a well-illustrated and capable article on saddle galls and wounds. It is worth noting that the writer begins his argument by stating that in August-September, 1914, Sordet's Cavalry Corps—well known to the B.E.F. in the Retreat—became virtually useless owing to an epidemic of sore backs and similar injuries due to poor horse-mastership. Many of the animals were, in fact, permanently rendered unfit. The care of the horse on active service, concludes the author, cannot receive too much attention. The latter number contains a description of a military motor-cycle ride from Paris to Dakar in Senegal. The machines were of 750 c.c. capacity and fitted with side-cars; they were strictly service machines. This severe test seems to have proved these French service machines to be fully capable of hard work. This article is followed by a very brief and very general description of the work of a cavalry squadron in recent French " small wars," which shows that cavalry has been used in Morocco to great advantage in conditions of warfare that resemble those prevailing on the Indian frontier.

Unlike the French Journal the U.S.A. " Cavalry Journal " for November-December, 1938, and for January-February, 1939, is full of useful items. The former number contains two articles by British officers—the first by Colonel H. S. Stewart, late Indian Army, entitled " Mechanized Cavalry has come to stay." In this the British views on mechanized cavalry are attractively and clearly stated in detail. The essence of the article is that mechanized cavalry must seek to profit from and develop the qualities of existing horsed cavalry. The objectives

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of its training should be to enhance mobility, increase morale and (by practical instruction on the ground) to prepare the arm for fighting, reconnaissance and detached duty. Mechanical knowledge is not the primary end of such training. For the present the best policy is to regard mechanized cavalry as experimental, to consider "horsed cavalry as its elder brother, guide and mentor, and not as a senile ancestor who has outlived his usefulness." Mechanized cavalry must regulate its corporate life by cavalry principles and tactics, preserve at all costs the qualities of mobility and morale. It must never sink to the level of motorized infantry or allow itself to be merged in a tank corps.

This article is followed by one styled "Imagination gone wild" by Brigadier-General H. S. Hawkins (retired) which is in essence a defence of horsed cavalry as against its mechanized counterpart. The author is an enthusiast and does not hesitate to stigmatize the changes effected in the British cavalry during 1934-38 as revealing "a complete confusion of mind and of ideas." The composition of a modern European cavalry division "from a unit of horsemen, a unit of tanks, and a motorized rifle and machine-gun unit, without any definite idea of the relative proportion between these units" he utterly condemns. General Hawkins then adduces arguments to prove his case. He first takes the function of reconnaissance and shows that only horsed units possessing great cross-country capacity could adequately fulfil such a role. Should the enemy rely solely on mechanized units for his own reconnaissance against any mechanized force not relying on cavalry reconnaissance, then a stalemate must set in.

He next examines horsed cavalry in attack. As a prelude to this study he starts by claiming for the American idea of cavalry attacks relying on pistol fire an efficacy of which European troops have no conception. Only troops preserving the traditions of the American Civil War and Indian warfare would carry out such an attack. By means of well-conducted pistol fire General Hawkins claims that fast moving cavalry is truly formidable in mounted attack, provided this be well

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supported by machine guns and with anti-tank weapons in reserve to ward off any possible tank counter-attack.

Next he discusses the various offensive missions of cavalry which, as he says, are many and varied. He insists that cavalry must be prepared at all times to adopt a defensive attitude; but, he contends, it would be unwise to equip and organize cavalry for such action. He insists that the cavalry regiment must possess a machine-gun squadron from which the necessary sections can be detailed as needed. The individual squadrons do not require these guns. But he finds no place for the light machine-gun in his ideal cavalry regiment. The .5 calibre machine-gun he would prefer to relegate to brigade or division. He would thus limit the number of machine-guns in a regiment to 16 heavy guns, all in one squadron.

The article concludes with a lengthy argument in favour of horsed cavalry based on the experiences of the Spanish Civil War, where, so the author claims, horsed cavalry has more than justified its existence by its admirable services. There is also a reference to the war in China, where, in contrast there stands out the relative failure of the tank. Likewise the defence of cavalry against aircraft is considered. If, says General Hawkins, anti-tank guns are allotted to units then cavalry must also possess such anti-aircraft weapons as will deter very low-flying attacks on it. Cavalry in bivouac or in camp is particularly liable to such attack; therefore it must learn to bivouac in small groups and learn to use cover. Lastly the problem of armour is brought up. Here the author maintains that the more armour placed on vehicles, the less mobile the latter will become, and the greater the need for horsed cavalry. The whole article will rejoice the heart of the most fervent champion of the horsed cavalry arm. This article is reinforced by the reproduction of a somewhat similar essay on " The Horse in War," which appeared in the British " United Service Review," from the pen of Major J. R. S. Macnamara, M.P.

The next article by Second Lieutenant R. A. Smith is of note. Being evidently a professional journalist he knows his subject and is, therefore, well qualified to write, as he does, on Propa-

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ganda and the News." His argument is so brief and condensed that no précis can do justice to this interesting little article which, of course, has no direct cavalry interest. But its appropriateness is just now so great and it explains so clearly the attitude of the American press towards foreign propaganda as to merit attention. The concluding paragraph runs as follows :— " The better newspapers are trying to spot propaganda and keep it out of the news. The more intelligent readers can assist them by knowing propaganda when they see it, complaining about it when necessary, and shifting their morning paper when and if it is not corrected."

" Bagging the Hedgehopper " is the title of a brief summary of the problem of ground troops defending themselves with their own weapons against the low-flying aeroplane. Captain J. I. Greene examines the matter illustrating it from recent experience. He assumes that the time available for infantry fire against aircraft is never more than five seconds. He then takes the concrete instance of hostile aircraft attacking a column moving along a road in a defile two miles in length. Captain Greene claims that by disposing infantry on one flank of the defile no air attack should be allowed to get home on the moving column. He greatly prefers rifle fire for this purpose to machine-gun fire. " Soldier Studies " by James Anthony Reilly is a well argued appeal for a thorough understanding of the modern citizen likely to be called up for military service. On this acquaintance, he claims, modern discipline must rest and must be adapted to meet modern conditions of life. The next item is of high interest. It is a brief and well illustrated description of the new semi-automatic rifle which is now to be issued to the American army in place of the familiar Springfield. The new weapon is gas-operated, clip-fed (8 rounds), self-loading, slightly over nine pounds in weight.

The same Journal for January-February opens with an article by Major-General J. K. Herr, Chief of Cavalry. First he summarizes the now familiar arguments for the retention of horsed cavalry, all taken from the Great War. He next analyses the various roles of cavalry in war. The horsed and

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mechanized arms, he asserts, are complementary. In the U.S.A. the latter must be increased to a division. Finally he claims that "in order to supply the proper quota of cavalry for any effective infantry-field artillery-cavalry combat team of the Regular Army initially ready for instant action, the minimum strength should total somewhere between 20,000 and 30,000 cavalrymen." Coming from such a source these pronouncements seem to carry weight. Following on this article there is another much in the same strain entitled "What does Palestine prove?" from Captain Baron George Marochetti, late of the British 11th Hussars. The disappearance of the horsed cavalry is deplored. The utility of mounted troops during the Great War is proved by the work of the cavalry in the Palestine campaign. The renewed need for horsed cavalry in Palestine at the present day is emphasized; and it is hinted that, in the future, it might be necessary to remount some of the units recently mechanized.

Next Major E. M. Benitez discusses the handling of the Insurgent cavalry division, commanded by General Monasterio, in the Spanish Civil War during the spring operations of 1938. These are concentrated, first round the few days' fighting that led to the recapture of Teruel by the insurgents. In these operations the cavalry fought a highly successful action at Alfambra on 6th February. Secondly, in the following operations that led to Franco's reaching the sea between 9th and 31st March, Monasterio's horsemen played a decisive part. Finally they were engaged in the drive on Valencia during that subsequent movement in June. The author's conclusion is that the retention of horsed cavalry must be made dependent on prevalent conditions as well as on the campaign in view. What may be suitable for England, France and Germany may not be the best solution for the Russian or Polish problems. The U.S.A. must work out its own answer to this difficult question. The Journal then offers an illustrated description of the new U.S.A. anti-tank gun. The calibre is 37 mm.; the carriage has rubber-tyred wheels and a split trail. It weighs 850 lbs. and is shielded. The ammunition is either solid armour-piercing shot or H.E.

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shell. The maximum rate of fire may rise to 30-35 rounds a minute. The whole is hauled by a double-wheeled lorry.

The German "Militär-Wochenblatt" for December (No. 25) contains an article by Ritter von Gonnermann on "Reconnoitring Cavalry against Armoured Cars." The author's arguments are based on the experiences of the 1st Heavy Cavalry Regiment of the Bavarian Cavalry Division during the Great War. At the end of September and early October, 1914, this regiment found itself engaged in reconnaissance against the Belgian and British armoured cars in Flanders. In this terrain, much built over and enclosed, the German cavalry obviously "had a somewhat thin time." Then in 1916, during the Brusilov offensive in Russia, the same opponents met in the eastern theatre of war. The Belgian cars had been transported to Russia, whilst the Bavarian cavalry was with the German defence. On this occasion the cars, so the writer claims, made no impression on the German horsemen. The difference arose from the change of terrain over which the fighting took place. Instead of being restricted to movement along closely enclosed roads, the Germans found open country. The lesson of these experiences is that, so long as horsemen can preserve their cross-country mobility and the squadrons are trained to expect contact with these cars, the dangers they will experience in this type of warfare are very greatly reduced. The author also recommends that in much enclosed localities reconnoitring cavalry should be supplied with small portable anti-tank mines that can be dropped in front of pursuing armoured cars. These same mines should be suitable for blowing gaps in walls, houses, etc., for the cavalrymen must be taught to find concealment behind walls, in houses, etc., since the armoured cars are usually somewhat blind.

In No. 37 of the same Journal there is a brief résumé of the lessons of the Spanish Civil War. These are :—

1. As soon as two belligerents are of equal strength there is every prospect of static warfare setting in. This static warfare is no transitory symptom of 1914-18.

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2. Infantry remains the main combatant arm. Air and armoured units must do all they can to support their infantry.
3. Strong artillery fire remains of the highest importance. To its former tasks must be added the defeat of armoured units.
4. The anti-tank arm has shown itself to be the equal of any tank attack.
5. Armoured attacks require the support of other arms.
6. Low-flying aircraft are of the utmost importance.
7. A good road system favours mechanical transport, which also demands a most careful organization.

Finally in the last March number of the Polish "Nrzeglad Kawleryski Major Iwanowski states that there exist two attitudes towards the combination of horsed with armoured units. The first favoured in Germany wishes to substitute entirely machines for horses. The second desires to retain the horse: this is the Russian view. The writer wishes to see both types of unit used in conjunction, the one completing the work of the other. But, strangely enough, he holds that large cavalry units, owing to their qualities, can be employed to reconnoitre to any distance ahead. The mechanized units are still so dependent on the support of the other arms that they should not be pushed out to a greater distance than 80 or 90 miles ahead. They stand so great a need of the support of other arms and the proximity of repair and supply units that they should not venture further afield. Such are conditions, at least, in Poland and Russia.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS

"Imperial Defence." By Major-General H. Rowan-Robinson. (Muller.) 10s. 6d.

In these days of national concern about our readiness for war, and of world-wide unrest and fear of war, Major-General Rowan-Robinson's book should have a wide circulation and be of vital interest. He covers the whole field of defence, including not only the three Services but the industrial and economic front, anti-aircraft defence and air-raid precautions, and co-ordination of policy and strategy. All the latest developments in the tools and methods of war—mechanization, the submarine and the air arm—are discussed and an estimate—tentative only, of course, as every estimate must be until confirmed or falsified in some future great war—made of their present value and future developments. The author has decided views on the measures necessary to reform and strengthen our war machinery, and his proposals to this effect are conveniently summed up at the end of the book. The most important of these are: a Ministry of Defence; a greater proportion of fighters to bombers in the Royal Air Force; a separate Minister for A.R.P.; concentration on flotilla craft rather than on battleships in our naval building programme; abandonment of Malta and the Mediterranean in case of war with the Axis Powers; reduction of special naval and military air arms to the minimum; abolition of the Cardwell system in favour of two categories of army service—long for Imperial garrisons and campaigns, short for home defence and European wars; a voluntary national register; accumulation of war reserves of food, oil and raw materials; and a refusal to undertake or continue any commitments to foreign powers that we cannot be sure of being able and willing to fulfil at any time. The book was written before the recent crisis over Czecho-slovakia, and so fast do events move nowadays that some of the above proposals have already been carried into effect; but this ought to serve merely as an additional testimony to the value of the book and the soundness of its arguments and recommend-

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ations. The author is to be heartily congratulated on a timely and first-class piece of work.

E.W.S.

"Behind the Lines." By Colonel W. N. Nicholson. (Cape.) 10s. 6d.

This is one of the most individual, entertaining and readable books on the Great War it has been the reviewer's good fortune to come across. The writer, who served on the administrative staffs of two divisions and a corps, has a vivid and accomplished pen, and knows his British soldier from A to Z. Much light is thrown on the peculiarities and qualities, good and bad, of that worthy and lovable warrior and on the manifold measures that his officers and staff officers have to take to get the best out of him. All the various duties of the administrative staff are amusingly yet knowledgeably dealt with and sketches given of many of the difficulties to be expected and the multifarious problems to be solved. The author's chiefs and colleagues, sometimes but not always, under the guise of aliases only, are cheerfully or scathingly drawn to point the moral and adorn the tale. The author has done an excellent piece of work—shrewd, fascinating, and personal from start to finish; it can be thoroughly recommended.

E.W.S.

"Sixty Years in Uniform." By John Fraser. (Paul.) 12s. 6d.

The author's life story here told is that of a sturdy, reliable old soldier, who joined the Northumberland Fusiliers in the '70's, served for his full time with the colours, rising to warrant rank, and then passed on to become one of the Yeomen of the Guard in the Tower of London, where in the evening of his days he writes these mellow and kindly reminiscences. He saw little active service during his time save on one or two small frontier expeditions, but he had the honour of first introducing Rudyard Kipling to the army and to certain figures in it whom he afterwards immortalized, and of coming to the personal assistance of Lord Baden-Powell when the latter, dressed in plain clothes,

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had been set upon by a gang of drunken soldiers unaware of his identity. The book is worth perusal for the insight it gives into army life three-quarters of a century ago and for the serenity and kindliness of the venerable author himself. E.W.S.

"Bedford Forrest." By Andrew Lytle. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.) 18s.

The reviewer, who once himself wrote a life of Bedford Forrest, the great cavalry general of the Confederacy, turned to this book with great interest to see what Mr. Lytle, a novelist turned biographer, would make of it. The new light thrown on the earlier and later, that is, the non-military, parts of Forrest's career is welcome and the sketch of him as a man vivid and true. From the military point of view the book is somewhat disappointing, the general point of view being too often lost in a welter of obscuring detail, which it is impossible to follow by reason of the poor equipment of maps. The book, might have been, and at the price ought to have been, much better furnished in this respect than it is; generally speaking, the author has failed to rise to the full height of his opportunity to give us the life, as distinct from merely another life, of Forrest. E.W.S.

"The Elements of Imperial Defence." By A. G. Boycott. (Gale & Polden.) 12s. 6d.

The new and revised issue of a comprehensive and detailed work such as this, which has proved its value by going into a third edition, will be found of welcome use to the increasing number of us who are now interested in questions of Imperial defence and world politics. E.W.S.

"Frontier Patrols." By Colonel Colin Harding, C.M.G., D.S.O. (G. Bell & Sons.) 8s. 6d.

This interesting book, though dealing principally with the doings of the British South Africa Police and other Rhodesian Forces, also includes the recent history of South Africa in general and of Rhodesia in particular. Throughout this story, the dream of Mr. Cecil Rhodes can be clearly seen, namely, a

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British Imperial Highway from Cape Town to Cairo, a dream that was not fulfilled until after the death of this remarkable empire builder.

Some of the means which led to the inclusion of Rhodesia with the Empire were not as creditable as one would like, and the author describes in detail a most unfortunate incident; the death of three Matabele warriors, one the brother of the king, sent by Lobengula as a deputation to the High Commissioner in Cape Town. These men were arrested as possible spies, and shot when resisting imprisonment.

This mistake led to the Matabele War and a force under Dr. Jameson was sent north against Lobengula. The king, in hope of preventing war, sent by the hand of his son and another man a bag of £1,000 to be given to the Induna or commander of the British force. Meeting two troopers and explaining their mission they were told one of the troopers was the Induna, and after handing over the gold they were driven away by threats of being shot.

The story of the Jameson Raid is excellent if sad reading, and Colonel Harding makes many points clear which have either been forgotten or never properly understood. Among these is the famous telegram from the German Emperor congratulating President Kruger on the complete defeat of the raiders. This resulted in England making preparations for a possible war, until the German Foreign Minister disavowed any hostility to Great Britain. As Kruger put it "the menace disappeared when the Old Lady sneezed," indicating how universal was the respect in Europe to the undaunted courage of Queen Victoria, backed by the British navy.

The Matabele Rebellion is fully described concluding with the incident of how peace was brought about by the pluck and diplomacy of Cecil Rhodes, who ever after was known by the Matabele warriors as the "Great White Chief."

Then followed the Mashonaland Rebellion, suppressed by small columns over a wide extent of country. In the report of these operations much credit is given to the two squadrons of the 7th Hussars under Captain Carew and Captain Poore.

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The siege of Mafeking and its relief by Colonel Mahon and Colonel Plumer is well described and makes good reading, and the part played in the Boer War by the B.S.A. Police is fully dealt with, but without a knowledge of its geography the subsequent work in South Africa is not easy to follow.

An interesting book for the public in general but far more so to all who have been associated in any capacity with South Africa. B. de L.

"Tattered Banners." By Colonel Paul Rodzianko, C.M.G. (Seeley, Service and Coy.) 12s. 6d.

In the States they have a story, "From Log Cabin to White House,"
To justify the man who's "up and grabbin'";
The title named above could very well be changed
To "From the White House to (a glorified) Log Cabin"!
Take a pre-War Russky 'Loot' in a crack Corps of the Guards,
With wealth and 'stance' and social pull behind him,
At Court *persona grata*, beloved of *débutantes*;
It's a freak his happy fortune didn't blind him.
But he took his duties "serious"; he specialized in "horse";
And though at first no chance than his seemed skimpier,
He stuck the course unswerving until there came a time
When he swiped the King's Cup thrice at our Olympia.

Then thundered Armageddon; and through all the years of war
He did his job where duty chose to call him:
His own account is modest, but it's plain he nothing feared,
Nor burked at any chance that might befall him.
Revolution gave him exile; but he steadily fought on,
A 'British' private: then,—it makes you laugh!—
Quite undismayed, if wond'ring at Fate's latest little trick,
He ended up upon *our* General Staff!

The years that followed brought him many swirling ups and downs,
But he faced each chop and change with cheerful mein:
The strange, exotic story wends phantasmagoric way,

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Like a coruscating picture on a screen.
So pause awhile and read it, you'll find it worth your while,
And you'll like this man whom life has tried to martyr,
For *you* will find a crony in this smiling Russian giant,
Though his foes have found that they have "caught a Tartar"!

R.H.

"Fifty Years a Veterinary Surgeon." By Sir Frederick Hobday, C.M.G. (Hutchinson & Co.) 10s. 6d.

This most interesting book is strongly recommended to all readers, and to lovers of animals it should take a prominent position in their libraries. Of the nineteen chapters not one is without special interest, and it would be difficult to make a selection of the most interesting. As Sir Frederick Hobday deals with all classes of animals, the chapter on cattle would be of greater interest to farmers, whereas to the cavalry officer Chapter V "The War through Animal Eyes" would have the greater appeal, and he would be astounded to learn that two and a half million horses and mules passed into the various Veterinary Hospitals during the Great War, and of these 78 per cent. passed out cured.

The chapters on Tuberculosis, Anthrax, Mange, Ringworm and infection of our food are of general interest and to all owners of dogs, Chapter XV describing the methods of the Dog-stealers' Club deserves special attention by all owners of dogs.

The intelligence of dogs is perhaps well-known especially after witnessing sheep-dog trials; but it has been generally understood that horses though possessing excellent memories, are deficient in brain. This is entirely refuted in Chaper XVI in which it is undeniably proved that horses can be taught to think, calculate, and even to solve difficult problems of square and cube root that would puzzle 90 per cent. of the readers of the CAVALRY JOURNAL. It is an amazing chapter, and a most readable and amazing book. B. de L.

The report of the 5th Session of the International Congress for Bloodstock Breeding and Racing, which was held in Munich

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from the 29th July to 2nd August, 1938, should make particularly interesting reading for all horsemen, and particularly for owners, breeders, and trainers.

The report which is published in an admirably got up journal consists of 389 pages and is published in 4 languages—French, German, English, and Italian.

The cover design displays the flags of the various countries which were represented at the Congress and it is pleasing to note the Union Jack in a prominent position.

This organization was founded by the President of the Munich Race Committee, Herr Christian Weber, who will be remembered for his generous invitation to the British Army Jumping Team in July, 1936, to go to Munich prior to the Olympic Games and continue their training under the identical conditions under which they would compete at Berlin as the guests of the Munich Horse Show.

The objects and aspirations of the International Congress for Bloodstock Breeding and Racing can be enumerated as follows:—

1. To foster the breeding of the thoroughbred horse by obtaining international collaboration between breeders, owners, and the representatives of the various racing authorities in the various countries.

2. The interchange of international inspection tours in order to see the various studs and attend race meetings.

3. To encourage the promotion of International races with a view to the furtherance of mutual national understanding in racing circles by (a) obtaining reductions in rail and tariff charges for horses with engagements in foreign countries; (b) by establishing international agreements between railway and shipping companies in order to guarantee the safest, speediest, and most comfortable journey.

4. To arrange for the interchange of complimentary badges for delegates of the Congress when visiting foreign racecourses.

5. To institute International Military Steeplechases for officers in uniform by refunding travelling expenses and by granting subsistance allowances.

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The Congress is at present endeavouring to bring about the revival of horse racing at the Olympic Games.

One sincerely hopes that the Jockey Club will take an interest in this admirable organization and be represented at the next session of this Congress.

It is but right that England, as the traditional home of the thoroughbred, should be represented by a well-known personality in Turf circles. Not only from its commendable activities and aspirations, this Congress would appear to deserve full recognition for its invaluable work in the promotion of international feelings of good fellowship and understanding.

Although the Congress devotes its activities to Bloodstock Breeding and Racing it is prepared to assist in any way for the benefit of horses other than the thoroughbred.

The vexed question of "Docking" appears to have been dealt with summarily, and a resolution was passed that the representatives of the different countries should work indefatigably to get their various governments to forbid this barbaric custom. "Docking" is actually prohibited by law in Germany. It was customary in the British Army in the early 18th century to "dock" the cavalry horses' tails with a weird eye to smartness; however, in 1764, an Army order was issued, which will be found referred to by Colonel H. A. Cape, D.S.O., in his history of the 5th Royal Irish Lancers, forbidding this grotesque practice and directing that the number of "long tails" in each troop should be periodically reported.

The next session of the Congress is scheduled to take place at Budapest in May when the programme will include visits to the Royal Hungarian State Studs.

Those who are interested in the next session of the Congress are advised to get into communication with :—

Herr László von Liptay,
Budapest IV.
Kaas Ivor—U.8.

who will gladly furnish full particulars.

F.C.H.

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SPORTING NEWS

THE INDIAN GRAND NATIONAL 1938

The race for the Grand National in India was run at the Lahore Christmas Meeting on 27th December. It is satisfactory that in spite of the downhill trend of steeplechasing in India, the race more than upheld its traditions.

Of an original entry of twelve horses only seven faced the starter. All of these were aged and, one suspects, more than somewhat unsound. What of the future? On looks they would not have compared favourably with the Hunt Race of one of the better Point-to-Points at home. But handsome is as handsome does, and these seven old gentlemen acquitted themselves nobly. With increasing mechanisation it is unlikely that many more horses will be forthcoming, and these veterans cannot last for ever. With one exception, all of them have been performing over sticks for several seasons. The one exception raced on the flat for some years prior to retirement; he has now been resurrected to face the jumps.

The reason for the downhill trend of 'chasing is not lack of G.R.s, as there are still many young officers who are willing to ride for fun. It is the increase in the expenses of keeping a 'chaser and the decrease in the scale of the stakes which racecourses can afford to offer. The average officer can no longer afford to keep 'chasers.

The result of the race was as follows:—

Mr. Peel Yates's br. Aust. g. Lord Bow, aged, 9.7 ..	(Captain Bullock)	1
Major O'Hara's br. Eng. g. Captain Hardy, aged, 12.7	(Captain Simmond)	2
Capt. Iftikhar Khan's b. Eng. g. Toff, aged, 9.7 ..	(Mr. Kennard)	3
Lt.-Cols. North and Broadfoot and Major Clune's b. Eng. g. Aliment, aged, 9.10	(Mr. Lorraine-Smith)	4
Mr. Dene's b. Aust. g. Wanconner, aged, 11.2 ..	(Mr. Sandeman)	0
Capt. Iftikhar Khan's br. Eng. g. Licketty Split II, aged, 10.11	(Captain Heneker)	0
Mr. Pearson's b. Aust. m. Newbury, aged, 9.7 ..	(Owner)	0

Of these the best form was held by Captain Hardy (Stratford-Brown Wavelet) who was set to give 19 lbs. to his next rival. Captain Hardy has twice before won the Indian Grand National, and has many other victories, including the Indian Grand Military. Wanconner and Licketty Split have never produced the form of which they are undoubtedly capable, and Toff who had recently won the Indian Grand Military was probably the most consistent performer in the field. Aliment was having his first race over jumps. Lord Bow has many victories to his credit during his long racing career. Newbury was bought out of the ranks in 1937 by his present owner and has never shown any form.

The race was run in lovely Indian winter weather, visibility was excellent and there was plenty of grass on the track to take the jar. A large crowd was present, including all the up-country "regulars."

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To a good start Lord Bow and Licketty Split II went off together in the lead which they had increased after one circuit to about 15 lengths. Both were jumping well and quickly, and coming past the stands the first time it appeared that Licketty Split was going a trifle the better of the two. In the meantime, Wanconner who never appeared to be going well, had run out at the second open ditch, while the remainder of the field were bunched together, with Captain Hardy whipping-in. As they went into the country for the second time, Newbury was obviously beaten. He stopped at the open ditch, though his rider cleared it well. The leaders continued together, with the remainder of the field closing in and Captain Hardy moving up. The pace began to tell and Licketty Split hit the top of a fence and fell. He had been going like a winner at the time and was jumping fluently. This left Lord Bow with a clear lead but Captain Hardy was steadily closing the gap. Coming on to the straight they were together and Captain Hardy may have got his head in front, but the weight was telling on him and he jumped very crooked and lost a bit. He came again in the run-in but couldn't maintain his challenge. He was beaten by three lengths by a horse to which he was giving three stone. A very gallant performance. Both he and Lord Bow were very well ridden throughout the race. Third came Toff five lengths behind ; but for a bad mistake at the open ditch the second time round he must have been closer, though he never threatened to win. Aliment was the only other horse to finish. He ran a good race and jumped big and well. The race will have done him good.

The first three horses were well backed. The starting prices were 3/2 Toff and Aliment, 4/1 Captain Hardy and Lord Bow, 8/1 Wanconner, 10/1 the others. The time was 6 mins 18⅘ secs. It was a good race.

I.P.A. CHAMPIONSHIP, CALCUTTA, CHRISTMAS 1938

The following teams competed :—

	Guides Cavalry		*Jaipur*	
No. 1	Mr. Garforth-Bles ..	2	Rajkumar Prithi Singh ..	8
No. 2	Mr. Roffey	4	Rao Raja Abhey Singh ..	7
No. 3	Capt. Hon. Plunkett..	4	Rao Raja Hanut Singh	9
Back	Major Gradidge ..	5	H.H. The Maharajah of Jaipur	9
		15		33

P.A.V.O. Cavalry.

No. 1	Mr. Bols	2
No. 2	Lt.-Col. Carr-White ..	4
No. 3	Major Sanger ..	7
Back	Capt. Hanmer ..	5
		18

The draw was as follows :—

Guides Cavalry bye → Jaipur

P.A.V.O. Cavalry → Jaipur 7—1

Jaipur → Jaipur 14—4

The result was not entirely unexpected !

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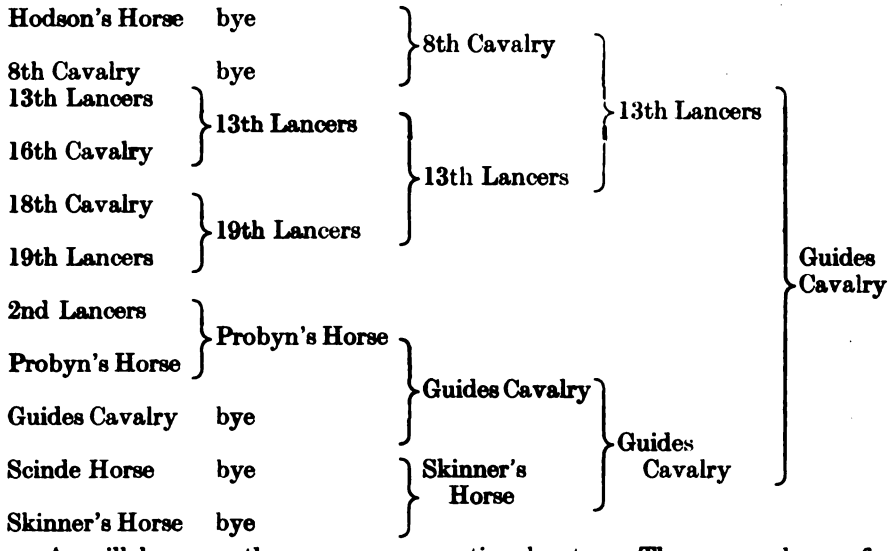
THE INDIAN CAVALRY POLO TOURNAMENT



As will be seen, there was an exceptional entry. There was also perfect weather for a change. The Guides Cavalry were the holders and were, perhaps, a little fortunate in their victory in the Final, because Messervy (the best of the runners-up) strained a riding muscle and could not play in that match. Without any reflection on the Guides, it is hard not to wish that a Mechanised Regiment had won; it would be a wonderful feat to get out of an Armoured Car and win the Indian Cavalry. It looks as if some one will have to one day.

IMPERIAL DELHI HORSE SHOW, 1939.

Extract from Results :—

JUMPING.

Officers Team Jumping :	1st	Equitation School.
	2nd	Sam Browne's Cavalry.
	3rd	R.A. Training Centre.

PIGSTICKERS.

	1st	Major J. S. Elliot's Sunny Boy.
	2nd	Major P. H. J. Puck's Squeaker.
	3rd	Major C. P. J. Price's Faraway.

HACKS.

Novices (15.1 *and over*) :	1st	General Brooke's Sunny Hill.
	2nd	Capt. Iftikhar Khan's Sanussi.
	3rd	Lt.-Colonel Ranking's Frivolity.
Novices (*under* 15.1 *hands*) :	1st	Major C. I. G. Dalton's Palace.
	2nd	Capt. H. C. Walford's Dora.
	3rd	H.E. General Cassels's Windsor.
Open (*under* 15.1 *hands*) :	1st	H.E. General Cassels's Windsor.
	2nd	H.E. General Cassels's May Belle.
	3rd	Mrs. Jackman's Abdication.

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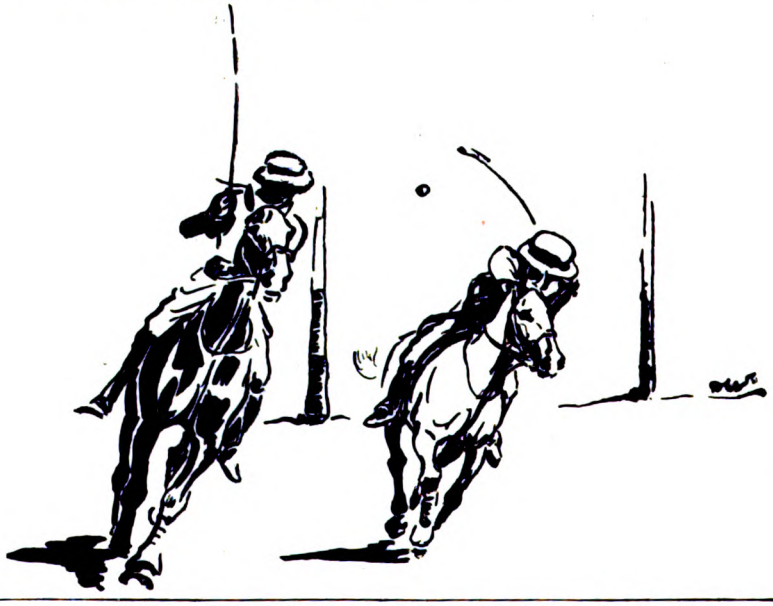
HUNTERS.

Heavy Weight :	1st	Major J. S. Elliot's Duncan Stewart.
	2nd	Brig. and Mrs. Thomson's Free Lance.
	3rd	Capt. O. C. H. Burton's County Clare.
Light Weight :	1st	Major J. S. Elliot's Sunny Boy.
	2nd	Mr. A. R. L. Sproule's Buck Shot.
	3rd	Lady Joan Hope's Brown Monk.
Polo Ponies :	1st	Lt.Colonel P. V. Harris's Starlight.
Heavy Weight	2nd	H.E. General Cassels's Windsor.
	3rd	H.E. General Cassels's Musketeer.
Light Weight	1st	Mr. Gratton's All Gay.
	2nd	Capt. H. C. Walford's Dora.
	3rd	Capt. G. T. Wheeler's Bronity.
Indian Bred	1st	Major G. M. Stroud's Juan.
	2nd	Hodson's Horse's Claudius.
	3rd	Mr. H. M. H. Ley's Franchenore.
Bhopal Cup	1st	Capt. H. C. Walford's Chiva.
	2nd	Capt. C. R. Budgen's Over Lap.
	3rd	Capt. Iftikhar Khan's Sunrise.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' POLO TOURNAMENT, DELHI, 1939.

The Prince of Wales' Polo Cup was won by Jaipur "A" Team, who beat Jaipur "B" in the final. The best game of the tournament was that between Jaipur "B" and the 17th/21st Lancers in the Semi-Final. The latter lost by 8 goals to 7, the winning goal being scored after the trumpet had blown at the end of the last chukka. In spite of various troubles and unrest in his State, the Jaipur enthusiasm for polo is unabated.



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"THE DRUMS OF THE INNISKILLINGS"

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THE CAVALRY JOURNAL

HORSED AND MECHANIZED

JULY

EDITO

SINCE the last number of THE [illegible] was issued, changes have taken pla[illegible] than any the cavalry have ever [illegible] and glorious history.

However, all [illegible] cavalry of today will [illegible] traditions of the past.

The Editor naturally [illegible] responsible for THE CAVALRY JOURNAL [illegible] helped by all who read the Journal (which is very [illegible] even if they belong to the "Royal Armoured Corps."

Letters and Articles will help to keep the Journal [illegible]

In this number we publish an article from an [illegible] contributor, which we feel sure will be read with [illegible] interest by all [illegible] cavalrymen.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editor, THE CAVALRY JOURNAL.

PENINSULAR [illegible]

SIR,—Major [illegible] Journal appears to be mistaken as [illegible]

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"THE DRUMS OF THE INNISKILLINGS"

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

HORSED AND MECHANIZED

JULY, 1939

EDITORIAL

SINCE the last number of THE CAVALRY JOURNAL was issued, changes have taken place, which are more revolutionary than any the cavalry have ever been asked to face during their long and glorious history.

However, all goes well, and there can be no doubt, that the cavalry of today with their new arms, will uphold the great traditions of the past.

The Editor naturally does not find his task very easy. Those responsible for THE CAVALRY JOURNAL hope that they will be helped by all who read the Journal (which is very good reading) even if they belong to the "Royal Armoured Corps."

Letters and Articles will help to keep the Journal going.

In this number we publish an article from an American contributor, which we feel sure will be read with the greatest interest by all mechanized cavalrymen.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editor, THE CAVALRY JOURNAL.

PENINSULAR HONOURS OF GERMAN CAVALRY.

Sir,—Major-General Janssen in a letter in the current Journal, appears to be mistaken as to the battle honours of the

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King's German Legion which he ascribes to certain units of the pre-War German Cavalry.

A busby of the 15th (Hanoverian) Hussars in my possession, shows the correct inscription for this regiment to be "Peninsula, Waterloo, El Bodon, *Barossa*." These honours are inscribed, not on an eagle badge as stated, as the German hussars had instead a scroll (*Devisenband*), and they are underneath the latter in sprays of laurel.

The 13th German Hussars stationed at Thionville in Lorraine, was not a Hanoverian regiment and showed no battle honours.

Lastly Major-General Janssen omits to state that the 16th (2nd Hanoverian) Dragoons which he mentions, displayed the honour "Waterloo." This regiment was, however, descended (as stated in my letter in the October 1938 Journal) from an ancestor which did not form part of the King's German Legion.

Yours faithfully,

ERNEST RYAN (Lt.-Colonel).

April 8th, 1939.

THE EDITOR, THE CAVALRY JOURNAL.

Dear Sir,—In the Editorial of the April issue you state that you are somewhat anxious about the future of THE CAVALRY JOURNAL.

As there are some sixteen regiments of Yeomanry still mounted, besides the four regular units which are retaining their horses, could we not hear more of this branch of the service which would, no doubt, play an important role in any future war.

Also, would not a more appropriate title for this excellent quarterly paper now be "The Cavalry and Royal Armoured Corps Journal."

Yours truly,

S. G. R. BARRATT.

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THE DRUMS OF THE INNISKILLINGS

By Lieutenant-Colonel B. G. Baker, D.S.O., F.R.Hist. S.

The Irish are a musical people, wherever two or three of them are gathered together, there you will find at least one music maker. Much more then would the bold lads of Inniskilling insist upon musical accompaniment when they banded themselves together as soldiers 250 years ago. By July, 1689, the town had raised 17 troops of Horse, 30 companies of footfolk and some troops of Dragoons. Surely they must have raised a couple of bands between them, one to express the rhythm of moving horsemen, another to add weight to the dignified process of marching infantry.

Now no cavalry band is really complete without drums, it may therefore be assumed that Conyngham's Dragoons soon to become famous under the number 6, acquired those instruments of percussion, or should one say concussion, at any early stage in their existence. Drums of various kinds had been a feature of occasions ceremonial, martial or festive, ever since they had been introduced, by crusaders it is said. Drums first appeared in battle on British soil at Halidon Hill in 1333. Five years later the Scots tried to terrify the Bishop of Durham "with big drums." By 1540 every standard at the muster of citizens had its drum. Kettledrums for cavalry seem to have come in about the time of the siege of Boulogne, at which we hear of drums and fifes around the standard. Henry VIII had obtained his drums from Vienna; they were to be played on horseback after the Hungarian manner.

The drum had come into its own and assumed high place among martial furnishings. So high in fact that only certain regiments were privileged to carry them in one or other

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Continental army. In pre-war Germany only cuirassiers were entitled to drums, others, lighter cavalry, had to capture drums from an enemy before they might add them to the ensemble of sound produced by the corps of trumpeters. British regiments have been known to capture drums although by regulation permitted to carry them. It would be interesting to know whether this accounts for the 3 drums that the 5th Lancers sported when still red-coated dragoons. As to heavy horse, their importance was so weightily obvious that even Schiller who was no militarist, speaks of them almost with bated breath, in his "Wallensteins Lager." This "heavy" tradition survived until the end of the pre-war German Reich in the legend over the gateway to all barracks that housed those white-coated warriors, "No man can be more than Kürassier."

There was a time of aberration where drums were concerned. A side drum was substituted for kettledrums, a most unnatural proceeding intended to emphasize the fact that Dragoons were merely mounted infantry. However, this fact was soon forgotten, the dragoons were horse-soldiers even if they could do a good turn on foot, and kettledrums returned to their appropriate places across the saddle on a carefully selected drum horse. The drums, generally of copper, being duly established as part of the fitness of things, were found to be suitable objects for embellishment. In order to restrain exuberance in the execution of the decorative scheme, a Warrant of 1751 ordained that the front part of the drum should be painted with the colour of the regimental facings, upon this colour was to be imposed the badge or rank of the regiment as in the second guidon. The Inniskilling Dragoons would use yellow and have retained that colour while other British regiments underwent many changes, until the last day of their existence as a regiment standing by itself among its great traditions. And those traditions are recalled by the scrolls of battle honours upon the yellow banners. Red scrolls upon gold laurel leaves bearing names that made history from Willems to South Africa and mark the gradual rise of an Empire in the building of which Irish hearts and hands have taken a full share.

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It was for the purpose of proclaiming the regiment's standing and achievement that the drums marched out ahead of everyone, from the C.O. to that ugliest horse and horseman which could never be rendered quite inconspicuous even by the dust at the tail of the column. This prominent position called for a horse of striking appearance and a rider of outstanding personality. To this must be added the consideration that it was bad form to shoot at drummers or other musicians. To make for safety from untoward happenings it became the custom to mount drummers and trumpeters on light or parti-coloured horses; greys are first mentioned in 1715. Another distinguishing mark for the band almost universally observed in Europe was the red plume; "Drums" of the Inniskillings held to this tradition unto the last.

It is distressing to think that as the 250th anniversary of those forces raised in Inniskilling comes round there is no 6th regiment of Dragoons to take part as independent unit in appropriate celebrations. However the town of Inniskilling having done its best during those 2½ centuries, knows how to treasure memories and traditions and would surely rise to the occasion sometime in the distant future if it were ever called upon again to raise a regiment of "Horse" to replace obsolete mechanical contrivances.

* * * * *

Note. Christmas Cards of the Frontispiece of this Journal, may be had from G. Delgado, Ltd., 53/55, East Road, City Road, London, N.1, or from any of the leading Stationers or Stores.

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THE ODYSSEY OF A CAVALRY OFFICER

By Lieutenant-Colonel Ardern Beaman, D.S.O.

CHAPTER XII.

The Marches.

During my absence, the Regiment had moved to Peshawar. They were out in winter training camp at a place called Pabbi, on the Nowshera road, when I arrived, full of enthusiasm to take up the duties of Adjutant. This ardour immediately met with something of a cold douche. A new colonel, who had been brought in from another regiment, and whom I had only just met before going to Karachi, had been appointed to the command. Dress regulations in the Indian Cavalry were elastic; each new commandant generally made some sweeping changes to suit his own whims. I arrived out in camp with nothing but khaki, to find the officers wearing blue for dinner, an innovation of which no notice had been given me. For this dereliction I received next morning, in the office tent, in the presence of the second-in-command, a formal, heavy "telling-off." Humiliating start! Nor was that the worst. The colonel had also brought in a new kind of field-boot and spur. Luckily I had been notified about this, and on receipt of the specifications I had gone at once to Maxwell's to have them made, leaving word for them to be sent out to await my arrival. For some reason or other they had not yet come. Even louder thunders of reproof than over the blue uniform descended on me, and a doubt was freely expressed as to whether I was fit to be Adjutant.

If I happened to do anything right, the colonel praised me to the skies; if I made the smallest slip, and I made a great many at first, I got one of those thundering, sledge-hammer

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tellings-off. He was a fine figure of a man, tall, broad, handsome, with a big manly voice; but temperamental as a highly-strung child.

But he was a magnificent regimental instructor. He knew the drill books, the new Training Manuals, by heart—which, incidentally, were masterpieces of terse and lucid technical exposition. He knew every detail of the interior economy. Although not altogether popular at first with the officers, who were sometimes driven to distraction by his fussiness, he was admired and respected by the men.

On rejoining at that first training camp at Pabbi, I found a new second-in-command, as well as a new colonel, who, also, had been brought in from another regiment. No two men could have been more different. The second-in-command had a long distinguished record of staff service: two full rows of medal ribbons decorated his breast, a very unusual display for a major at that time. He, too, like the colonel, was an exceptionally handsome man, but in a widely different style. He had pale, strong features, as of marble, and a cold, stern dignity, an immense reserve. He chilled and repelled me when I first shook hands. When one spoke to him, he gazed one full in the eyes, perhaps nodding very slightly at the end to signify that the remark had arrived, or perhaps just continuing to stare, when one would find oneself rather feebly repeating the remark. He kept very much aloof, usually reading in a corner of the mess. He disliked the colonel, who dared not reprimand him, and during the former's tenure of command, he seemed to live apart, having little to do in regimental affairs. But he was taking our measure.

He certainly was no help to the colonel at that period in matters of training and manœuvre. One day after a rearguard action, in which Holland-Pryor had been acting as umpire, the colonel said to me as we rode back to camp:

"He doesn't know a single one of the principles of Cavalry Training!"

"No," I agreed, for the fact was obvious. "I expect it's because he's been so long in Simla."

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Holland-Pryor himself had not been slow to grasp the significance of the censure in the colonel's eyes. His proud nature winced to see that this man, whom he did not admire, knew far more of the technical side of his profession than he did himself. In the privacy of his quarters he set to work in characteristic, cold, methodical fashion, on a comprehensive study, not only of the text books, but of the old great masters of cavalry. Fortunately for England he had nearly two years in which to do it. Commanding large forces in the field for the first time when well advanced in middle-age, he is going to prove a superb leader.

It is difficult to write of those next eighteen months in Peshawar and Kashmir, once I had settled down to my new work, without becoming lyrical.

I had, it is true, some bad moments in the beginning, which were due for the most part to a gracious belief, not shared by everybody, that I could do no wrong; that everything I did was wise and good. I found the regimental offices piled up with masses and masses of files, two or three truck-loads of them, dating back, it seemed to me, to mediæval times. I looked through a few of the more hoary, and came to the hasty conclusion that they could not possibly be of any more use; that they only took up valuable space, collected dust, hindered efficiency, and gave the clerks an excuse for wasting endless time. With the impulsive ardour of the new broom, I ordered all that were more than three years old to be burned. Sarat Chandra Sarcar, the head clerk, protested, literally in tears. I would not listen to his arguments, holding the common opinion that India had become trussed up like a fowl in red tape by the *babus*. "Burn them!" I said. He begged me first to consult the colonel, or at least to wait till Benjy, my predecessor, returned from leave and could give his advice. I knew best. I knew if it were not done at once, it would never be done. "Burn them!" I said.

They were burned. They made a glorious blaze. It was a fatal act, one that harrassed all my adjutancy. Letters would

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for ever be arriving from Simla referring to one or other of the destroyed memoranda; long delays would be caused by the necessity of having to ask for a copy of the letter under reference, as "It did not appear to be in our possession." And, if a clerk ever wanted to cover some omission of his own, or to save himself some trouble, he would say, simply, "The Adjutant Sahib burnt the papers."

Peshawar, in winter, is a delightful place. Lying in the open plain to guard the mouth of the Khyber Pass, it is enfolded by a crescent of blue hills, rising abruptly out of the level, and behind these glisten the sheets and sugar-loafs of perpetual snow. The native city, enclosed within its massive mud wall, is one huge caravanserai into which the laden camels wind their way from Turkestan and Samarkhand; a market wherein half Asia bargains for riches which must be enjoyed in safety elsewhere, for it is only an hour away from the lean rocks where the tribesmen live.

The cantonment itself is a mass of roses and flowers. There are green, really green, lawns, green polo grounds, a green golf course, and a green racecourse; there are autumn colours in the woodland; there is the deluge of blossom in the peach orchards, and, until April, it breathes as divine a climate as man could wish to live in.

Meanwhile, a fine lot of young officers had joined the regiment, and many of our best ones were back from appointments or from the Staff College. Soon we were getting the best reports of any mounted regiment in the Command; and we were seriously preparing to carry off the Indian Cavalry Polo Cup.

Our chief delight was hunting with the Peshawar Vale Hounds, in which we soon came to have an almost proprietary interest, since Ned Pott became first whipper-in, Hugh Wilson, an officer who had transferred to us from another regiment, became second whipper-in, and I, field master. We hunted on Thursdays and Sundays. What a jolly gathering there would be in our mess on the nights before! The mess, our bungalows and compounds, and our stables, overflowed with gunners from Nowshera and men from the Cavalry Brigade at Risalpur, who

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came crowding in with their horses for the sport. There would be a dance at the club on the Saturday night, and then the thrill of going to bed with pink coat and paraphernalia laid out ready for the morning. We got up long before daylight, drove out, in tum-tums as a rule, the ten miles or so to the meet, muffled in sheepskins against the nipping, frosty air; searched about, still in darkness, among shadowy forms on the roadside for our horses, and then, with the sudden daylight, off we went to draw. Everybody who owned any sort of pony or horse (which in those days was everybody) went out. Parts of the country were difficult, being plentifully intersected with irrigation channels. Sometimes two or three of these channels ran parallel; with a foot or so between, so that it needed a handy animal, clever and quick at "on-and-off," to negotiate successfully these "gridirons," as we called them. There was one famous gridiron of five channels. An infantry boy on his "maid of all work" pony had just as good a chance of getting over these obstacles as a cavalryman on his big charger. Nevertheless the amount of grief was colossal; it would be no uncommon thing for threequarters of the field to take tosses during a run. I had many a cold bath, many a total immersion, coming up with my hat draped in weeds. In this respect the Peshawar Vale was not unlike, from the hunting point of view, the rhine country of the Berkeley Vale. Those hill jackal, game as could be, put up many a famous run. We used to get back at about mid-day to a gargantuan "brunch" in the mess, and a recapitulation of the day's adventures.

Better judges than I, with a wide experience of hunting in England and Ireland, tell me still that they have never known better sport than we enjoyed in those days just before the War, when Dickie Grosvenor was Master of the P.V.H.

My own life was wonderfully pleasant then. With pay as captain and adjutant and a very generous allowance from my father, I felt like a millionaire. I had two good horses, several polo ponies, a smart trap. I was very fond of my brother officers, and had many friends outside the regiment. My book of travels had recently come out, and as an author, the only

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one within several thousand miles (for the disease was not then universal), I received quite a lot of mock lionising, and an enormous amount of hospitality.

As Adjutant, practically the whole training of recruits and remounts was in my hands. The colonel, for whom, in spite of continual tellings-off, I grew to have a warm affection—for his genuine good-heartedness soon won us over—gave me a free hand in this respect, although some of the senior officers looked with suspicion on the new-fangled methods of the Cavalry School. It was, indeed, a joy to school those youngsters, who, with their natural build and aptitude, looked such pictures in the saddle. I would get back to the office at about eleven, and remain there till nearly two, for if there did not happen to be much correspondence, the colonel would make some—he loved to linger in the office. On non-polo days I went back after lunch to the riding and remount school; and in the evenings would either go down to the club or to the regimental school. Trying to hammer into the thick heads of these fine young horsemen the elements of reading, writing and arithmetic, was perhaps the toughest part of my job, but none the less an interesting one.

Sometimes, when I inspected the General's Guard before it rode off up the Mall with fluttering lance-pennons and glittering metal, it used to strike me what a romance of labour lay behind that polished little spectacle. The raw recruit from a tiny remote village somewhere in the vast background of India; the horse, a bounding wild animal from the Australian prairie; the long months of slow progressive training for the man and the horse, the reams of paper, the pints of ink, the patience and temper expended in shaping and equipping them—all the elaborate processes which went to transform such very raw material into the highly finished article.

In the Spring I took the great step of buying a motor-car—then very rare things in upper India. It was a two-seater Ford, almost new, belonging to a man just off home on leave. He gave me one brief lesson in how to drive it, and departed, hurriedly, to catch the mail. In those prehistoric days, Fords, like Waterbury watches, were of two sorts. You might get a

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good one, or you might not. I was unlucky. It would only do a few miles to the gallon, and such a heat came up from underneath that it almost burned the soles off your boots. I fancy, too, it must have been rather difficult to steer. James Muirhead bravely ventured with me on the first drive. We immediately got into a kind of snipe-like zigzag on the Mall, which luckily was wide, and empty of other traffic at the time; we proceeded as far as the Divisional Offices before I could get it to go straight or to stop. James then jumped out with alacrity, and walked home. That evening my car boy, late *sais*, cranked her up in the shed behind the bungalow. I suppose she must have been in top gear, for she sprang forward in a series of terrific bounds. Ned Pott, seated in his bath before dinner, gracefully pouring water over his head with a tin can, was astonished to see us come crashing through the mud wall. I can still see his astonished face as he sat there, naked, amid the wreckage of our sudden apparition, with a tin can poised over his head.

A little while later I set off gaily for Kashmir in the velocipede; alone, for the other leave-men declined firmly to come with me. It took a long time, actually about four times longer than in the ordinary way by tonga, but I did reach Srinagar in the end, after some mishaps which, in the light of subsequent knowledge, now make my hair stand on end to think of. Many of the difficulties arose from my misconception of the use of the gears. I thought that when one wanted to go up a steep place, one accelerated all out on top gear. A row of horrified faces on the veranda watched my ascent of the precipitous zig-zag leading up to the resthouse at Garhi. "Good God!", they said, "you were within a fraction of an inch of going over the *khud* half a dozen times!" Inwardly troubled, I began to doubt whether I had the nerve ever to make a motorist. All about Srinagar, over the canals, are steep, hump-backed bridges. I used to take a couple of our regimental ladies for a drive in the evenings, and my method of negotiating these bridges was to rush at them at full speed; and the car would take a flying jump from the crest of the bridge on to the road. Luckily a man who owned another car happened to see one of these performances.

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He stopped me on the spot, and explained how one should creep up places of that sort on the lowest gear.

The charms of Kashmir have been described too often to need any repetition here. It is like Switzerland on a grander scale. We lived an Arcadian life, in house-boats on the lake by the Shalimar, where float the pink-tipped lotus buds. We luxuriated in the cool delicious water after the heat below; we fished, we played golf, we played polo, we strolled along the Bund in the mornings, and we danced at the club or the hotel in the evenings. A gay, joyous life, crowds and crowds of us, all on holiday, and mostly young. In 1913 and 1914 Kashmir was beginning to be spoiled by rich Americans, who had discovered even this remote playground. Their influx raised all prices by bounds, and the Bund began to take on the appearance of a Riviera fashion parade, so that one hardly dared to be seen on it in the traditional old tweed coat and grey flannels. Soon this holiday paradise of the poor British soldier would have passed beyond his means.

When Srinagar began to get too warm for comfort, we migrated in mass upward to Gulmarg. Here, in this green cup among the pine woods, and encircled by the most glorious of the eternal snows, we had an even gayer, because more concentrated, existence. One lived either in the big, log-built hotel, or in little chalets around the fringes of the woods. The polo grounds were excellent, but golf was the main thing. The course could compare with any in the world. Nearly every man, woman and child in the place paraded after breakfast at the first tee, as it might have been at North Berwick.

Towards the middle of July I went down the hill, listening regretfully to the breeze which soughed in the pine woods behind me, filled with envy for the heat-worn second-leave men whom we passed in such numbers eagerly hastening up.

Peshawar could be as unpleasant in the hot weather as it could be pleasant in the cold. It specialized in a peculiarly goading form of sand-fly, in " frontier sores," and, owing to the

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amount of irrigation water around it, in more than a fair share of malaria.

Nevertheless, if a man did not "funk" the hot weather, it passed quickly and not too unpleasantly. Here we did not, as at Dera Ismail Khan, sleep on the roofs, but out in the garden, two or three beds under a sort of gallows for the *punkhah*. One of our fellows woke up on a blazing moonlight night to see a large cobra on the foot of his bed. Keeping perfectly still, he called in a whisper to the man in the next bed, who cleverly managed to kill the cobra with one cut of a swishy cane, a weapon which most of us kept by our beds in case of this necessity. A few nights later the same man woke up again to find the cobra's mate on his bed—when history exactly repeated itself.

Personally I came across very few snakes during my years in India. One night before getting into bed, I went bare-footed in the dark to fetch something out of the sitting-room and heard a hiss. I retreated quickly into the dressing-room, lit the lamp, pulled on polo boots (a cobra can only strike a third of its own length, so one is safe in them), took my sword out of its sheath, and went to wake a friend in the next room. A golf enthusiast, he had a pet driver which he would not leave in his bag at the club-house, but always brought home with him. He, too, put on polo boots, and with this favourite driver in his hand, accompanied me to the room. We flashed the lamp around, but could see no signs of a snake. Nabbi began to get sceptical and rude. A box stood in a corner of the room, raised off the floor on bricks, to protect it from the ants. I rootled my sword under this. Out came the cobra with a rush, a great big brown fellow. In a twinkling he had reared up on his coils, hood expanded, head swaying, hissing furiously. Nabbi raised his club with a peculiar contortion of the face, a grimace which he always made when winding himself up for the drive, and brought it down with a tremendous thwack. It disabled the snake, but the head of his beloved driver flew off, broken beyond repair. Nabbi was furious. For some time after that I felt jumpy at nights in case the cobra's mate might come and visit me whilst I was asleep. But it never did.

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The winter, the last before the War, was the jolliest I had known, a radiant sunset before the breaking of the storm. All the threads of the regiment were, by virtue of my office, gathered in my hands; I enjoyed some little sense of power, and a satisfaction in the belief that I was doing my best to make the regiment happy and glorious. And the Ford car had been replaced by a beautiful Rover.

That winter I had, too, the memorable pleasure of a few days' visit to my friends Charlie Campbell and Glen McCartney of the Khyber Rifles,—in the quadrangular mud-embattled Fort of Landi Kotal—in the jaws of that welter of naked, broken-up, khaki-coloured, chaotic shale that sheerly overhangs Afghanistan. It struck me as the most romantic anomaly I had ever come across. Away back in Peshawar were colonels galore of every description and department, yet here, in the inmost heart of an impossibly hostile country, twenty-eight miles from the nearest British gun, my friend and host, a slim, youthful, almost girl-featured Captain, held authority over a scattered double-battalion, eighteen hundred strong, of the wildest cut-throats that ever mutinied on occasion.

In the *khors* or fortified villages around about in the valleys of the hills, the father keeps his elder sons to help him with his scanty crops and his blood feuds, and sends the younger ones to earn a few rupees a month in the Rifles. When the Frontier rises, kith and kin fight happily against each other. In '97, when the whole Tirah rose, the two young British officers who were in Landi Kotal at the time were summoned by the General down to Ali Masjid under the pretence of attending a *pow-wow*. There, with the object of saving their lives, they were detained against their wills; the garrison of Landi Kotal was abandoned by its officers. Nevertheless, abandoned though they were, the men inside the Fort put up a heroic defence against their own fathers and brothers and cousins for several days; and in the end, when thirst and overwhelming numbers and the entreaties of their kinsmen compelled them to open the gates, the Malakdin Company, scorning to surrender, leaped over the opposite wall

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and fought its way back to Ali Masjid under its heroic Jemadar. My friends introduced me to their Subadar Major, a comfortable, portly old gentleman, who one found it hard to realize had been that famous Malakdin Jemadar. I had been shaking hands with history. As a consequence of the withdrawal of the two officers just before the attack in '97, the men still believe that, at the first hint of trouble, their officers will desert them again. For that reason my friends placed their swords and revolvers in the quarter guard every night, to show that their lives were defenceless among their men.

The tribesmen enlisted in some of the regular regiments, as well as in the local militias. For instance, the 40th Pathans had a company of Zakka Khel, and when the regiment was ordered on the Zakka Khel expedition, these men were told that if any of them felt the need for leave on urgent private affairs, they were at liberty to go off for an unlimited period and no questions asked. Some went; most remained, and fought against their own kin. Afterwards, the survivors of those who had gone to fight against us, dribbled back to the regiment as a matter of course. One hearty young Jemadar, called "Ginger," remarked to his Company Commander with a grin, "Really Sahib, you did play me a dirty trick! I saw you, with your own hands, setting the gun-cotton to blow up my house. I was shooting at you all the time, but the day being misty, I couldn't quite get the range."

And the following story is a classic—so old, in fact, that I only venture to repeat it on the chance that it may have been forgotten, or may never have been heard, by the present generation. A famous Frontier regiment was being much harassed by a particularly skilful sniper in the night. One of the men appeared before the colonel and asked for leave to go and lay up for the sniper. The following morning he came in through the sentries, triumphant, carrying the sniper's head. "Well done," said the colonel, "how did you manage it?" "I knew his ways," grinned the soldier. "He was my father."

I rode out with Glen on to a high peak to look at the scenery. He showed me, scarcely a stone's throw down a steep precipice,

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a notable shrine, on which was mouldering the arm hacked off from a British officer who had fallen wounded into the tribesmen's hands some little while before. Then we turned and looked north-westward.

What a country! Not a level yard for miles and miles and miles. Nothing but a welter of naked, khaki-coloured mountain. From the white steps of the Hindu Khush in the sky to the black-dotted wild olive bushes beside us—not a green thing, not an open place, nothing but hard, sterile, unorientable, fanged impossibility.

Only down there, on the other side, the Kabul River, glistering like a silver serpent in the sun, winds through a valley green with corn. There, plainly visible through our glasses, is Dakka, the first Afghan town; and there, somewhere amid that shimmering haze on the horizon, is Jellalabad. Before many years had gone, my regiment would be fighting over that plain.

Hugh Smart, one of the little handful of officers at Landi Kotal, whom I had known well at Sandhurst, was soon to acquire a strange notoriety in our circle. Realizing, when the War broke out, that he had no chance of getting to France in the ordinary course, he deserted. How he managed it, nobody ever knew, it is still a mystery. In due course he was formally dismissed from the Army for absence, and eventually he was identified with a sergeant killed under an assumed name at Loos.

The winter, a memorable one as the last of what might be called the youth-time of our generation, passed gaily by. In the summer we were up in Gulmarg again, with our ponies, preparing for great conquests, when storm broke over the world.

NOTE.

The account of the fighting on the Indian Frontier by Lieut.-Colonel Beaman appeared in the July, 1938, number of this Journal, and so does not figure in this number, thus there may seem to be a hiatus in the narrative. The article appeared under the title of "A Cavalry Officer's Experiences." Readers who re-read it, will I think agree that Lieut.-Colonel Beaman has written a most graphic and moving account of a Cavalry charge.

THE EDITOR.

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WESTWARD HO!

Early in the New Year we moved to Risalpur. Having fairly recently been started as a cavalry station, it was at that time a dreary place, being simply a collection of mud-built cavalry lines out on the bare plain between Nowshera and Mardan, without a blade of green showing anywhere.

We had scarcely settled into our new quarters before orders came for Holland-Pryor to take up a command in Mesopotamia. Although we rejoiced for his sake, Hugh and Arthur and I saw him off at the station with sad and heavy regret. I find it difficult, as I have said, to write of Holland-Pryor without appearing to exaggerate. He was the first great, and the greatest commanding officer whom I served under. I was to serve under two more in France, one indescribably lovable, so much so, that officers and men cried like children when he was killed, and the other manly and capable far beyond the ordinary; but neither had Holland-Pryor's unmistakable quality of greatness.

He is credited in times of crisis out in Mesopotamia, with many laconic, epic remarks worthy of a Blucher or a Wellington, but unfortunately I have not the space to retail them.

Towards the end of the hot weather, the Mohmands began to give trouble again. It was decided to institute a close blockade against them, to erect *sangared* posts, connected by barbed wire fences and live electric wire, along the whole front between Michni and Abazai. Our Brigade marched out to cover these operations.

We halted a pleasant day or two in Peshawar, among old friends, marching from there to a camping ground on the north bank of the Adozai river. On account of the water problem for so many horses, we used to go out from there every day to hold the foothills in the direction of Abazai, while the infantry carried out the blockade works behind us. We started in the dark, long before dawn, so as to reach our positions in good time, returning again to camp at Adozai by nightfall.

While we were engaged in these rather dull operations in which scarcely a shot was fired, a telegram came from Simla ordering me to join the Staff School at Mhow.

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Life at the Staff School was very interesting. There were men there from all sorts of new units and services, the majority of them being Territorials, whose varied outlook made a refreshing change from the stereotyped military opinion. Many of them, too, had been in France, or in other theatres of the war, and on the whole, were not sorry to be back; and they were full of ideas stimulating to me after my restricted frontier existence.

Very soon, however, a scratch which I had got on the foot near Abazai, turned into a serious attack of blood-poisoning. Luckily for me, the Senior Medical Officer happened to be living in the next rooms to mine in the club. He was a charming, witty person, with a large fund of anecdotes, who was particularly kindly to his juniors, and often used to drop in for a chat. When it was clear that I should have to miss the course, I begged him to send me home to England. To my joy and surprise, for I had given up hope of ever escaping from India, he laughed, "Why, that can easily be done. We'll call it neurasthenia!"

The weeks between the medical board and my departure were suffused with a glow of anticipation which I find it impossible to describe. France had become a fixed idea in my mind; as in other minds. Although the glamour of the great war had long since given place to weariness and disgust in those who had had much acquaintance with it, we, who from the beginning were left in India, had nursed that first disappointment into a kind of obsession. Now I should see it. I already knew exactly what it looked like and what it felt like; not so much from the descriptions in the press, nor from the letters and conversation of men who had been there, but from Bairnsfather's drawings. These, as I saw later with my own eyes, had captured the very spirit of the war in Flanders.

While I lay in bed, I read a war novel, on the cover of which was a picture of the twin tower of Loos. This, for some unknown reason, haunted me; I used to dream about it. On my first visit to the line shortly after arriving in France, I actually saw this tower—and the next day it received its *coup de grace* in a bombardment. I read, also, (I had much time for reading, all day in bed), a new life of Disraeli, by Buckle and Money-

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penny, and I remember thinking how similar was young Disraeli's revolt against his chief, Peel, to the situation then dividing the Cabinet at home. Indeed, that book had a peculiar significance with regard to the period in which I was reading it. The arguments, so hotly debated for and against the repeal of the Corn Laws all those years ago, were now being put to the test of reality. If the submarine blockade could be overcome, then the repealers would have been to some extent justified; if not, the Tories might have the melancholy satisfaction of being able to say to a starving, defeated country, "We told you so!" Just then, in the winter of 1916, all hung in the balance.

As soon as I was fit to travel, Abdul Majid (who had been an austere angel during my sickness) accompanied me to Bombay. The Taj Mahal Hotel, where I stayed, and ate pomfret, was crowded with people going to and from the battle fronts, including many old friends. These one and all commiserated with me on my misfortune in going home in an Australian hospital ship. The "Aussies" were terrible toughs (they told me), socialists of the most rampant sort, who would very likely pinch all one's belongings, and would not dream of doing the ordinary services of a steward or orderly for an English officer. One would have to make one's own bed, clean up the ward, etc., etc.

When the *Karoola* arrived in port, she certainly did look a poorish rough little boat, fitted out in a way which appeared primitive in comparison with the appointments of our own luxurious hospital ships. The frolics, too, of the details on board her, men returning from their homes in Australia to Egypt and France, lent some colour to the character which my friends had given them. All the places of entertainment in Bombay resounded till the small hours with their high-spirited merriment, irrepressible after three weeks at sea. I hear still the echoes of those virile voices, filling the whole night air, and seeming to come from every quarter of the town,

"You'll be sorry some-da-ay
You left behind a br-o-o-ken d-o-oll!"

But these croakings proved to be quite unfounded. No one in the world could have been more obliging and pleasant than the

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quiet efficient little orderly who looked after me—in spite of the fact that I gave a lot of extra work, being in bed again for some time with a relapse. He was, of course, very much the equal. I should never have ventured to offer him a tip at the end. Indeed, from the enormous pay they got, he was probably in a better position to give me one.

The nurses, likewise, were attentive and kind beyond words. When we left the ship, they loaded us with Red Cross gifts, mufflers, cardigans, trench gloves, etc.

They were a hardy race. One pretty little nurse had been taken with appendicitis on Christmas Eve; had been operated on at once in rather a rough sea, and the next evening had been wheeled in a chair to the Christmas dinner. She was now, not much more than a week later, going briskly about her work again.

That voyage gave some idea of the vast extent of the War. The ship had been over three weeks at sea before it reached Bombay, guarded all the way by Japanese and Australian warships against any chance German raiders which might have got loose into those waters. At Bombay it picked up invalids from the Indian Frontier, and from the now enormous Mesopotamian front. We caught glimpses of more cruisers keeping an occasional eye on us in the stretch across to Aden. There, close behind the harbour, a minor operation was actually going on. We heard the sounds of distant battle, and we took some wounded on board. All along the coast of the Red Sea, there was war. We could see bands of Arab horsemen moving over the sands, sometimes riding close down to the shore; for Lawrence's revolt in the desert had begun its move northward. At Suez, amid troops and defences, we felt that we had entered into the main stream of the War.

Here an unpleasant surprise awaited us. The Germans, alleging that our hospital ships had been used for carrying ammunition to Gallipoli, now declared their intention of sinking them. This evil piece of news caused us some delay at Suez. First orders came to turn back and sail for home around the Cape --an interminable voyage in that slow little boat, the very thought of which filled us with gloom. Then these orders were

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superseded by others, telling us to proceed across the Mediterranean with all lights on, as usual, as a test case, to see if the Germans really meant their threat.

So we crept through the Canal. It presented a very warlike appearance, trenches, wire, machine gun posts, blockhouses, military encampments, the whole way along. Australian troops, who happened then to be occupying the defences, gave the little ship from their home country a continuous greeting of weird, bush cat-calls, and exchanged shouted news with friends on board.

After a day or two at Port Said and Alexandria, where we were much struck by the tiny naval motor launches tossing about on the stormy sea, we headed out into the cold, unlit darkness of the Mediterranean, in a blaze of illumination, with the Red Cross glowing in great rubies on each side.

I may say at once that, as far as I know, we saw no sign of a German submarine. Nevertheless, the alarm had some pitiful and harrowing results. In our ward were a number of bad nerve cases. The idea that at any moment, particularly in the darkness of the night, while we were, in a manner, penned down below, a sudden explosion might split the ship and either trap us like animals, or hurl us choking into the cold and stormy sea—this fear upset the already feeble balance of some of the patients. They screamed in the night; got out of their cots and ran up on deck. Some had to be put in confinement. They were upset, too, by someone thoughtlessly telling a story about a German submarine holding up a ship, and, having discovered a red-tabbed general on it, taking him off with them to share their risks under water for the next few weeks. On hearing this, one patient, a staff officer from Mespot, went off his head.

I was fortunate in this respect. Many things frightened me more than most people—bullets, machine guns, liquid fire, gas, the idea, particularly in cold weather, of a bayonet jabbed in and twisted round inside. But, for some inexplicable reason, this submarine threat did not in the least disturb me, nor later, did shell fire or aerial bombing. Different people have different fears. I have heard an air "ace" shout with terror when being

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driven by a careless motorist.

"Dear Old Blighty," did not give us the cheerful welcome we had pictured. After an exceptionally violent passage through the Bay, we came on a bitter afternoon (January 29th, I think it was) into Southampton Water, which was filled with broken, floating ice.

Because of the danger in the air, there were no lights; the impression was that of everywhere a prevailing oppressive gloom.

Cold and shivering, we waited, I don't know how long, in the silent, cavernous gloom of the station. A couple of women (bless them) with pinched blue faces, wheeled a little carriage down the platform to where we stood, offering us refreshment and a few gentle words of welcome home. They had, I suppose, been doing that day in, day out, for months, without wearying of it. Little groups of sullen-looking porters stood about, talking to each other in low, disgruntled tones. One of them told us in a surly manner that they were awaiting a decision about going on strike; adding that he thought, possibly, they might run a hospital train up to Waterloo presently.

Eventually the train did appear at the platform. While we sat huddled up on a bunk in overcoats and mufflers, speeding towards London, a R.A.M.C. captain came along to take our particulars, asking each of us if there was any special area or hospital where we would like to go. I asked if I might go to Sister Agnes's, as I had the privilege of knowing that wonderful lady. He shook his head with a sneer. "No. We don't send neurasthenia cases there." In England, it seemed, neurasthenia was synonymous with "cold feet."

The same dark and heavy gloom hung over London. I was taken off with some others in an ambulance through unlit streets to a huge hospital in the suburbs, near Herne Hill. We were put into a ward as long as a barrack. Our kit had been lost between Southampton and London; for several days, until it turned up, we sat in Red Cross pyjamas, shivering around a great stove in the middle of the ward, or looking out of the windows at the snow falling over an endless uniformly drab vista of roof-tops and back-yards.

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The interminable ward was full—filled for the most part with very serious wound cases; and these were nearly all boys, mere children. They lay, many of them, fixed permanently by frames in all sorts of uncomfortable-looking attitudes, to give their wounds and bones a chance to heal. One poor boy near my bed had been set in a cage like that for over nine months without altering position, except for frequent operations. Their cheerfulness was wonderful.

When our luggage turned up, I got my discharge, and went off in high spirits to a room at the club. What a dark, empty, echoing, unfamiliar club it was, so different from the gay and animated meeting place of before the War. A few old gentlemen, too infirm for any form of war work, crept dimly about its big rooms and corridors, like ghosts. And in the black darkness outside, searchlight beams groped and wavered above Hyde Park Corner.

After a few days there, during which I felt like a disembodied spirit,I went to stay with friends. The excitement and the glamour of the War had passed away, gloom and sorrow, punctuated here and there by a riot of hectic revelry, brooded over London. But in the family of my friends, although bereavement had fallen heavily on it, fortitude still burned with a serene glow.

Then almost any regular officer of a few years' service could get the second-in-command of a new battalion, with the view, if he survived, of soon getting a command. Through the goodwill of an old friend, I was quickly offered the second-in-command of a service battalion of the Cheshire Regiment, if I could arrange the matter with the India Office. Thither I went, passing on my walk the statue of Robert, Lord Clive, and, I remember, Mr. Arthur Balfour in the flesh. The India Office did not prove helpful. I was informed, briefly and decisively, that I must appear shortly before a medical board, which would no doubt give me enough leave in England to recover my health, and at the end of this leave, they told me, I should be sent back to India.

This verdict was not altogether unexpected, nor, I must

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admit, unreasonable. I set to work at once with some little family interest which I possessed, to get a transfer to a British regiment—the only possible way I could avoid being tweaked back by the heels to India. I don't know how many miles I must have walked behind pert little "Brownies" along the endless corridors in Whitehall, how many hours I must have spent sitting on stools outside office doors, on this almost insuperably difficult quest. It seemed to me that the occupants of the offices had always either not come back from lunch, or had gone away to tea. In the end I succeeded.

Meanwhile, the medical board having ordered me a rest in some quiet healthy place away from London, I went to stay with an old widower uncle at Brighton.

Brighton was then a mixture of pathos and hectic night life. A large number of the houses along the sea-front had been turned into private hospitals by wealthy people. On a sunny day the whole of the front was thronged with the badly wounded in their blue hospital uniforms, laid out at full length in spinal chairs, many of whom would never walk again. Sometimes the wind was very strong. I was talking one morning at a street corner to a friend on crutches who had lost a leg, when a gust came down the alley and swept him off his crutches. Away he went, bowling over and over across the road, and fainted from the pain.

As Brighton had been free so far from air raids, it was a very popular pleasure resort, and a favourite residence for the timid-minded. Dances and feverish war-time revelry went on every night in the big hotels. Although the wounded and maimed were more in evidence there than anywhere else, I noticed none of that heavy air of gloom and darkness that brooded over London. Perhaps it was partly because the maimed and wounded were so cheerful themselves.

The Irish Front.

As soon as I had been passed for light duty, I was sent to a reserve regiment in Ireland. At the Shelbourne Hotel in Dublin, noisy with the festivities of young officers in uniform (where one might just as well have been at the Ritz in London,

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or the Metropole at Brighton, or the Crillon in Paris, for any external difference) it seemed difficult to believe that only a few months before that city had been the scene of a bloody rebellion; of drastic military operations; or that the whole city and country were still in a ferment of revolution. A Convention to try to formulate some form of satisfactory constitution for Ireland was then sitting. I saw several people prominent in Irish politics at the hotel.

But when one left the fine broad fashionable streets, unsurpassed in any of the European capitals, for the more remote quarters, one soon came on the evidences of havoc—broken and burnt-out skeletons of buildings, as stark as those in Flanders.

This regiment (designated only by a number) which I joined, on the Curragh, was the strangest I had ever come across. Huge and unwieldy, each of its squadrons was about the size of a normal regiment. It formed, nominally, a reinforcement depôt of both men and officers for about half-a-dozen regular regiments and rather more than that number of Yeomanry regiments at the front. It was far from being happy.

Roughly speaking, the officers belonged to three categories. At the top, the seniors and squadron leaders were "dugouts", that is to say, retired officers who had been recalled to duty on account of the War. At the bottom were an immense number of temporary subalterns, lately gazetted from the ranks, or from one or other of the new cadet schools. In beween these two extremes were, chiefly, fairly senior yeomanry officers, with a sprinkling of regulars home from wounds or sickness, and some young regulars just arrived from Sandhurst and waiting to go out to their regiments.

The "dug-outs," in whom the authority lay, belonged mostly to the class of rich people who owned estates or comfortable country places. They hated the War, which had uprooted them from their pleasant settled round of country life. Born and bred in the Victorian era, with its clear-cut social demarcations, they could not reconcile themselves to the new order of things. They hated to see low-born young men, with queer accents and manners of speech, wearing the badges of their formerly ex-

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clusive regiments. They made no secret of their dislike and contempt for these unfortunate youths.

It is ungracious for one who received so much hospitality in their houses to criticize them. Their outlook was, indeed, the inevitable fruit of their upbringing and circumstance. They were too old to change. Within their own circle, they were as good and pleasant people as anyone could wish to meet. But they were feared and hated by the "temporaries."

The War seemed very remote, almost incredible, in that sequestered backwater; we appeared to have no concern in it. A very gay social life went on inside the privileged circle of the regular officers and their families, to which, of course, the yeomanry officers of good standing were admitted. The "temporaries," for the most part, remained outside the pale, looking on from afar off, at first wistfully, then with a rising bitterness and resentment. Many of them went off whenever they could to find less wholesome amusements in Dublin.

When I was set to instruct these young officers in tactics, I was shocked to find in them a curious spirit, half defiant, half cowed, like schoolboys in disgrace—in disgrace for something which they could not help. If they were shown the ordinary consideration due to an officer and a gentleman, their response was pathetic. Naturally, among such numbers, some were dissolute, a few were worthless and idle, but the majority were sound decent young men. They had, I think, some very real grievances. In some squadrons they were not allowed to ride their horses, except on parade, because there had been one or two cases of foolish galloping about. Restrictions were put on their leave, because some of them had been drunk and disorderly in Dublin—the innocent majority being punished as well as the guilty. Another cause of soreness, between people of such different upbringing, was perhaps inevitable. In the Victorian days, an officer's power of command was measured largely by his flow of invective. Regulars, of course, understood this convention, which still holds with Masters of Hounds, and a boy from Sandhurst never gave a second thought to the eloquence of these "dug-outs," knowing it meant nothing. But men new

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from civil life often bitterly resented being cursed up hill and down dale in profane and abusive language for some trivial slip at drill. They did not understand it was all part of the show.

Between what may roughly be called these two factions, the regular "dug-outs" and the "temporaries," though inclining towards, and sometimes merging with, the regulars, was the yeomanry element. Their first line regiments were somewhere at the war; the second or third line officers with us were nearly all majors. Indeed, I almost wondered at first if there was any other rank in the yeomanry. They came for the most part from well-known county families, hunting men. Scarcely one of them had been overseas, and for that matter, ever did go to the war. It seemed that if they went to their first line, they would have to come down from their major's rank to subaltern—and their first line did not show much eagerness to get them. On account of this senior rank, they did not go on parade, or, as far as I remember, do any duties. Closely allied with them, and holding temporary yeomanry commissions, was a set of well-known trainers and racing men. The attitude of this combined group was perfectly frank; Ireland was about the best place in the world to be in just then; racing, hunting, sport, society, went on as if there were no war. They knew when they were well off, and had no intention of moving, if they could help it.

My own life there was quite peaceful and happy. I was posted first as second-in-command to the most unpopular of the squadron-leaders, a "dug-out" who had been at my old school. He was, in reality, a tragic figure, dying of incurable disease, his constant pain giving a harsh brusqueness to his manner. It was this manner alone that caused his unpopularity, for he never did anything unjust. A fair-haired dapper little man with burning redly-tinted eyes, he was meticulously capable and conscientious; his turn-out was always the last word in neat perfection. No one unaware of the truth, would have suspected that he knew himself very shortly doomed to death in bed, for he carried on without a complaint so long as he could stand up. Thus gradually the command of the squadron came to me, though I was never officially gazetted—I used to go to his bedside to tell

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him all that was going on, and to take his instructions.

Many of the men had seen horrid street-fighting in Dublin. I spent some of the spare time in trying to understand the questions which were then agitating Ireland. The filmy dream-mountains in the distance, the rolling landscape with its deep mellow woods and its associations of legend and faerie, and the warm-hearted, imaginative child-like people of the soil with their irresistible charm, made so strong an appeal that one felt there must be some misunderstanding which ought, without insuperable difficulty, to be put right. I went often with friends to the Abbey Theatre to see Irish plays; but these plays appeared to me to hold some special message which passed over my head.

If you know one family in Ireland, it passes you on all around the countryside, since everybody there appears to be related; and these week-end visits, which gave one a glimpse of different parts of Ireland, and some different points of view, remain among my most pleasant memories. I thought then, I remember, (and do still), that if the Irish gentry, instead of having all their interests in England, of sending their boys to school there, and into English regiments; instead of running counter to the new currents in their own country—if they had put themselves at the head of the movement, and sanely led it, the course of events in Ireland might have been different.

Owing to the heavy casualties at Arras, a call came for reinforcements. Those of us on light duty were summoned before the Medical Board. A grey-haired medical colonel asked, "Well, young feller, are you ready to go?"

"Yes," I said.

"Let's have a look at you, then."

After the examination, he said, "Thanks, that'll do. You'll stay where you are for the present."

At this time a thing began to happen which I had not seen at home for over twelve years, namely, the coming of spring. It came as a revelation to my now matured senses. The misty blurring of the woods as the buds thickened, the sudden breaking out of the trees into piles and clouds of tender greenery, the May blossom frothing along the hedgerows, its grace and sweetness,

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the great chorus of the birds just before daybreak—these ordinary, exquisite things to which I had been so long a stranger, filled me with delight. It was altogether a delightful season. In the lengthening evenings I used to fish, without much success, some water near our barracks. I played a little golf, and later, as summer came on, I had charge of the regimental cricket, and also used to play a lot of tennis at the private houses around about. Amid this round of easy duties and pleasant social recreation, the war seemed more than ever remote, incredible.

One night after I had gone to bed on my palliasse on the floor (my bedstead had broken, and for some reason I had not been able to get another one), I saw a calm, kindly figure, standing beside me, which I immediately recognized as Reason.

"You are comfortable, here, and happy?" asked Reason.

"Very, thank you," I said.

"Ah, that's good," said Reason. "After all, you've done your little stuff on the Frontier. You and I, of course, know that it doesn't amount to much, but still, it's enough to save your face for the future. Why not stay quietly here?"

"I have no immoral courage," I answered half-heartedly.

"Come, let us be practical. You know very well how frightened you can be, even in a little frontier battle. And you know, since your illness, you can't stand much noise. And aren't you afraid of death?"

"N—no," I answered, I hope truly.

"But, being a fairly sensible young man, you don't *want* to die just yet? And I have a notion you are terribly afraid of pain?"

"Y—yes," I admitted.

"And almost more afraid of disgracing yourself in France by showing funk?"

"Y—y—es."

"Well, then . . . ? You can very easily get out of going on the grounds of your health!"

For a time my friend Reason tormented me at nights in this fashion, with an ever weakening resistance on my part; till, realizing that my only chance of peace would be to set the matter

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quickly and decisively beyond the reach of my own choice, I went over to the office one morning and got permission to appear before a special board.

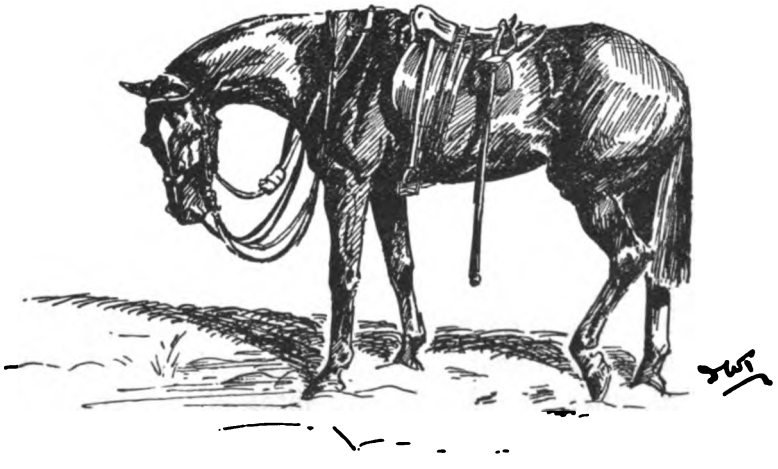
The time being too short to get back my previous records from London, this board had to rely, up to a point, on my own statements. They asked me what had been the matter. I said a weak heart, knowing that organ, at any rate, was perfectly sound (in the physical sense). As they had a very large number of cases to get through, owing to the heavy casualties then occurring at the front, they passed me as fit for service after a tap or two with the stethoscope.

Now that it was definitely settled that I should be going out to the next vacancy in my regiment, my mind became at rest again, and I began to look forward with all the old eagerness to the adventure which almost every other young man in Europe had already experienced.

I went through the usual gas and bombing courses, in which every officer had to qualify before he could be sent to France, and, meanwhile, I made the most of that glorious Irish summer —in all probability the last I should ever see, or see as a more or less whole man.

But I was not called for till towards the end of September.

(*To be continued.*)



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A LETTER FROM PALESTINE

By Major R. C. G. Joy, The Royal Dragoons.

Although many of us had undoubtedly discussed Palestine as a possible or even probable station at some future date, the orders to move out in the autumn of 1938, at less than a month's notice, caught us completely unawares.

One had heard so often what a good cavalry country it was and great was the speculation as to where we would be stationed and what our tasks would be.

New Establishment.

It was decided to send us out on a new establishment, consisting of headquarters, which included a Bren gun troop, two sabre squadrons, and a mechanical squadron. The latter was found by one of the recently mechanized regiments and moved in Morris trucks. This entailed leaving some 200 recruits behind as details in England, and of those selected to go out with the Regiment over 50 per cent. had completed only half their riding school training.

It was no mean task completely reorganizing the regiment and selecting those who should go, but most of the regiment had three days' leave before our departure. One man only of those selected missed the draft, and he went instead to fight for General Franco.

The mechanized squadron sailed separately and headquarters with the two sabre squadrons followed a week later with the horses, travelling in a hastily fitted out cargo boat. Apart from the usual difficulties and hard work entailed in travelling with horses on board ship, the short voyage out passed uneventfully.

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HADERA.

Landing at Haifa we found that we were to be stationed some 45 miles to the south, at the Jewish settlement of Hadera, in the coastal plain. Unfortunately, owing to the difficulties of accommodation the mechanized squadron was stationed in huts 8 miles away, on the coast at Nathanya, and one sabre squadron was detached, under canvas, at Karkur, 5 miles from headquarters and close to the foothills of Samaria. Those at Hadera were in good billets in the town with the horses temporarily in the open.

During the winter stables and hutting were erected, and by the beginning of February all were under adequate cover.

To most of us who had no previous experience of the country, Palestine in October came as a pleasant surprise. Indeed the climate proved to be extremely pleasant even throughout the winter, except during the brief periods of heavy rain. Cloudless days and a warm sea helped in some measure to soften the blow to those whose hopes of hunting leave had been so rudely shattered.

Our first weeks were spent in getting the horses fit again and reconnoitring the country.

On arrival, also, we had taken over M.T. on practically a war establishment, and instead of the half-dozen vehicles which we had had in England, we found ourselves with some 50 vehicles of all descriptions. We had no time to train sufficient drivers for this task at home, but this difficulty had been foreseen, and we had brought out with us nearly 40 drivers of the Royal Tank Corps to help drive our transport and instruct our own men. This they did so well that after 3 months all except 6 of them returned to England.

To reduce the risk of casualties from landmines, we were soon issued with some Jewish civilian lorries driven by civilians. These lorries are known locally as " mine-sweepers," and precede all convoys proceeding on dangerous roads. These lorry drivers get very good pay and seem quite willing to take the risks entailed. Their enthusiasm is however considerably dampened

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and deserters are generally reported whenever they or the unit are unfortunate enough to bump a mine.

While the horses were getting fit, our new Bren light machine guns were rapidly being tested out and their teams trained, and by the middle of November we took over our first duties in helping to maintain law and order.

And it was at this time that the first rains arrived and practically swamped us out. In five days we had half the average yearly rainfall for this part of the country. In spite of the sandy nature of the soil, the horse lines soon became quagmires, and the squadron under canvas had many tents collapse on top of them. As suddenly as it arrived the rain stopped, and under a cloudless blue sky we were once again able to give our horses a dry rug.

The Railway.

Having successfully weathered the storm we then started on our first task of patrolling and guarding 50 miles of the Haifa-Lydda Railway, thereby releasing infantry for operations in the bills. Each squadron took over a separate sector and the line was patrolled throughout the day, sometimes entirely by mounted troops and sometimes partly by M.T.

It meant long hours for men and horses, for the line itself had to be carefully walked and searched for traces of mines before the first trains went through. Troops went out before daybreak and returned after nightfall, having taken their rations on a pack and cooked them in the open.

At this time, although there were concrete block-houses at intervals all along the line manned by Jewish Railway Police, the bulk of the patrolling was still carried out by soldiers.

For several weeks these patrols were carried out, luckily without incident, and routes and methods had to be constantly varied. Should a troop use the same camp fire site twice running it was at least an even-money chance that on the third occasion the old ashes or stone camp fire would hide some form of mine or booby-trap, fitted to explode as soon as preparations for another meal should start. Several casualties have been

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suffered by British troops in this way. Watering places also had to be constantly changed for the same reason.

By night also the line was patrolled, chiefly by dismounted patrols.

The railway was not our only responsibility. In order to try and keep the immediate neighbourhood quiet, those who were not on railway patrol constantly went out to check and search local Arab villages and Bedouin encampments.

Cordons are drawn round the selected village before daylight and when that arrives the men of the village are turned out and checked and the village searched for arms and materials for sabotage. Both British Palestine Police and Jewish supernumeraries are attached to act as interpreters and to help us in these duties. One at least is attached to each squadron.

The Cordon.

The most interesting part of these operations, from our point of view, is forming the cordon in the dark and watching the surrounding country just as it gets light.

Whether the cordon formed is a close one just outside the village or one up to two miles back, we consider that we have several advantages in this type of operation over the mechanized infantry.

The great majority of Arab villages are on the top of hills, and even if they are not, gangs undoubtedly place out sentries on commanding ground nearby, and on the roads by which M.T. may approach, whenever they collect in a village.

Infantry in M.T. are seen and heard for miles, especially when moving at night, even with only sidelights showing. Even when they are debussed we can claim to move quicker across country except in extremely rocky country where no tracks exist.

When the cordon is complete it is generally possible on horses to catch those who attempt to break through, but the infantry can only use fire to stop these fugitives. Across country the soldier with his rifle and equipment stands no hope of catching an Arab on the run.

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The most successful operations have often resulted from a combination of the use of cavalry and infantry, with the cavalry forming a wide cordon before light, and the infantry arriving after daylight to do the searching. In many cases this has resulted in gangs being bolted by the arrival of the infantry into the arms of the well hidden waiting cavalry cordon. The great value of the full use of glasses and telescopes in the early morning has several times been brought out.

On one occasion armed men were spotted walking about the village having not troubled to hide their rifles before daylight. On seeing troops arrive to search some were seen hurriedly to bury their rifles. These men were later picked out during their examination and the arms recovered from their various hiding places.

The Check.

At first the checking was all done by the local police. They knew numbers of "wanted" men and known gangsters and were able to recognize them when they were caught. A village also had to undergo a check by name, to enable strangers to be picked out for further interrogation.

This check is carried out by two of the police working at some distance apart. The villagers file up singly to the first giving their names, which are written on a slip of paper. By the second policeman stand two or three of the elders of the village. As each man arrives with his slip they state the man's name, the latter remaining silent, and this is checked with the name written down. Strangers are in this way picked out.

But this method does not in many cases help in picking out members of the various terrorist gangs, numbers of them being unknown to the local police. The check is now made very much more effective by the presence of Arab informers.

Informers.

Recently feuds between gangs and internal quarrels have caused certain gangsters to desert and come over to the side of law and order, and these men are willing and keen to inform against their former fellow gangsters.

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These informers not only help the police greatly by giving confessions of their past activities and methods, and even hiding places for arms, but also produce lists of names of those taking part in rebel activity. They are also willing to pick out many genuine gangsters during the checking of villages.

They live under the protection of the police or military and in some cases great care has to be taken to hide their identity during checks. A suitable house or closed vehicle is selected with a small opening in a window and the natives file past and are picked out as they are recognized.

In other cases they do this quite openly, as in the case of a whole large and powerful family from a village near Karkur whose father was shot by the gang. Some of the family ride with the troops on all operations and scorn all means of hiding their identity.

The Search.

The search is a long and arduous task and requires many troops to do it thoroughly, even in quite a small village. Horse holders greatly reduce the numbers available to search, with mounted troops. Areas are allotted to troops and troop areas are then sub-allotted to sections.

It is now generally extremely difficult to find arms and ammunition, as the gangsters use a great deal of ingenuity in hiding them. Most villages in the hills are veritable honeycombs of caves and underground hiding places.

Villages have been searched so often now that such things as mattresses, sacks of corn and grain stores are now no longer used as hiding places. Many rifles are now placed in some form of waterproof cover, such as an old motor tube tied at each end, and then buried in the sand. The ground is then smoothed over and probably watered to hide signs of fresh digging, and unless large areas are dug up to a considerable depth, there is little hope of finding them, without definite information as to their whereabouts.

Many houses have false walls behind which arms and sometimes gangsters are hidden, and they are not easily discovered.

Holes are often dug in stables and when the arms are hidden

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the foul bedding and the donkey or pony replaced and it is impossible to trace signs of recent excavations.

In another instance information was received that arms were hidden in the yard of a certain house. A careful search was being carried out by troops, aided by a Jewish supernumerary in British uniform. A pile of stones was being turned over by some Arabs under the troops supervision. An Arab woman saw the party at work and quietly told the Arabs to put the stones they were moving in a certain spot. Luckily the supernumerary heard the mumbled instructions and at once organized a search of the place referred to. Several pounds of gelignite in tins and other materials for making landmines were unearthed in a few minutes.

Caves are also used, but only those whose entrances are very carefully concealed by rocks or bushes.

A slightly worn pathway to an apparently innocent pile of stones on the rock-strewn hillside gave away a cave, after a few stones had been removed. In this cave a theodolite, some typewriters and many interesting documents were found.

* * * * *

For some weeks our uneventful patrol work on the railway went on. It was a tiring and rather monotonous task, and as the horses were now fit, it was sometimes regretted that we had had very little opportunity of encountering the gangs in and around their hiding places in the hills.

With so many troops out daily on the line it was only possible to do very local searches in a small way with the troops available.

More rain arrived to damp our spirits, but we were able to get most of the horses under cover in the winter hutting which was in process of erection.

It was also even rumoured that we were to have a permanent job on an increased sector of the railway and might have to rough up our horses and do this task in M.T. and on our feet.

Happily this rumour was unfounded and at the beginning of January we handed over the railway duties temporarily to the infantry and moved to Affula in the Plain of Esdraelon, for independent work with the northern infantry brigade.

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A CONVOY READY TO MOVE OFF WITH "MINESWEEPER"

HORSE LINES AT HADERA

HORSE LINES AT HADERA

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LEAVING MEGIDDO AFTER OPERATIONS

FLOODS AT KARKUR CAMP

RETURNING TO CAMP AT KARKUR

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The Move to Affula.

We set off in high hopes, all quite pleased at leaving the railway for a spell and getting a chance to co-operate in a fresh area.

On our way it was arranged that we drove an area of country with the whole Regiment and several aircraft co-operating. The area bordered the Musmuss Pass road on the south, and was the scene of the historic cavalry advance in September, 1918, when three divisions of cavalry had passed over these hills during General Allenby's famous advance on Affula and Beisan, thereby completing the destruction of the 7th and 8th Turkish Armies.

It was the first operation in which we had co-operated with aircraft in any numbers. Communication with the air is maintained by formations with wireless and by sub-units with adjustable ground-strips used in conjunction with a book of code signs. The pilots communicate by dropping messages.

On this occasion certain machines were to carry out general reconnaissance of the area, which they do extremely well, being able to fly at very low altitudes. Others were to cordon villages on definite bounds until our arrival. This air cordon or "air-pin" as it is called is carried out as follows. Leaflets are first dropped on the village warning them to remain inside, and the machines then circle the area preventing any possible gangsters from escaping by diving on them and opening fire. As soon as the ground cordon is complete the machines are sent home or move on to the village on the next bound.

Reliefs were arranged at the aerodrome and continuous air co-operation was maintained throughout the day.

We Meet a Gang.

We moved before daylight and had reached the foothills as dawn broke. No sooner was it light enough to see, than machine-gun fire was heard on the left of the advance. Was it an attempt at cordon breaking or had the Air Force spotted a gang?

It was soon learnt that the aircraft and our left squadron had indeed encountered a gang of armed rebels and were in hot pursuit.

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However, the action was soon over. Some had been wounded or killed from the air, another was shot by an officer who was carefully approaching an apparently lifeless corpse, and was lucky to be missed by the heavy Mauser bullet fired at him at 10 yards range.

With the help of directions from the air the remainder were soon rounded up by mounted troops, and one little party, hiding in the thick scrub on the hillside, quickly jumped to their feet with their hands up when spotted by a young lance-corporal who charged them at the head of his section with drawn swords.

Thirteen in all were collected, each armed with a rifle and bandoliers well filled with ammunition, and we had no casualties.

It was an auspicious and lucky start to our new adventure. The drive continued and a large number of suspects were collected during the day out of some 1,500 men collected from 12 villages, without, however, any further incident.

That night we bivouacked in the hills and were lucky to be able to get our M.T. with rations, and forage for the horses.

On the following day we moved before dawn to cordon further villages and after a rather unproductive search we proceeded on to our new camp at Affula.

Working in this country we have found that for operations lasting over 24 hours we have often had to resort again to packs, and put the weight once more on to the horse.

M.T. sometimes cannot accompany us into the hills nor can it reach our bivouacs for the night. The wallets of wartime days are gone and the lack of them is now often regretted.

The tool pack has now once more been brought into use on these occasions and carries the minimum of cooking pots required and some rations, the remainder being carried on the men.

Extra forage we cannot carry and that has to be purchased locally if required urgently.

Each squadron carries a wireless set on pack and it has proved extremely useful and works well. The present set is, however, very heavy, and it is hoped that a lighter set may very soon be issued to mounted troops.

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An officer's mess pack also accompanies each squadron.

A greatcoat, waterproof sheet, a second feed bag and a bed blanket form the extra load for the troop horse on these operations, but those not further required are soon transferred when we return once more to the road and the waiting transport.

Affula.

More rain was now expected and we were under canvas, and as the plain is cotton soil there were certain misgivings as to our future comfort in camp, and the possible state of the going for the horses on the plain.

However we were extremely lucky in many ways during our stay of over three weeks in this area.

We found some firm ground for the tents beside the railway line, and an old disused road nearby provided firm dry standings for the horses.

It was also an exceptional January as regards the weather, which was quite good the whole time, though we did get a cold wind on many days.

The question of supplies was greatly facilitated by having our camp round the railway station.

We then proceeded to spend a very busy three weeks either cordoning villages or taking part in drives, often in co-operation with other cavalry and the T.J. Frontier Force, as well as infantry.

Our operations included a 24-mile night march over the hills, when we were lucky to have a moon and a fine night, and on another occasion we covered 60 miles in 27 hours, most of which was over rocky hill country or sticky wet cotton soil.

We collected in many "wanted" men and unarmed gangsters, but had no further action with armed gangs during this period.

There are several places of interest in this area. A sergeant of a gang and a murderer were collected from Endor, the home of the witch mentioned in the Bible. Nazareth, only a few miles away, was visited when the opportunity occurred, also Mount Tabor, a detached high round-topped hill rising from the plain, surmounted by its fine monastery and church.

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On information being received that a certain gang leader was hiding there, Megiddo was twice visited and searched, to the obvious annoyance of the American archæologists who are hard at work there. On the last occasion they had just unearthed a human skeleton of pre-Roman times, but as it is said that Megiddo has been re-built seventeen time, they have probably much more interesting finds and antiquities yet to discover.

We failed to discover the gangster we were after.

During our stay here, after some sniping in the vicinity, we were able to see another method of crime detection in operation, in the shape of police dogs. Some of them are trained and housed at Affula. They are generally of the Boxer or Alsatian type of breed and they have, according to reports, led to the capture of numerous criminals and the discovery of many rifles.

On one occasion they led us to a freshly walled-in compartment which had no window or entrance of any kind. The wall was pulled down in great excitement.

It was completely empty.

We have never since discovered the reason for this strange room.

The excuse given by the owner, that the wall had been built up to keep out the chickens, hardly rang true.

Often during the night the eastern sky would be lit up by the blazing spouts of burning oil where the pipe line from Iraq had been punctured and ignited by rebels. In spite of locks at intervals along the line, many thousands of pounds must have been wasted during the troubles in this way. As the line is only about 2 feet below the surface it does not take the saboteurs long to carry out their nefarious schemes at some quiet selected spot.

Many who were reported to be engaged in this form of sabotage were collected during our operations in this area. The practice, however, is still being continued.

Return to Hadera.

At the end of January we returned to Hadera.

In our absence the railway police had been considerably strengthened and all the actual walking of the line was now being done by them.

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Our task now was to keep a fatherly eye on the railway, leaving us free to go into the country, within our area, when opportunity offered, either to round up and search or pay friendly visits to the various villages.

In conjunction with cavalry and 3 battalions of infantry we took part in a big drive in the Tulkarm area. This time the infantry did the driving and the cavalry acted as stops, during the two-day operation.

On the evening of the first day we undoubtedly had one of the three big Arab gang leaders in the cordon.

However during the night he managed to creep out, and early the next morning one of our patrols had the minor compensation of capturing his grey arab mare as he had apparently abandoned his charger to make good his escape. It is said that he lost much face with his followers as a result of his loss.

An armed Arab was shot trying to get through our lines in the early morning, after he had fired some 20 shots at us. This little episode caused some consternation in our H.Q. Squadron, as when the gangster got within rifle range of our position it was found that all those present were only armed with that comparatively innocuous weapon, the revolver, and there was not a rifle to be found on the spot.

More heavy rain arrived during February but by this time all men and horses were under cover in huts and stables.

Soon after our return to Hadera the first case of railway sabotage in our area occurred.

Two trains had already gone through on the morning in question when a landmine exploded under a goods train north of Tulkarm. The engine and six trucks were derailed, and the Arab driver so seriously injured that he died in hospital the next day.

The perpetrator and instigator of this outrage, although known, has unfortunately not yet been brought to book.

A very wide cordon met with success on another occasion. Infantry arrived to search a village soon after daybreak, but sometime before their arrival in trucks, a gang running as if for their lives, dodging and hiding behind each clump of bushes, had

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bumped into the cavalry cordon some two miles back from the village.

Unfortunately they had left their rifles hidden on this occasion, but 18 definite gangsters were collected, as well as many other suspects.

* * * * *

On only one occasion have our night ambush parties, so far, been lucky enough to bump a gang on the move at night. Owing to the darkness of the night on this occasion, it was impossible to estimate whether any casualties were inflicted. Some of the rebels fire was unpleasantly accurate, but luckily no one was hit.

This affair did, however, put a stop to quite a lot of local sniping in the area, at least for the time being.

In spite of operations of all kinds against the Arab gangs and the resultant strain from being in a continual state of preparedness, it is rather remarkable that the British troops manage to keep such a friendly feeling towards the Arab population as a whole, and get on with them quite as well as with the Jews.

Both races, with few exceptions, appear to be quite friendly disposed towards the troops.

* * * * *

As the spring-time approaches a wonderful profusion of wild flowers have appeared, and in many places on the hillsides form a veritable carpet of blazing colours between the rocks.

Iris, orchid, anemone, and cyclamen as well as numerous other varieties vie with each other in this great display.

* * * * *

Sport in Palestine.

Military duties take up the large majority of our time, and facilities for relaxation and sport are at present extremely limited throughout the country.

The lack of facilities for games is a great loss to the troops. Units are split up into many small outlying detachments, with no facilities at all for games, in most cases.

A certain amount of football can be played in the larger

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stations, but for the majority, a few games of football among themselves or against Jewish teams is all that is possible.

Few stations can boast a tennis court.

Travel, except on duty, with transport difficulties and the necessary protective convoys, has to be cut down to the minimum.

Occasional short leave parties to places such as Tel Aviv can sometimes be arranged and are greatly appreciated.

In the summer, those lucky enough to be near the coast can get excellent bathing, which is a feature of this coast.

Cinemas are available at some stations, but seldom is there a good English film to be seen.

During the winter months a certain amount of shooting is available, both duck and snipe coming in to the flooded and marshy areas. On the hills a few chikor and woodcock are seen but they are not easily brought to bag without a dog. Later, during their migration, the quail come in.

But the enjoyment of even this sport is to a certain extent minimized by the necessity of armed escorts accompanying each party.

The best wildfowl shooting is probably to be had in the north, and on a fine day it is a very lovely part of the country, with the surrounding bright green marsh lying at the foot of the hills, and snow-capped Mount Hermon towering above them all.

* * * * *

Future Establishment.

The question of our future establishment has recently been raised, and without going at any length into the question here, a mechanized squadron has been found to be of great tactical value during many operations.

But as soon as operations leave the vicinity of the roads, the urgent need of a third sabre squadron is felt. Cavalry are required to work on a very broad front and with two squadrons deployed the C.O. has practically no reserve in hand, and certainly no riflemen to meet an emergency, unless he withdraws troops from squadrons that are badly needed elsewhere.

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It would appear from a tactical point of view, that an establishment of headquarters, with one mechanized squadron and three, possibly weaker, sabre squadrons, would produce a much more effective unit for any probable theatre of war in the future.

The Troop Horse.

The troop horses have done splendidly.

Under trying conditions during the winter, over all types of going from very rocky hillsides to really deep wet cotton soil, they have got along with very little trouble, in spite of the inexperience of their riders.

Minor cuts from rocks, sometimes very poisonous, and bruised feet have laid some of them up for a few days from time to time after long marches.

On a minimum ration they have, on the whole, kept their condition extremely well.

The Remount Depôt at Rehovot, though many miles away, has been most helpful to us by taking the few difficult cases that have appeared, and replacements from these always arrive in splendid condition.

* * * * *

It is to be sincerely hoped that the continuous efforts of the troops and police are slowly but surely stamping out the spirit of the rebellion, and that the efforts of our Government at home will soon be rewarded by finding some peaceful solution to this distressed country's present difficulties.

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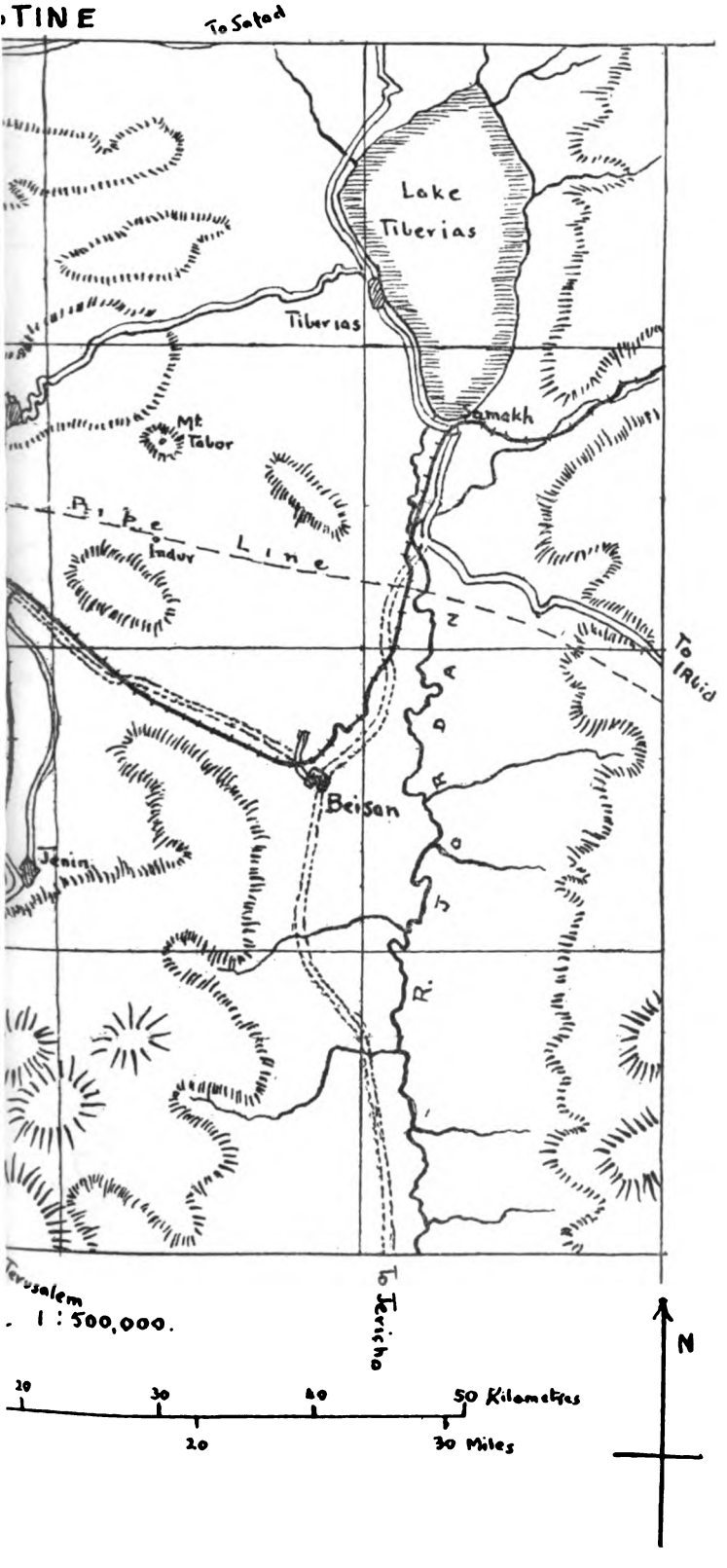

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CAVALRY BADGES

By MAJOR T. J. EDWARDS, M.B.E., F.R.Hist.S.
Member of the Society for Army Historical Research.

PART II

Part I of the article* traced the origin of Regimental Badges up to the time when their use became general, and it is now proposed to set out in chronological sequence the badges that have been worn by individual cavalry regiments. The term "badge" will be given a wide interpretation and will include those distinctive features of uniform such as headdresses, plumes, flash cords, etc., which were introduced for the express purpose of distinguishing one regiment, or one group of cavalry regiments, from another. Although the official authority for the introduction of new features will be quoted, it does not follow that the articles in question were taken into immediate use, so it will be found that some regiments were actually wearing superseded articles some time after the date of such supersession. This applies particularly to regiments on foreign service at the time the changes took place. Further, some regiments were authorised to change their details of clothing by Horse Guards letter, and it was not until the next issue of Dress Regulations that such changes were incorporated, so that in these cases they were ahead of the Regulations. Another complication is that between the consecutive issue of the regulations (thirteen years in one instance) badges may have been introduced and abolished without being mentioned in the printed book of Dress Regulations.

HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY

THE LIFE GUARDS†

ORIGINALLY consisted of a few independent Troops raised just before the Restoration in 1660, but first established in January

* See *Cavalry Journal* for March, 1939.

† Captain J. E. Peel, The Life Guards, kindly assisted in the preparation of this part.

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1661. Horse Grenadier Guards existed intermittently from 1678 to 1788. After several re-organisations two troops of Life Guards remained in 1788 and these were regimented as the 1st and 2nd Regiments of Life Guards. In 1922 these two regiments were amalgamated to form the present regiment of Life Guards.

Undoubtedly the earliest and most lasting distinctive feature of The Life Guards is its scarlet coat, the old Royal Colour.* It was introduced in 1661.

State clothing for kettle-drummers and trumpeters was introduced in 1678 and it is in connection with this that the first badges were worn: the King's Cypher (C.R.) ensigned with a Crown, was worn on the breast and back of the coats.

Perhaps the earliest unofficial Army List to be published was that by Nathan Brooks, entitled "A General and Compleat List Military," etc. "As Establisht at the time of the review upon Putney-Heath, the First of October, 1684."† The list includes ten regiments, with the principal details of their uniform. Those of The Life Guards are:—

1st or King's Own Troop

Carbine belts of velvet, laced with gold and silver.
Red saddle-cloth and holster caps embroidered with the Royal Cypher and Crown.
Coats red, lined blue.
Standard crimson, with the Royal Cypher and Crown upon it.
The Horse Grenadiers attached to this Troop had blue loops, tufted with yellow, upon their red coats. They wore the tall grenadier mitre cap, which had a blue round mark on the outside.

2nd or The Queen's Troop

Carbine belts of green velvet, laced with gold.
Green saddle-cloths and holster caps, embroidered with the Royal Cypher and Crown.
Red coats, lined blue.
Standard—same as the King's Troop.

* See Vol. I, 39, of Sir George Arthur's "Story of the Household Cavalry"; also p. 2 of U. H. R. Broughton's "Dress of the First Regiment of Life Guards."
† Reprinted in Vol. I of the "Journal of the Society for Army Historical Research."

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The Horse Grenadiers the same as for the King's Troop, except that their loops were of green.

3rd or The Duke's Troop

Carbine belts of yellow velvet, laced with silver.

Saddle-cloths and holster caps yellow, embroidered with the Royal Cypher and Crown.

The Standard yellow, with the Duke of York's Cypher and Coronet upon it.

The Horse Grenadiers had loops of yellow otherwise the same as those attached to The King's Troop.

Charles II died in February, 1685, and was succeeded by his brother James, Duke of York, as James II. From his boyhood James had been interested in military affairs and it is therefore not surprising to learn that on his accession he introduced some of his own ideas in regard to the clothing, etc., of his troops. His coronation took place on St. George's Day, 23rd April, 1685, and a most detailed account of it was written by Sandford, one of the Heralds. It will be interesting to note how the uniforms of the Life Guards had changed within a few months of the Review on Putney Heath in October, 1684.

1st Troop

(*a*) *Officers*

Coats of crimson velvet or fine scarlet cloth, embroidered with gold and silver.

In their hats they wore "Tours of white Feathers."

Saddle-cloth and holster caps embroidered with the King's Cypher.*

Manes, cruppers and tails of the horses tied with knots of bleu riband.

On the standard, the King's Cypher ensigned with the Imperial Crown; the motto "Dieu et Mon Droit" on a scroll below, and below this three small crowns.†

* Sandford says "embroidered and embossed" the illustration of a trooper in 1685 on p. 192 of Vol. I of "The Story of the Household Cavalry" shows King James's cypher on these articles.

† These three Crowns represented the kingdoms of England, France and Ireland.

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(*b*) *Gentlemen of the 1st Troop*

Coats of scarlet cloth lined with blue chalon.

Black hats turned up on one side and edged with broad silver lace; round the hats they wore "large bleu knots of broad taffata riband, which blew being the *distinguishing colour* of this Troop from the others."

Horses heads adorned with blue riband.

Carbine belt of blue velvet five inches broad, edged with gold lace.

2nd Troop

(*a*) *Officers*

Generally the same as in the 1st Troop, with the exception that saddle-cloths and holster caps were green velvet, and the manes, cruppers and horses tails were furnished with green riband.

Green was the distinguishing colour of this Troop in 1684.

The Standard the same as for the 1st Troop, but angels supported the Imperial Crown on either side.

(*b*) *Gentlemen of the 2nd Troop*

Generally the same as in the 1st Troop with the exception that green velvet and riband was used.

3rd Troop

The uniform, etc., of the Officers and Gentlemen of this Troop differed from those of the other troops in the colour of the velvet and riband, which was yellow—as in 1684.

The Standard was the same as for the 1st Troop, but made of yellow damask.

These brief notes from Sandford show that the Life Guards retained their scarlet coats, each troop had a distinguishing colour and the only badge borne was the King's Cypher and Crown on the Standards, saddlecloths and holster caps.

In 1688, William of Orange ousted James II from the throne and it may be safely assumed that the Royal Cyphers on the uniform, etc. of the Life Guards were altered at that time. William was soon to be busy fighting against James in Ireland

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and against the French in the Low Countries, and his campaigning did not cease until the fall of Namur in 1695. As far as uniform is concerned nothing seems to have happened until 1699,* when William decided to add to the splendour of the uniforms of his Life Guards. The Gentlemen of the three Troops were ordered to wear feathers in their hats, of their troop colour, viz., 1st Troop—red; 2nd Troop—green, and the 3rd Troop—yellow; thus illustrating the persistence of these distinguishing badges.

The next piece of evidence is a painting in His Majesty's collection at Windsor Castle, which illustrates a "Private Gentleman of the 1st Troop of Life Guards (*circa.*) 1720." In this the only badges worn are the Royal Cypher of George I and Crown on the saddle-cloth and holster cap. The painting of a negro trumpeter of the same date, shows him in state clothing, with the badge of the Royal Cypher and Crown on coat, saddle-cloth and holster cap. Another painting of a Horse Grenadier shows the same features and, in addition, a badge upon the tall mitre hat. A painting of a "Private Gentlemen, 4th Troop of Horse Guards, 1742" shows the usual scarlet coat and badges on the saddle-cloth and holster caps.†

The Royal Warrants for clothing of 1751 and 1768 referred to in Part I‡ did not mention the Household Brigade, so that we must turn to other sources for information about the Life Guards for the next sixty years.

George II died on 25th October, 1760, and Sir George Arthur states that "The Life Guards and Horse Grenadier Guards went into mourning for their deceased Sovereign—their scarlet coats lapelled, turned up and trimmed with black, and their hats, swords and sashes decked with black crape." This apparently obtained during the period of court mourning only, for a painting in Broughton's book§ illustrating an "Officer—1st Life Guards, 1762" shows no crape, black lapels or turn up of the coat, although he has a black band round his neck.

* See "The Story of the Household Cavalry," Vol. I, p. 297.
† See "The Story of the Household Cavalry," Vol. I, p. 380.
‡ See pp. 237-8 of the *Cavalry Journal* for March, 1939.
§ Broughton, ante, plate 2.

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In 1788 there were two troops of Life Guards and two of Horse Grenadier Guards; the latter were disbanded and the former regimented to form the 1st and 2nd Life Guards*. In 1797, Major-General Cathcart, Colonel of the 2nd Life Guards, issued orders relating to the dress of his regiment, but little information can be gleaned from them because reference is constantly made to "the Regimental Pattern" which is not detailed anywhere.

In the early years of the 19th Century changes in the uniform of the Household Cavalry would appear to have been numerous judging from the following extract from the Military Register of 28th January, 1818†:—

Life Guards

"The following *jeu d'esprit* has appeared in a respectable morning paper; we copy it that we may obtain some explanation:—

> "Those Gallant Corps, who, in acknowledgment of the whole Military World, on the plain of Waterloo decided the fate of Europe, and of whom the Prince Regent has condescended to appoint himself Colonel-in-Chief; These Gallant Corps have had, we understand, one allowance granted them lately, viz.: that they are only to change their uniform four times a year.
>
> "This arrangement seems to give universal satisfaction, even to the trade itself, as the Royal Tailor has signified that, if more frequent changes took place, he should not think himself quite so sure of being paid. But the tailor being somewhat insensible to glory, and who likes cash better than credit, his opinion has been decisive on the occasion, and four times therefore only in the year these gallant Corps are to have an entire change which will be notified in Public Orders, that the Military World may know to what regiment they belong, lest, having seen them three months before in a uniform entirely different, they might mistake them for a different part of the army."

* Actually, this was the first occasion on which they were officially described as "Life Guards," but this term has been used throughout this article to avoid confusion with the Royal Horse Guards.

† Printed in "The Story of the Household Cavalry," Vol. II, p. 517.

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This Press "leg pull," though much exaggerating the situation, called attention to the dandyism that was evident in military dress of the period. But through it all, the scarlet coat of the Life Guards never changed.

In 1821 the bearskin cap was introduced into the regiments, and upon this was the badge of the Royal Arms. To harmonise with the grenadier bearskin, grenade ornaments were borne upon the pouches, horse furniture and skirts of the coat.*

In Broughton's book (Plates 14 and 17) the badge of the Order of the Garter appears upon the saddle-cloth and sabretache of the Life Guards for the years 1821 and 1825 respectively.

The year 1822 brings us to firm ground in regard to the uniform of the army, for in that year Dress Regulations were issued and have continued to be issued down to the present day. Also the "Regulations for the Army" (Queen's Regulations) began to become helpful by including a list of the badges of regiments. In view of this the further information in regard to badges need only consist of a short catalogue of the badges of the Life Guards from the above Regulations for each year of issue, with a special note against changes where required. Only the main badges are given and not those which are composed of some elements of the main badges.

1822. *Dress Regulations*

On coatee—embroidered grenade as skirt ornament.

On bearskin cap—The King's Arms and Regimental badges. A large gold embroidered grenade behind.

On pouch—Star of the Garter, or grenade, surrounded by military trophies and surmounted by a Crown. Regimental scrolls below.

On sabretache—Similar to pouch.

Sword belt—Star of the Garter or grenade.

1831. *Dress Regulations*

On coat—embroidered grenade on skirt.

Helmet—metal of Roman pattern with bearskin crest.

The bearskin cap of 1822 has therefore been superseded.

* "Story of the Household Cavalry," Vol. II, p. 635. In Broughton's book, plate II, shows the back view of a Lifeguardsman in 1820, and grenade ornaments are shown on the skirt of his coat, although he is wearing a metal helmet and not a bearskin.

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1834. *Dress Regulations*

On coat—Grenade on skirt.

On cap—The bearskin is re-introduced and has a grenade in front, with the King's Arms raised upon the centre.

On forage cap—Grenade in front.

Shabracque—

1st Life Guards: On hind corners, bears a Garter Star, surmounted by a grenade; below the star the figure 1. On fore corners—a star.

2nd Life Guards—No Garter Star, but gold embroidered grenades on all of the corners, with, in addition, on the hind corners only, the figure 2 below grenade.

1844. *Regulations for the Army*

The Regimental Badge for both 1st and 2nd Life Guards is "The Royal Arms."

1857.

(*a*) *Queen's Regulations*

The Royal Arms as in 1844.

(*b*) *Dress Regulations*

On the helmet (the bearskin has gone again)—a Garter Star.

On the sword belt—

1st Life Guards: Star and Crown over it, double cypher "L.G." with scrolls bearing the words "Peninsula" and "Waterloo."*

2nd Life Guards: Silver Garter Star

Pouch belt—

1st Life Guards: Red silk cord down the middle.

2nd Life Guards: Blue silk cord down the middle.

Saddle cloth—

1st Life Guards: Hind corners embroidered with a Crown and scrolls "Peninsula" and "Waterloo" and reversed "L.G." and a small figure I; below, a Garter Star. Petticoat bags embroidered with a Crown, the figure "1" and reversed "L.G."

Bit—Brass bosses with Regimental Cypher and Crown.

* "Peninsula" was granted under Horse Guards letter, dated 6th April, 1815.
"Waterloo" was granted under Horse Guards letter, dated 8th December, 1815.

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Shabracque—

2nd Life Guards: Embroidered on fore and hind corners, a lion and crown, scrolls bearing "Peninsula" and "Waterloo," laurel leaves enclosing a Garter; Star and the figure "2" only on hind corners.

Breastplate—

2nd Life Guards: Bears the Queen's Cypher encircled with the words "Peninsula" and "Waterloo."

There are two features in the above list of badges for 1857 which require a note of explanation—the silk cords on the pouch belts and the petticoat bags of the 1st Life Guards. According to Cannon's Historical Record of the Life Guards,* both regiments were ordered to wear "flash strings" for the first time in 1829.† the 1st Life Guards being red and the 2nd Life Guards blue. A footnote explains that the Horse Grenadier Guards formerly wore flash strings on their pouch belts. Another explanation that we have received is that the flash cord has a double significance—firstly, in the early and middle part of the 17th century the carbine was the weapon of cavalry. The cartouche box was carried on a cross-belt and the primer case on a cord over the cross-belt, the word "flash" being derived from the preliminary flash before the explosion of the charge. And, secondly, although officers of the King's Bodyguard did not carry carbines they carried flash cords on to which was secured the Key of the Royal Coach. The Captain of the Royal Escort locked the Royal Personage into the coach and unlocked it on reaching its destination. This custom was introduced in the reign of Charles I and continued until 1837.‡

An explanation of "petticoat bags" was not easy to obtain. Dictionaries, old and modern, were consulted as well as Works upon Military Definitions and other likely sources, including The Life Guards, but all without result. These Articles were 23 inches deep and 14½ inches wide, which indicates that a Victorian petticoat could, with some roughish treatment, be

* Page 219.

† They are not mentioned in the 1831 or 1834 Dress Regulations.

‡ These notes on the "flash cord" were kindly supplied by The Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards. Flash cords are still worn by The Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards.

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accommodated in them. The item is repeated in the Dress Regulations of 1861 and 1864, but not in those of 1874. What we do get in the 1874 Regulations, in place of petticoat bags, is a "Holster" of the same dimensions from which it may be deduced that, "Petticoat-bags" may have been a colloquial term in the 1st Life Guards for holsters, and that in the 1874 Regulations the official term is used.

1861. *Dress Regulations*

As in 1857.

1864. *Dress Regulations*

As in 1857.

1873. *Queen's Regulations*

The badges, etc., of both regiments of Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards are given as "The Royal Arms: Peninsula: Waterloo."

1874. *Dress Regulations*

On German silver helmet—Garter Star in front.

On pouch—Garter, Star, Crown and monogram "L.G."

On pouch belt—Silk cords as in 1857.

On Shabracque—

1st Life Guards: On each hind corner a crown, scrolls bearing "Peninsula" and "Waterloo", reversed cypher "L.G." with figure "1" above and Garter Star below.

On Holster—Crown and Regimental Cypher.

2nd Life Guards: On each hind corner, a Lion and Crown, scrolls bearing "Peninsula" and "Waterloo", a laurel wreath, within it a Garter Star with figure "2" above. On each fore corner a Lion and Crown.

1883.

(*a*) *Queen's Regulations*

The badges, etc., for both regiments are given as "The Royal Arms, Dettingen—Peninsula—Waterloo—Egypt, 1882—Tel-el-Kebir."*

* "Dettingen" was granted under Horse Guards letter, dated 20th September, 1882. "Egypt 1882" and "Tel-el-Kebir" were granted under General Order No. 32, of 1883.

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(*b*) *Dress Regulations*

Helmet, pouch and pouchbelt badges as in 1874.

Shabracques—

1st Life Guards: On each hind corner a Crown, scrolls bearing "Dettingen", "Peninsula", "Waterloo", "Egypt, 1882", "Tel-el-Kebir", reversed cypher "L.G." and Garter Star below. On holster caps, crown and regimental cypher with figure "1" above.

2nd Life Guards: On each hind corner the royal crest, scrolls bearing the same honours as the 1st Life Guards, also laurel wreath, within wreath, a Garter Star, and the figure "2" below. On each fore corner as on each hind corner, but the figure "2" is omitted.

1885. *Queen's Regulations*

Badges, etc., as in 1883.

1889. *Queen's Regulations*

Badges, etc., as in 1883.

1891. *Dress Regulations*

On helmet—Garter Star.

On pouch—Oval pattern ornament, comprising the collar of the Order of St. George, with the Star of the Order on the oval; Crown above, and on each side the monogram "L.G." below the monogram, scrolls—on the right "Waterloo" and on the left "Peninsula."

On pouch belt—Silk cords as in 1857. 1st Life Guards red, 2nd Life Guards blue.

On Shabracque—Badges as in 1883.

1894. *Dress Regulations*

As in 1891, except on pouch belt—1st Life Guards: no silk cord; 2nd Life Guards: blue silk cord.

1900. *Dress Regulations*

These Regulations mark a great advance in the manner of accurate description of Regimental Badges, for not only did they state where the badges would be worn, but they also gave fine photographic reproductions of a great many badges at the end

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of the book. The description of the badges will be found in Appendix I and whatever misinterpretations may be placed upon these, the "photographs cannot lie." Some of the descriptions in Appendix I are somewhat lengthy, but only the briefest descriptions can be given here.

1st Life Guards

On buttons—"L.G." reversed and interlaced, Crown above, between the letters and crown the figure "1".

On collar of tunic and frock—Nil.

On helmet—Wreath of oak and laurel (oak on right side, laurel on left) enclosing a large star in the centre of which is the Garter Star. Outside the centre piece the collar of the Order with the George on the centre of the wreath. Crown above all.

On waist plate—Star and Collar of the Order of the Garter (no motto or centre) with Crown above; on either side of the collar the letters "L.G." reversed and interlaced; below on scrolls "Peninsula" and "Waterloo."

On pouch—As on waist plate.

On field cap—Star of the Order of the Garter with a Crown above.

On shoulder belt*—Hitherto this has been called the "Pouch belt." These Regulations also introduced the old term "Flash cord" which is stated to be Scarlet for the 1st Life Guards, and Blue for the 2nd Life Guards.

On Shabracque—Badges as in 1883.

1904. *Dress Regulations*

As in 1900.

1911. *Dress Regulations*

As in 1904, except for the Shabracque, which, instead of cataloguing the battle honours on the scrolls states "Scrolls with Honours as shown in the Army List." At this time the Honours for the 1899-1902 South African War had been awarded, of which the Life Guards were granted "Relief of Kimberley", "Paaredeberg" and "South Africa, 1899-1900." Scrolls for these Honours

* See Para. 328.

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would therefore be in addition to those mentioned in the 1883 Dress Regulations.

1934. *Dress Regulations*

When the cavalry was re-organised in 1922 the 1st and 2nd Life Guards were amalgamated under the title "The Life Guards" (A.O. 133/1922), later in the year this was altered to "The Life Guards (1st and 2nd)" (A.O. 186/1922); in 1928, however, they reverted to the first title "The Life Guards" (A.O. 116/1928), and it has remained so ever since. The Dress Regulations of 1934, therefore, refer to an unified regiment, consequently the figures "1" and "2" on the badges on the, buttons and shabracque have disappeared. Otherwise, the badges are as in the 1911 Dress Regulations, with the following exceptions:—

On forage cap—Within the Garter the Royal Cypher pierced on a ground of red enamel. The motto of the Garter pierced on blue enamel. The Garter surmounted by a Crown.

On Service Dress cap—In bronze the Royal Cypher surmounted by a Crown; on the circle "The Life Guards."

On Shabracque—Corners embroidered with battle honours surrounding Garter Star, surmounted by Royal Crest.

The red flash cord of the 1st Life Guards was adopted on the amalgamation in 1922 and the blue flash cord of the 2nd Life Guards ceased to be worn.

The white sheep skins of the 2nd Life Guards were also adopted on amalgamation, with the exception that the black sheep skins of the 1st Life Guards are worn by the band and trumpeters.

Both of these points remain in force with the present Regiment to-day.

ROYAL HORSE GUARDS (THE BLUES)*

As might be expected, The Blues follow very closely their sister regiment in the Household Cavalry as regards the general scheme of distinguishing badges. Further, as they were a com-

* Lieut. E. A. H. Legge-Bourke, Royal Horse Guards, kindly assisted in the preparation of this part.

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plete regiment from the date of raising in 1661, there is no question of subsequent amalgamations.

The regiment, of course, takes its secondary title from the colour of its coat, which has been blue from the commencement. Incidentally, "The Blues" is one of the very few nicknames that have received official recognition by being incorporated into the official title.

In Nathan Brooks' "General and Compleat List Military" of 1684, the following details are given of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards: The regiment had eight Troops each comprising, besides Commissioned officers, 3 corporals, 2 trumpeters and 45 men, "distinguish't by their Carbine Belts laced with Gold upon Buff with a red edging, Hooses* and Holster Caps with the Royal Cypher, embroidered upon Blew, Coated and Cloaked Blew, lined Red." Each Troop had a crimson Standard bearing the following badges embroidered thereon:—

King's Troop	.. ..	Imperial Crown.
Colonel's ,,	.. ..	Royal Cypher.
Major's ,,	.. ..	Gold Streams.
First ,,	.. ..	Rose and Crown
Second ,,	.. ..	Thistle and Crown.
Third ,,	.. ..	Fleur de Lys and Crown.
Fourth ,,	.. ..	Harp and Crown.
Fifth ,,	.. ..	Royal Oak.

The King's Troop was further distinguished by having the only kettle-drum in the regiment.

According to Sandford's account the following badges were borne on the Troop Standards of the Royal Horse Guards at James II's Coronation in 1685.†

The King's—In the centre the Cypher "JR" surmounted by a Crown in gold; above the Crown the motto "Dieu et Mon Droit"; below the Cypher, three small crowns in gold as in the case of the Standards of the Life Guards.

* Saddle cloths.

† *Vide* S. M. Milne's "Standards and Colours," p. 32.

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The Colonel's—The Crest of England, the Crown surmounted by a lion.

The Lieutenant-Colonel's—An heraldic Rose.

First—Golden Thistle.

Second—Golden Fleur-de-Lys.

Third—Harp in gold with silver strings.

Fourth—Oak Tree in gold.

Fifth—Portcullis in gold.

Sixth*—Badge of the Order of the Garter.

All badges were surmounted by a Crown.

By the middle of the 18th Century, the number of Standards carried by the Royal Horse Guards had been reduced to three. They bore the following badges† :—

First—The Royal Arms with the Cypher "GR".

Second—Union badge and Crown, with Cypher "GR".

Third—The Cypher "GR" double interlaced with Crown over it.

King George III was much attached to the Royal Horse Guards and "As a testimonial of its honourable and Military conduct on all occasions," he in person, presented to it, on St. George's day, 1805, a splendid pair of silver Kettle-drums, upon which was borne the King's arms, as a badge.

In Packe's history of the regiment there is a painting of a mounted trooper of 1806,‡ upon the saddle-cloth and holsters is the badge, being the Garter Star, surmounted by a Crown.

Packe also notes a change in one of the distinguishing features of the regiment, i.e., the buff belts which they had worn since their raising in 1661 were laid aside in 1821 and white substituted (page 125).

Now we come to the period when Dress Regulations commenced to be issued (1822) so that only brief notes need be given.

1822. *Dress Regulations*

On Cartouche belt—scarlet cord passing down the centre. This distinguishing mark still persists.

* It will be noted that there were nine troops at this time.
† *Vide* Milne, ante, p. 83.
‡ Opposite p. 110.

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In 1827 the Royal Horse Guards were placed upon the same footing as the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and officially became Household Cavalry. Hitherto, although they had enjoyed almost identical privileges with the Life Guards, their status had been officially regarded as in the nature of a Line Regiment. In fact, in August, 1826, the C.O. received a letter from the Horse Guards in a rather sharp tone, in reply to a request to be allowed to discharge men and cast horses without reference to the Adjutant-General. " I am to remind you," it stated, " that when the Royal Horse Guards (Blue) were named to take their turn of duty with the Household Troops, it was particularly arranged that the Corps should remain under the Orders and Regulations of the Army, and not participate in the exclusive privileges held by the Life Guards, of acting independently in their interior arrangements of the control of Headquarters." In January, 1827, the Duke of Cumberland became Colonel of the Regiment and in the same month its status was raised.

1831 *Dress Regulations*

On epaulettes—Steel garter and the letters RHG.

On pouch belt—White buffalo with red flash string.

On shabracque—Embroidered with Crown and Star and regimental device.

In 1830 King William IV honoured the regiment by becoming its first Colonel-in-Chief and in 1832 he further marked his admiration for it by presenting it with a magnificent guidon* upon which was borne his Cypher surmounted by a Crown, the battle honours "Dettingen", "Minden", "Warbourg", "Cateau" and "Peninsula" ; each corner bore a national badge. The main interest of this guidon lies in figure of St. George and the Dragon at the head of the staff upon which it was carried. This was a most unusual device for a colour, etc., and was probably inspired by that on the Field Marshal's baton. The honours "Minden" and "Cateau" also call for notice because they will not be found among the regiment's list of battle honours. "Cateau" refers to

* Owing to the texture of the material with which it was made and to being decorated with jewels, it was very heavy and drooped unimpressively. At William IV's funeral it was carried by Gold Stick, the only instance of this officer performing this duty.

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the action at that place on 26th April, 1794, during the French Revolutionary Wars. "Dettingen" was not granted until 1882, and "Warbourg" not till 1909 (Army Order 180/1909).

1834 *Dress Regulations*

On shabracque—Embroidered Crown and Star. Scrolls bearing "Peninsula" and "Waterloo."

On cap—Black bearskin with a gilt grenade in front, having the King's Arms raised upon the centre.

On pouch belt—As in 1831.

1857 *Dress Regulations*

On German silver helmet—Garter Star in front.

On pouch belt—Red cord down the centre.

On shabracque—One fore and hind corners. Crowns and scrolls "Peninsula" and "Waterloo", with laurel leaves in gold and a Garter Star.

On bridle bit—Garter with motto and Crown.

1861 *Dress Regulations*

As in 1857.

1864 *Dress Regulations*

As in 1857 and with the Royal Arms on the pouch box.

1874 *Dress Regulations*

As in 1864.

1883 *Dress Regulations*

As in 1874, but with—On shabracque—Crown with battle honours "Dettingen", "Peninsula", "Waterloo", "Egypt 1882" and "Tel-el-Kebir" and Garter Star below.

1891 *Dress Regulations*

As in 1883.

1894 *Dress Regulations*

As in 1883.

1900 *Dress Regulations*

As in the case of The Life Guards the information about badges is now set out in detail for the first time, together

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with photographs. As this information is somewhat lengthy only brief notes can be given here.

On buttons—R.H.G. surmounted by a Crown.
On collar of tunic and frock—Nil.
On full dress headdress—Star of the Order of the Garter.
On waist plate—Royal Crest.
On pouch—Royal Arms on a scarlet ground.
On field cap—Star of the Order of the Garter.
On shoulder belt—Red flash cord.

1904 *Dress Regulations*

On buttons—As in 1900.
On collar of tunic, etc.—Nil.
On full dress headdress—Within a wreath of laurel and oak, the Star of the Order of the Garter surmounted by a Crown. Around the centre the collar of the Order, with the George upon the lower stems of the wreath.
On waist plate—As in 1900.
On pouch—As in 1900.
On field cap—As in 1900.
On shoulder belt—As in 1900.

1911 *Dress Regulations.*

Generally, as in 1904, except that the Shabracque bore all the honours laid down in the Army List. This, of course, included those for South African War of 1899-1902.

1934 *Dress Regulations*

The 1922 reduction of Cavalry had no effect upon the Royal Horse Guards, so that their badges required no changes. One noticeable innovation is the words " Royal Horse Guards " on the Service Dress Cap ; this appears to be the only occasion on which the title of the regiment has been expressed so fully upon the badges of The Blues. On the blue Forage Cap a similar badge is worn, but instead of the title of the regiment being inscribed round the Royal Cypher, it has the Garter with the motto "Honi Soit Qui Mal y'Pense."

(*To be continued.*)

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PROTECTION FOR MECHANIZED UNITS ON THE MARCH

By "An old Has-Been."

In every war some development of science has a marked influence on the final result. In the late war the Central Powers introduced the factor of machine-gun battalions, which proved themselves invaluable against attack until we produced the tanks in sufficient numbers to counter them. Later in the war German scientists produced various kinds of poison gas, and until we could provide our troops with efficient gas-masks, this form of warfare, which came as a surprise, was most effective.

Since 1918, all nations have been considering new scientific inventions for future wars, and all seem agreed that the mechanization of units will be the most effective.

Now that all armies are partially mechanized, all General Staffs are searching for some new invention to counter the danger of an attack by such machines. Anti-tank guns and rifles will no doubt be helpful; but it is probable that other means for their destruction will be sought.

The great danger to mechanized units on the march would appear to be an attack on them when in a defile, the more so as, at present, their appears to be no adequate provision for these units to protect themselves, nor to acquire information as to the movements of the enemy. To trust entirely to the Royal Air Force is unwise, for by night, in fog, or in wooded country, scouting planes are helpless.

The problem is no easy one. On roads, motor-cyclists would no doubt be invaluable, but at present no provision of these has been made for scouting purposes. When, however, heights have to be crowned, or woods scouted, something more than cyclists

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will be required. It has been suggested that every mechanized unit should carry with it a horse-box or two for mounted scouts. These, if properly organized, could be made most useful. If the cobs were carried fully equipped, it would not take 5 minutes for them to be unboxed and mounted, and a delay of 15 to 20 minutes only would be required for these mounted scouts to report "all clear" within a radius of 5 miles. Horses soon get accustomed to being boxed, and this causes little delay. The extra road space for these horse-boxes or trailers would be small in proportion to that occupied by a mechanized unit, and the value of a few trained mounted scouts can hardly be over-estimated.

Mechanized units can be expected to cover 100 miles or more in 24 hours if the front is secure, but must expect ambushes to be prepared in an enemy's territory. To make no preparation to avoid such traps is asking for trouble. To obtain information at night requires special training, and unless scouts have been accustomed to night work from living in large open spaces, good results can hardly be expected. On the other hand our Dominion troops produced many wonderful scouts in the South African war—men who could be relied upon to enter the enemy's camp and to report by daybreak how many wagons they touched by hand.

A few men of this type added to a mechanized column would not only assist in its protection but also obtain valuable information to enable the commander to formulate his plans.

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"*NORTHERN INTERLUDE.*"

By GEORGE HUME.

"IT is as hard to describe the fascination of the sea as to explain the beauty of a woman; for, to each man it is self evident, or no argument can help him to see it," writes a well-known yachtsman. It was due to this fascination that some years ago, having shaken the dust of the broiling plains of India off my feet, and taken four months leave, I accepted, not for the first time, the menial duties of deck-hand under my uncle for a cruise in his little craft *Foam* among the North Isles.

Uncle Joe's study is as comfortably untidy as middle-aged bachelor could wish, but Skipper on board *Foam* is like a house-proud spinster—woe to those who stain the paint, or put a grummet in the wrong locker! But an ill-kept boat is a degraded thing—like a slatternly woman, and Uncle Joe is, after all, a warm-hearted tyrant. A cruise to him is an absorbing affair between himself and *Foam*—with pride he guides and watches over her, and with loving care he plans her welfare.

I am of less stern stuff and cannot pretend to such singleness of purpose; much as I admire *Foam* and enjoy our joint collaboration, there is an intimacy between Skipper and his boat to which I cannot be admitted. In our friendly association I am a third person with a man and his wife. Perhaps some day if I own as good a little craft as *Foam* it may be different.

In light but favourable winds we sailed up the west coast of Scotland; then, after passing the thousand-foot rock-cliffs of Hoy, we "got a washing" going through Hoy Sound, and on a June afternoon dropped anchor at Stromness.

The second port of the Orkneys, Stromness, like most of the North Isle ports, consists of a long and narrow main street, completely paved, which hugs the contour of the shore. The

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backs of the grey stone houses on the shore side abut directly on the water. Landwards off this main street spring a few small side streets. In days gone by this was a regular port of call of the Hudson's Bay Company whose ships completed their crews here before crossing the Atlantic.

Sail-jackets having been laced and all made shipshape to Skipper's satisfaction, we rowed to the pier in the dinghy for a tramp to stretch our legs. To Skipper a walk is a duty he owes his figure—he strides along puffing at his pipe his mind engrossed in seafaring problems, while I enjoy the actual walking, and the interest of new surroundings. Happily we respect each other's silences.

Once out of the town we settled down to our stride. The road was edged with broad strips of pure golden Ox-eye daisies growing out of the grass—a brilliant garden-border on a giant scale —and since, in these Islands of gently rolling slopes, one is seldom out of sight of the sea, there stretched beyond a patchwork picture of the deep brown of heather, the bright green of grass and crops, and in the distance an expanse of shimmering water; while over all played the quickly changing sun and shade.

Here and there among the fields were low, grey cottages from which the smoke of peat fires rose in pale blue wisps into the clear, crisp air. Sometimes a burn of brown peat-water flowed from the high ground past a cottage, and in a pond fringed with yellow flags duck and geese disported. A charming, homely countryside it seemed; but, as "Listeners" know, gale warnings are often followed by "including Orkney and Shetland": the scene is very different when a gale blows straight from the open sea, tearing over these gentle slopes where there is nothing to stem its fury, and lashes them with fierce squalls of horizontal rain.

About 5 o'clock I suggested that we should try to get some tea at a cottage. Skipper always a good trencherman readily agreed—so in a few minutes we were knocking at a door. It was opened by a middle-aged man in a blue jersey, who, when asked if tea could be provided went to consult superior authority. In a few moments his wife appeared and asked us in.

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From the front door a small passage led into the kitchen, the roof of which was covered with strings of small dried fish stretched across—sillocks, of which more anon. Passing through, we were shown into the best room, bright and cosy—with table and chairs, a small stove with a flat top for cooking, and facing this a deep cavity in the wall from which a high-pitched voice emerged. This "box-bed" was occupied by Granny. Old people unable or perhaps unwilling to cope with the gales and "coarse weather" in winter sometimes take the easier course and go permanently to bed. Life is far from dull, visitors are entertained and family life centres round them, the stove radiates a cheerful warmth, and in the window are neat blinds and some geraniums. Tired old bones sleep much and bright memories of youth are clear.

After shaking hands with Granny, who it seemed was somewhat deaf, we sat down. Soon a kettle was singing on the stove and the table was set. From the kitchen came the sound of frying and the smell of fish, grilled sillocks these proved to be—very sweet and succulent—to which with tea and the best of bread, butter, and jam ample justice was done.

Our hosts were obviously glad to meet these strange folk who had sailed up from "The South"; to the Orcadian, John o'Groats, London, or Cape Town are "The South"—the big thing in "going south" is leaving Orkney, the destination is of much less importance.

A running commentary by Granny made a background to the conversation. After Skipper had done his best, which was indeed very good, she continued to press him to have some more and was deaf to his assurances of repletion, until her son came to his help and shouted in her ear—"He says he's full o'tea"—this apparently convinced the old lady that the honour of the house had been upheld and she lay back and dozed.

When we rose to go our offer of payment was courteously refused—there was no affectation or modern commercialism about these sturdy, self-respecting folk.

A fresh breeze was blowing from the southeast next morning as we sailed past Graemsay, from time to time the sky was over-

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cast and lashing showers streamed on deck and hissed on the water; a few minutes later large patches of bright blue sky would appear, out would come the sun, and the world would again be full of joyous vitality.

Rounding Houton Head we were in Scapa Flow. Though there are now no signs of the sunken German ships, a large area of concrete pavement on the shore at Houton still marks the site of the war-time Air Station; like the scar of an immense wound it shows up white among the fields and heather.

As we headed across the Flow I got out a line and fished for mackerel, we were sailing a bit too fast—but a 1-inch spoon with a heavy lead to sink it showed that pace to a hungry mackerel is not a matter of great concern. Reaching the far end we passed out through Holm Sound which was blocked during the war by sinking ships across the fairway—there they still lay, decks well out of the water, as we sailed through with little room to spare on either side.

We then turned northwards past the small island of Copinsay with its lighthouse looking out over the North Sea to warn ships off this rocky coast. The wind freshened and veered round to northwest—a big swell was running as we beat to windward until the Mull Head was turned, then passing through Shapinsay Sound and down Kirkwall Bay we dropped anchor in Kirkwall Harbour.

The capital of Orkney, the Royal Borough of Kirkwall is a busy little town of grey stone; its narrow paved main street runs from the pier inland to the Cathedral a fine structure of red stone, which with its ruined Bishop's Palace stands in the centre of the town.

Skipper wanted to buy some varnish. It seemed to me that the display of frills and furbelows in the shops was almost Knightsbridge standard, and at the chemist's abundance of exotic beauty-aids were on sale. A picture-house and posters of a dramatic society, dances, and other junketings showed that fair Orcadians need never feel that sad frustration "all dressed up and nowhere to go"—yet to a Frenchman I once met Orkney represented "Des rochers dans la brume."

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From Kirkwall our course was to be via Sanday to Westray at the extreme northwest corner of the Orkneys. Sailing up Wide Firth we soon sighted Taing Skerry, a small outcrop of semi-submerged rock, which was crowded with seals—basking in the sun. There was a sudden panic as *Foam* approached and with much jostling and awkward, hurried flopping a dash was made for the water—which was soon a rushing flood of foam. Once in their native element, however, curiosity soon overcame their fear, as with graceful ease they swam close round, bobbing up head and shoulders out of the water, gazing at us with their large limpid eyes as if looking for a friend on board.

Then we passed the island of Gairsay, erstwhile home of Sweyn the Viking chief; here he would spend uproarious winters carousing with his men after summers profitably spent pillaging the south. As we sailed past we could see the ruins of his castle near the sheltered harbour where he beached his long-ships.

The breeze was blowing fresh and steady from the north-west, and the sun from a cloudless sky of soft blue picked out the crests of the slate-grey waves in dazzling white. Off a rocky point some Solan Geese were fishing—skimming with incredible speed close over the water these large pure-white birds with black tips to their great spread of wing suddenly soared up to a height, poised for a moment, then dived wings closed with a splash into the water—reappearing a moment later with a fish in their beaks. An unfair, one-sided form of sport it seemed.

The Green Holms of Eday—two small islets to the southwest of that island—looked so attractive that we altered course northwards to pass between them; to Skipper the pilotage was of course the lure. When we emerged from the narrow passage Dame Nature began to take a hand in the game. So far things had perhaps been going too easily for us in these intricate, tideswept channels; she perhaps felt that the metal of these trespassers on her privacy should be tested. However that may be—the tide was ebbing northwest in the Fall of Warness, the channel between the Green Holms and the island of Eday, and our course

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being set for Sanday we should pass Eday on the port side. All went well for a bit until presently it seemed that Eday was beginning slowly to move across our bows—and this movement quickly increased. *Foam* was caught in the ebb to the northwest which was rapidly gaining strength.

Now tides in the North Isles are only distantly related to the comparatively gentle ebbs and flows round more southern coasts —here they are full-grown torrents. Swirling round the north end of Scotland they are obstructed by the Orkneys and rush pressing through the Pentland Firth and the winding channels between the islands; ruthless in exacting penalties for carelessness or misjudgment they command the respect of all sea-going folk.

Owing, I must confess, to my persuasion the decision to visit the Green Holms had been taken too lightly, half an hour would make all the difference between an easy passage and risk of disaster. *Foam* and her crew were to be disciplined.

Some two and a half miles down the channel on the west of Eday the ebb tide forms a "roost" which lasts till near slack-water—a roost in Orkney is a romping tide-race with steep breaking seas—and in this particular channel there is a rock-cliff on the bottom which obstructs the tide so that large lumps of water are shot up in the boiling swirl leaving wide gulfs below into which they fall thundering back. On this occasion it was to be an extra fine performance, as the fresh northwest breeze meeting a spring tide would add to the uproarious tumult.

The islands still basked in the warm sun while *Foam*, a mere speck in the landscape, was being swept down at ever-increasing speed towards the roost—which had begun to shake itself out of its slack-water sleep. I was sitting forrard, the glasses with which I had been watching sea-birds hanging round my neck. Skipper was holding *Foam* on her course heeled well over to leeward, each sail doing its outmost in those skilled hands—but apparently to little purpose. *Foam* like a fluttering bird which has been gripped by a snake was smoothly and surely, bit by bit, being sucked in to be swallowed.

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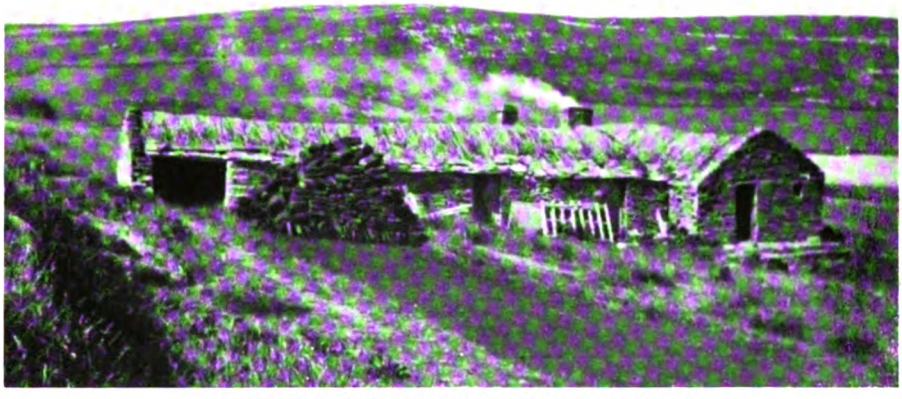
"Flensing," Olna Firth Whaling Station, Shetland

Harpoon Gun (Bow)



AN ORKNEY COTTAGE. Note Peat Stack

SCALLOWAY CASTLE, SHETLAND

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The tide steadily gained momentum and the roar of the roost became louder as we were swept closer, but Skipper's resolute eye had seen our one chance of escape. Some two miles down the coast of Eday a small skerry runs out from a point forming a little bay sheltered from the tide; the question was would *Foam* be carried past before she could get across to it, and would she be able to stand up long enough to the pounding she was beginning to get?

I took Skipper his life-jacket and a piece of rope and put on my own as the lumpy seas began to fall on board. Skipper's steady eye measured the distance—it was going to be a near thing.

Foam held breathlessly on, masses of green water rose up vertically and began to fall pounding on her, the dinghy was suddenly lifted high then thrown bodily on to the counter narrowly missing Skipper.

Just as it seemed certain that we would be swept past the skerry and into the roost *Foam's* drift seemed to be checked a little, she hovered a moment uncertain, her bows were then swung suddenly round to starboard—Skipper slacked off the sheet—and, narrowly missing the skerry with her stern, *Foam* sailed forward into slack water.

Some would say that the backwash off the point of the skerry had, by good luck, caught her; but I like to think that Dame Nature having tested Skipper had decided that such a man should live.

" Good Lor—Skipper " I said, when we had dropped anchor, " That was a narrow shave."

" There's a good bit of damage done," he replied, and began a careful examination all round.

Some hours later, at slack water, we sailed smoothly out of the bay—the roost had completely disappeared.

Next day we left Sanday and passed through Calf Sound and saw the Bay of Carrick, where in years gone by the pirate Gow was caught when he beached his ship for repairs—then turning northwest we headed for Pirowal Bay. The weather was still glorious when we reached Westray.

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A local boatman with whom we made acquaintance suggested, the following evening, that as the tide was right we should "lie to the couthes" for an hour or so: couthes, it appeared, are the same as sillocks but a year older and are about ¾ lb. in weight. He took us to a good "couthe run," this was near a point round which there was a current flowing—and out of a locker he produced four "couthe wands," long bamboo rods each having a short cast with three large white flies. He explained how the butts of these wands are fixed under the after thwart, and the flies trail on the water over the stern.

Skipper and I sat side by side facing astern, while Harcus rowed. We started by hauling a few sillocks, but before long couthes began to bite, and as we turned the point things began to get busy. First Skipper pulled in three couthes on one rod, and then suddenly all the rods had a couthe on each fly! British phlegm was at a discount as half-a-dozen couthes swung round in the air in these close quarters, and another six were waiting to be hauled. Harcus watched us fumble unhooking the fish and the heated entanglement of our lines until he could stand it no longer, then offered to take over the wands if one of us would row. The relief was mutual.

Before we turned in that night we studied the chart and Sailing Directions and discussed plans—we were to start next day for the Shetlands which lie about fifty miles to the northwest of Orkney. *Foam* would refit in Lerwick.

Twenty-four miles to the southwest of Sumbourgh Head, the southern extremity of Shetland, lies the Fair Isle—celebrated for its knitting industry. Passing to the west of this we set a course for Musa Sound, giving a wide berth to Sumbourgh roost —of evil reputation.

As we approached the Sound between Musa and the Mainland island the southwest breeze was very light, and dark banks of cloud lay on the tops of the hills, while on the lower ground and on the water were large patches of misty fog, with here and there clear corridors between them. Sometimes we became enveloped in a belt of mist, and the sound of breaking waves and

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the eerie cry of innumerable sea-birds seemed very near, then, as it cleared, dark rocks crowded with cormorants, gulls and guillimots would appear. Sometimes, through a deeper rift, a view of the Mainland hills would be revealed, their height exaggerated by the cloud on their summits.

It was easy to imagine with what feelings a Viking must have viewed such a scene. What adventure it must have been, without charts, to approach an unknown coast, where "Jotuns" of uncertain temper—the vigorous gods of earth and water—ruled. A land of which the only information was a saga, recounting the exploits of some former expedition, sung by some scald with boastful hyperbole. Then, indeed, was fortune to the brave.

In a clear patch, on the eastern side of the channel, a round tower of grey stone appeared, the Brock of Musa, built by the Picts. One half expected uncouth figures, strangely clad, to rush out brandishing their weapons to deter these possible invaders, while Skipper in winged-helm flung back taunt and abuse—such bewitchment is there, even to-day, in making a new landfall!

Soon we had passed Holliness, and the mist clearing, the rock-cliff headlands of Noss and Bressay appeared. Running past the lighthouse on the latter and up Bressay Sound, we turned the corner and came suddenly on the crowded port of Lerwick—capital of Shetland.

This was Saturday afternoon, the week-end respite from the fishing had begun. Along the quays, in lines five or six deep, more than a hundred drifters were packed tight, side by side—and in the harbour a British gun-boat, and two Norwegian ships, lay moored. Beyond the port, the high stacks of barrels of the herring stations showed up white against the dark hills. With some little difficulty we found a berth for *Foam*, and when, with all rites properly performed, she had been made ship-shape to Skipper's exacting eye, we changed and went ashore to seek a bath and escape while possible my shortcomings as "chef de cuisine."

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Here as at Stromness there is a long, narrow, fully-paved street running the length of the town. Never have I seen so many chapels of unfamiliar sects—they were almost as numerous as are the competing public-houses in an English town!

The street was crowded with men and girls. The latter from the West Highlands, employed in the herring packing stations, were neatly dressed, and the shawls over their heads showed up their fresh complexions—four or five abreast they strolled, up and down, with shrill laughter and chaff in Gaelic—coyly conscious of the knots of men, backs to the wall, gravely watching them. These men were from the drifters, fine, hard-looking fellows smartly turned out all of a pattern—as if in uniform. Brand new jerseys, and blue serge trousers wide at the foot, their black taper-heeled shoes polished bright, and for head-wear a flat tweed cap, worn at an angle, of very light blue-grey.

It was a most orderly crowd, even a drunken man who came staggering down the road, the only one we saw, created no disturbance. Presently, he came gratefully to anchor at some railings, and, mistaking the gap between them for his bunk, he fumblingly unbuttoned his collar, kicked off his shoes, climbed through, and settled himself comfortably in bed.

From the upper window of an hotel, while we enjoyed our supper, we watched the changing crowd. A fish-buyer at the next table told us something of Shetland, and, after an exchange of liquid hospitality, he offered to arrange a trip for us in a herring drifter, and mentioned a whaling station which might be worth a visit. Skipper was anxious to start on *Foam's* repairs, but he gave his crew the leave required.

Sunday dawned bright and clear. After lunch we decided to walk the six miles to Scalloway, a port almost opposite to Lerwick on the other side of the Mainland—a port is always of interest to Skipper.

The town was drowsily digesting as we passed through the silent streets and took the winding road up through the hills. As we climbed, an ever-widening view of islands, sea and hills spread out before us. The steep, bare slopes over which

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clambered low, grey stone walls reminded us of Cumberland—on a small scale. Here and there on the coarse grass and heather browsed small Shetland ewes with their frolicsome toy-lambs. The first sudden blossoming of summer it seemed, a day on which the vitality laboriously accumulated during the long winter is poured out with lavish extravagance. Each breath as we climbed was a renewed pleasure—at least that is how it seemed to me. Skipper, while filling another pipe, was confident of finding the materials he required for *Foam*. An absorbing passion gives a man a strength of purpose that makes less firmly-rooted folk seem frivolously unstable.

On reaching the top, the road zigzagged down through a sort of pass, then skirted a valley—at last in the distance a long glittering Sound appeared. Smooth hills sloped to its edge on one side, and a cluster of low, green islands enclosed it on the other, while close to the shore Scalloways' ruined castle stood out in the foreground, stark and rugged.

As we approached the village, for it was no more, parties of sombre-clad young people were going for their Sabbath afternoon walk—we, in our grey flannel bags and tweed coats, felt guiltily profane. The tea we got at a cottage was a thing to be remembered—scones, shortbread and biscuits with bread, butter and jam besides; it was well there were six good miles of hilly road 'ere supper.

Monday dawned grey with a fresh breeze blowing from the northeast. Having bid good-bye to Skipper, who would spend the day looking round for the gear he wanted, a short walk along the quay and a scramble over intervening boats brought me to the drifter whose captain had consented to take a passenger. She was a Yarmouth boat with a Norfolk crew of ten.

About eleven o'clock, one of a crowd of similar craft, we steamed slowly out of the harbour. When we had rounded Bard Head we were free from the speed limit, and it was "full steam ahead" for the place the captain had decided to shoot his nets. Outside the harbour there was a stiff breeze blowing and a lumpy sea—I was glad of my oilskins.

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Most of these drifters are owned by Companies, a captain is put in charge, and on his efficiency and luck the success of the enterprise depends—so long, of course, as there is a good demand for herrings. The summer Scotch season lasts about ten weeks. The captain and crew are paid a weekly salary but their main income depends on the success of the fishing. Money is drawn from agents as required and accounts of the running expenses are kept, at the end of the cruise these expenses are deducted and of the remainder the owners take half and the other half is divided on a sliding scale between the captain and crew.

When we had steamed some thirty-five miles there were no other ships in sight. The captain decided that the water "looked good" and was a lighter colour, possibly due to millions of "sand eels" (shrimps?) on which herring are supposed to feed. The engines were stopped, a small mizzen sail was set, and preparations were made to shoot the nets. The ropes, nets and the canvas buoys that keep them afloat had been carefully packed away in the hold so that there should be no hitch in shooting them, and as we sailed very slowly along an ever lengthening line of buoys stretched out astern—when all the ninety-two nets were out it was over a mile long.

Then there was supper and no more work until midnight when the nets would be hauled; if they are kept down later the dogfish play havoc with the herring caught by their gills in the nets. To fill in time the men got out hand-lines and fished in syndicates. I was attached to the engineer's syndicate, and as there were sixty fathoms of strong line out, and a heavy lead, it was difficult to know when a fish was on—unless it was a big one. A halibut and some big cod were caught and many dogfish, these latter got scant mercy. One man hooked a large skate, and, as first the man and then the fish seemed to gain the mastery, there was great applause, but no one helped until a beaten fish was brought to the side by an exhausted man—then two men could barely haul him over. These line-caught fish are sold very cheaply on the pier each day when the boat gets in, so men can often keep their salaries intact until the cruise is over.

About ten o'clock all hands turned in for a couple of hours

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rest, but, as the atmosphere of the one small cabin was almost solid, I stayed on deck. In the clear, crisp night pale stars shone in a faintly glowing sky, as if at dawn—summer nights are seldom dark in Shetland.

The man on watch, a burly, hard-bitten type, had spent many years in Iceland trawlers, and during the war had served in the Dover Patrol. I tried to get him to talk of his adventures, but he was sadly inarticulate—all I could gather was that from time to time there had been "some funny business" with German submarines. Lerwick was a dull place but there was life at Yarmouth—the place to draw one's money and "walk about" in. His vigorous calling with its frequent hazards he counted a hum-drum affair—but the brilliant lights and alabaster pillars, the palms and pile-carpets, the dramas featuring vamps, gasoline, and double-crossing—there was relaxation indeed from oppressively simple living!

At midnight all hands turned out in sea-boots, and the really hard part of the day's work began. The cable was pulled in by a donkey-engine, but the nets were hauled on board by hand—a drill in which the men from time to time changed round. Someone started a chorus and the nets came in apace. The first few were empty, then presently to the tune of "Everybody's doing it" some good full nets began to come. Perhaps to the ascending herring this seemed a chanting choir, prelude to a better ocean free from dogfish? As the nets came up out of the dark water they looked like thickly spangled shawls, and a mound of shimmering silver rose as they were shaken out on deck.

By 5 a.m. the last net had been hauled, a fair catch had been made estimated at some 30 cran—a cran being 4 baskets of 1,000 each. The engines were started and we headed at once for Lerwick, to arrive when the market was at its height. Fried fillets of skate were delicious after the strong night air.

In the fish market, buyers inspected a sample basket and the catch was auctioned in a few minutes at so much per cran, the drifter then steamed to the station of the buyer and the herrings were carried up and poured into large wooden troughs, at each side of which stood rows of girls who set to work at tremendous

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speed and gutted and sorted the herrings—throwing them according to size into baskets behind. They made a pretty picture as they bent with bare arms over the troughs full of silver. Other girls took the graded herrings to a long line of barrels into which they were packed alternately with layers of salt ready for shipping away.

I waved a warm-hearted goodbye to my friends as they steamed out to sea again to repeat the same procedure.

Skipper was in great fettle, he had found all the materials he wanted, and had also discovered an experienced ship's carpenter to help him with the work which would take some days. This old salt had completely won his heart by his respectful admiration of *Foam*. Seeing how happily they were at work together, and as it seemed a matter for *Foam's* "old man" and a qualified practitioner, with no place for the intrusion of a third party, I had no hesitation in applying for further leave to visit the Whaling Station.

Round a rocky headland at the mouth of a land-locked harbour on the west coast of Shetland came a small steamer, at whose side foamed and heaved a large grey object. The Norwegian manager of the adjoining station and I were standing on a small pier watching the arrival.

"Is that a good-sized whale she's got?" I asked.

"Not so bad I reckon" replied the manager, "Over seventy feet I should say, and a fin-back so far as I can see."

In the course of conversation it appeared that the whaler would only stay long enough to pick up some coal and would then be off again—possibly for two or three days. I asked the manager if it would be possible for me to go out, to which he replied that if I did not mind roughing it he would ask the captain if he would take me.

The whaler was soon close in, she slowed down and came drifting smoothly alongside. About the size of a large tug—her graceful lines, the flare of her bows, and her neatly tucked-up stern showed her remarkable seaworthiness. Lively but dry—

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I thought. The chain that made fast the whale was cast off, and a pram put off to tow it the few yards to the "slips," up which it would be hauled by a steam winch on to the factory platform above.

The captain having agreed to take me out, I gladly accepted the manager's offer to go over the factory while waiting to start. The whale, now on the platform, was about to be "flensed"; men with knives set on long handles made deep cuts from nose to tail and thick strips of blubber, eased away from the flesh below with a knife, were torn off by the winch. Nearby, lay the long skeleton of a former arrival—looking like a colossal toy snake.

In the factory every part of the whale is utilized, the products range from a fine oil suitable for the cosmetics of beauty-parlours to manure made from the powdered bones and flesh—only the whale-bone which grows in thin sheets in the whale's mouth, grim fetter of Victorian beauty, is now less in demand.

The whaler's siren sounded, she was ready to be off. A few minutes later, standing by the captain on the bridge, I waved "au revoir" as we turned about and headed for the open sea.

The chart-house which opened on to the bridge was allotted to me as sleeping quarters, not so bad after all—I thought. A bell sounded—it was lunch time. The captain, two ship's officers, and I, sat down to a clothless table in a small deck-house. The menu consisted of small trout in oil, and brown bread washed down with large cups of strong coffee—this experience proved to be the staple diet. A strong smell of burnt oil came up through the engine-room gratings just outside—in a deep-sea working outfit there is no place for a weak stomach.

The crew, a hard, active set of men, had been hunting seals and whaling all their lives—from the Arctic to the Antarctic. I spent the afternoon talking to anyone off duty. A typical Norseman, big-boned and fair, explained the technique of whale catching—he pointed out the crows-nest high on the mast from which a look-out watches for the spout of whales, and the harpoon gun mounted on the bows. He showed how the cable from the harpoon runs through a system of sprung pulleys, to ease the shocks, and is then wound round the drums of a steam

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winch on the deck. "Best manilla cable" he said, "hold a battleship she would."

Is it not odd that men of northern races regard as feminine those appliances of their calling of which they are particularly proud? A starved sex complex—Freud would probably say. But is it not just their pride, and the fact that sometimes inanimate objects have a woman-like perversity so that a man feels they need careful handling and looking after if mishap is to be avoided?

That night I stood for a long time on the bridge, watching the broad, glittering highway stretching away to the horizon, which the moon, sailing above, flooded with silvery light; apart from the moonlight, away towards the north there was a peculiarly soft and radiant glow on the horizon, which showed the position of the not-far-hidden sun as the hours past. At last, stretching myself on the narrow settee in the chart-house, I settled myself happily to sleep; this—I thought—is going to be the apex point of my leave; turning over with a sigh of contentment, I drifted swiftly into oblivion. Some time later, dreaming that, like Jonah, I was struggling in the gullet of a whale, I woke to find myself under the table with its cloth round my neck—trout in oil at frequent intervals require a trained digestion.

During the night a light mist crept up from the west and in the morning we were steaming slowly, as there was no chance of sighting whales until the visibility cleared. About midday a breeze sprang up from the north and the fog vanished; sparkling waves awakened by the breeze seemed in the bright sunlight to be full of gaiety and laughter, as if refreshed with new vigour after dozing in the fog. Leaning on the rail, breathing deep breaths of the bracing air, I felt the thrill of a new experience—big-game hunting on the open sea.

About 4 p.m. the look-out saw a spout on the horizon. All was at once activity; the harpoon gun was loaded; the steam winch and special quick-action steering gear were tested, and we raced at full speed towards the spout. As we approached closer, it appeared that there were three whales. Soon the great forms could be seen more clearly as they rose to the surface and spouted

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with deep sighs, like punctured lorry tyres, then sank out of sight again. A course was steered to intercept the line they were taking, and the engines were slowed to approach quietly. There was tense alertness to see where they would next appear. There they are!—signalled the look-out, about 400 yards away on the port bow. Full speed ahead, and again the ship slowed. The whales spouted and sank. The look-out could now see, down through the water, the direction they were taking, this he signalled and the man at the wheel followed. There, just ahead on the starboard bow they appeared again. The ship swung sharp round after them, but, when still out of range, seeming to take fright, they disappeared for a long time.

Spouts were seen again at last, a long way astern—the stalk continued. Further attempts were made to approach. Suddenly up came the whales almost under our bows! The captain at the gun chose what seemed the biggest.

A deafening report.

A cloud of smoke.

A swirl and splash that set the ship rocking.

She was fast in a large Fin-back whale!

Things happened quickly, but all was trained precision. The cable ran out at lightning speed. The pulleys screamed. The winch, which was running free, would have made a tank seem silent—as its clanking drums were whirled round by the racing cable. The ship was being towed fast through the water though the engines had stopped. Wooden brakes were applied to the winch, but the pace was so great that they caught fire—wet ashes were thrown on to stop them burning.

Gradually the pace slackened, and in the distance an occasional reddish spout could be seen—showing that the harpoon shell, timed to explode three seconds after it is fired, had taken effect. There would be no need to launch a boat to finish the job this time.

As the tension grew less the winch was put into gear and started revolving slowly, the cable was drawn in bit by bit, presently the propeller too was slowly working astern to increase the pull on the tiring whale.

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After a time no more spouts were seen, the winch worked faster, and at last the whale was pulled up alongside—dead. He was fully eighty feet long—a valuable prize.

As he floated upside down held by the cable a man climbed down on to him and thrust a sharp tube into his belly, air was then pumped into him with a machine like a large motor pump so that he would float. Then, in order that he should tow more easily, the great fins of his tail were cut off, and a stout chain was braced round the narrow part and drawn up taut. The cable was detached from the embedded harpoon, and the job was finished.

Should another whale be sighted, this one would be cast loose with a large red flag stuck into him so that he could be recovered after chase had been given to the new quarry. Before we saw another whale, however, it started blowing up, and, as it began to look threatening, the captain decided to return straight to the station, content with making sure of what he had got.

Next day the wind dropped off, and in the evening the north headland of Shetland was sighted—steaming down the coast the rock scenery was magnificent.

As I stood watching the sun go down, the soft buffetting of the breeze felt like the smooth impact of countless toy balloons, the steady throb of the engines, and the regular plunging surge of the whale alongside, as the ship breasted the swell, beat a rhythm that lulled the senses and made a background of soothing sound to the gorgeous pageant of sunset.

Looking down, one felt a pang of regret that this mighty creature, so recently sporting carefree in the pure salt ocean with its mates, exulting in its untried strength, was now a lifeless mass, soon to be cut up and commercialized; with much skill and efficiency—no doubt—and to serve countless utilities—but . . . . .

On reaching the station a wire from Skipper was waiting saying that he was sailing round to pick me up.

Next day the trim lines of *Foam* appeared sailing up the Firth, she had the jaunty air of consciously looking her best, like a girl in a new hat, which she always wears when Skipper is at the helm. Obviously she was quite herself again.

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"PRINCE ALBERT" AND THE "BABE"

By a RECRUITING OFFICER.

THE Troop Sergeant looked his new troop of horses over! Scanned his list and noting those with good, bad and indifferent characters, those to avoid, those to allot to his indifferent riders and those which would probably never be anything more than pack horses, he detailed his men to their respective mounts and off they went to exercise.

No one rode "Prince Albert." His reputation was bad. No kicker or biter but hard-mouthed and difficult. For days he was left alone except as a led horse for exercise. Yet the beast had great appealing eyes and in the stable a docile enough temper. The men could leap on his hind quarters, push him this or that way and he treated them with great sympathy.

Came the day when he had to be ridden. The Regiment was parading at full strength. "Prince Albert" paraded and was in no way conspicuous but his rider came back with skinned hands and a raw temper. The horse was over his balance and pulled like the devil. After that he was avoided as before and so time went on. The animal was only ridden on full parades and always earned a hard report. Yet he seemed to suffer from the shame of the thing for his eyes looked wide with appeal as the other horses were saddled and led out. Then one day the "babe" of the Regiment was detailed to ride him. Somehow they were a well matched pair. The "babe's" eyes were like the horse's and his mouth had a die hard line. A smart soldier the "babe" and in the front rank, which in those days carried lances as well as rifles and swords. He had his work cut out to keep that horse's nose in line. The brute pulled and pulled and that on one hand, one could see the strain on the "babe's" face. It

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seemed to go on for hours until " Prince Albert " was faced with cactus, ditches and bushes, and did he go? Over like a bird. There was nothing he could not take. An understanding had sprung up between them. " Prince Albert " was trying to repay the "babe" for those skinned fingers. The " babe's " face glowed. Later when dismounted one saw the " babe " talking eagerly to the horse.

They returned to the stable. The " babe " looked tired and he was limping, the palm of his hand and his fingers were skinned, but the whole troop saw that the " babe " didn't mind. He said that " Prince Albert " had apologized and " Prince Albert's " eyes certainly spoke his adoration. When the " babe," sacrificing half his supper money, bought some native sugar and presented Prince with it. That day was the beginning of a great friendship between those two. When the " babe " asked permission of the Sergeant to make " Prince Albert " his own, the Sergeant laconically mentioned that he would find no one disputing the ownership. The "babe" smiled and kept on smiling when time and time again his hands were skinned and aching, for " Prince Albert " always apologized.

That was in India and the pair travelled far and wide together and were always sound and fit. Then came the war. The regiment went to France on a tramp steamer, horses and men packed together in their respective quarters but the horses so packed that they had standing room only. Not a horse lay down the whole voyage which took a month. It was a gross insult to dumb animals, but then it was war, and when the poor brutes had mostly to be slung off the ship by cranes and belts, their terror holding them back, so the " babe " said he was ashamed to look " Prince Albert " in the eyes. The sympathy between these two became more human. That was in Marseilles and after two days the regiment moved on to Orleans. It was there they had to contend with hail, rain and snow. It was tents for the men and the open for the horses, late December and the men in cotton clothes. The " babe " was sorry for " Prince Albert " and " Prince Albert " looked as if it was all very

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strange. Why had the "babe" brought him from warm sunshine to this. The "babe" did what he could under the circumstances, he bought a little sugar, stole some hay and clover and managed to get an extra blanket for him, but with it all "Prince Albert" was mud from the tip of his nose to the end of his very long tail, and oh, so cold. After some days the regiment was clothed with home service uniform and then moved nearer to the line and went into billets. "Prince Albert" was again enjoying life. Good clover, a good stable, a warm bed and a rug. Life was good to him again. After a few days the regiment became infantry and went to La Basse Canal. They returned to their horses and a reunion took place between the "babe" and "Prince Albert." On the next affair they went together to Neuve Chapelle and after some days in the open returned "not wanted." The raw cold air of February, 1915, was not holiday weather for "Prince Albert."

Then the regiment went again as infantry, then back to their horses as cavalry, then again as infantry and again to the horses. So it went on for months and months. Always the "babe" and "Prince Albert" were glad to see each other. Would these reunions always continue? Sometimes it was as cavalry they went forward only to wait and wait and wait for what many expected but never seemed to happen. Neuve Chapelle '15, Ypres '15, Loos '15, Somme '16, Montaban '17, always back with the horses and then forward as infantry. It was after the three weeks in the snow, mud and rain at Montaban in early '17 that "Prince Albert" seemed to be feeling the strain of active service and old age was coming on. He was now 16 years of age. His spirit was good, his strength not as good as it had been and his eyes were losing the sparkle of youth. The "babe" took stock. Was it fair to ask "Prince Albert" to continue to carry 13 st. together with all accoutrements, lance, rifle, bayonet, sword, 180 rounds of ammunition, spare horse shoes, 7 lbs. of corn, hay net, great coat, ground sheet, two blankets, iron rations for horse and man, piqueting gear together with saddle and the rider's equipment. "Prince Albert" was below average in height and weight but he made up for this in spirit.

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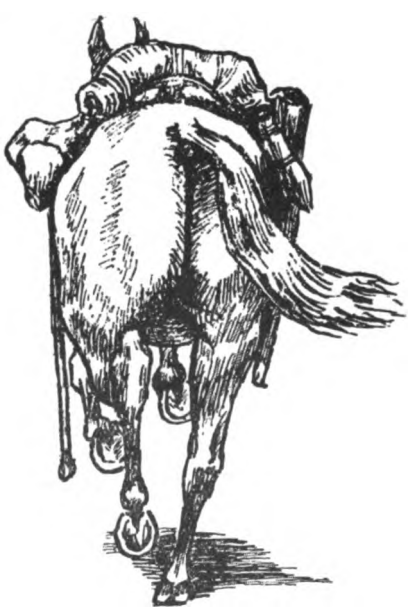
It took the "babe" a few days to decide. It was in a café behind the lines that the "babe" told his friend Bumpy who was only ten stone, that "Prince Albert" was his if he wished. Bumpy laughed. Of course the "babe" had had one too many and was joking. All the squadron knew "Prince Albert," the colonel knew him well, had not "Prince Albert" carried his pennant on many a hot field-day? "Prince Albert" and the "babe" had been together now for 6 years. No wonder Bumpy laughed but the "babe" explained and the next morning the horse and the "babe" parted for the last time.

It all happened the following day. The Germans broke through and all available cavalry were thrown into the melting pot to fill the gap. At night 85 horses and 58 men were unaccounted for when the squadron returned.

Some weeks later the "babe" had a letter from Bumpy then a prisoner of war in Germany. He had been cantering into action when a bullet in the leg knocked him from his horse. When he fell "Prince Albert" was galloping towards the German line. The "babe" often thinks of "Prince Albert" and wonders if he fell into good hands. On November 11th he remembers the 6 years of understanding friendship and wonders if he will be pulling the chariot when the call comes.



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FROM THE U.S.A.

THE INFANTRY NEEDS A BATTLESHIP

By 1st Lieutenant Wilmeth, Fort Benning, U.S.A.

War commerce was at such a hum in 1917 in England that small curiosity was aroused by the announcement that shipyards were armour-plating motorized water-carriers for use by the British forces in East Africa. From this deceitful announcement of the manufacture of " tanks," the mobile pill-box took its name.

Built for the specific purpose of crushing, by sheer brute force, the entrenched defensive system on the Western Front, it is obvious why the first tanks were elephantine iron hulks, respectably armed. The jocular reference to them as " battleships " was hardly a misnomer.

Upon the unprepared entry of the United States into the affairs of the Continent it was evident we would need tanks before manufacturers in the nation could produce them. From the British we bought Mark V Star tanks, and the right to build others of like design. Patterned after the Mark V Star we built the Mark VIII, a huge affair thirty feet in length, weighing forty tons, and driven by a 12-cylinder, 300 h.p. Liberty motor. Armed with $\frac{1}{5}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch plate the tank carried two 6 pounder guns, five .30 cal. machine guns, and a crew of 12. It moved at the foot speed of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour.

From the French we bought tanks of the type first produced by Renault, and obtained the right to build others in this country. These tanks were powered by a 30 h.p. Renault (French) or Buda (American) engine, weighed 6 tons, and had the daring top speed of 6 miles per hour. A crew of two manned the tank and its one gun, a 37 millimeter or .30 cal. machine-gun.

By the end of the war an American tank, typically Fordian, was in France. Weighing but 3 tons and powered by two

(Author's Note.—Opinions expressed herein are those of an individual, and do not necessarily reflect views held by the War Department, the Infantry, any other branch or individual in the Service.)

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T-model Ford engines, this tank had the revolutionary speed of 8 miles per hour. It carried a crew of 2, and one .30 cal. gun.

These three then, the Mark VIII, the 6-ton, and the Ford constituted our war-time tank material.

Following the war there was some talk, which has never completely died, of the formation of a Tank Corps in the U.S Army. But after considering all viewpoints the General Staff gave the tank to the infantry because it was a weapon of close combat, and thus fit the infantry role. Development of the tank, of course, was an Ordnance Department function.

Post war designs were slow in coming forth from this country because several years passed before our government was ready to admit that the last war was not, by virtue of democratic decree, necessarily the *last* war. It was not until the passing of the National Defence Act in 1923, providing for the arrangement in times of peace for the necessities in time of war that enough incentive was given manufacturers to interest them in undertaking the production of tanks. For the next five years a few commercial concerns produced models from time to time, and our Ordnance Department built others, but tank thought as well as production was constipated.

Opinion ranged as to whether the infantry's mission could best be conducted by the mammoth tanks like the Mark VIII, the medium tanks of about 15 tons, the light tanks of Renault and Ford type, or the one-man-and-gun carriers so often proposed but never built in this country. As the infantry could not decide on what it wanted the Ordnance Department was its own guide in what it made, and what it bought, and it was left to the infantry to make the best of what was furnished it. It was no fault of the infantry that opinion was uncrystallized because only a few selected members of a testing board ever saw what was being considered as never more than a few experimental models were produced. The War Department was in search of the perfect model before it made any product standard and commenced production. The infantry tank units were still equipped with the Mark VIII and the Renault from 1918 to 1933.

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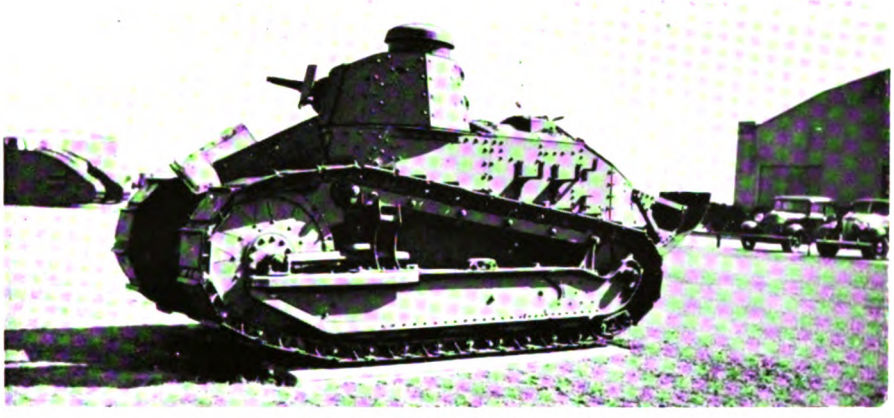
THE PRESENT INFANTRY LIGHT TANK



RENAULT 6 TON, 1917

FORD 3 TON, 1918

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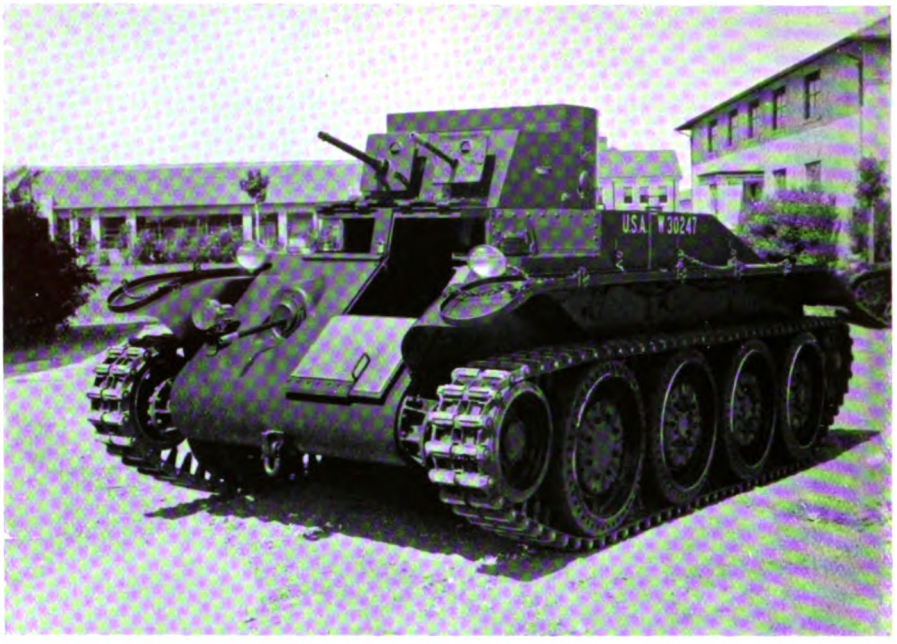

PRESENT MEDIUM TANK T4

THE PRESENT CAVALRY COMBAT CAR M2 A1

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At the proving grounds the first really new creation was the Medium T1 developed by the Ordnance in 1927. The tank had a speed of 12 miles per hour, weighed 23 tons, carried one 6-pounder and two machine guns, and the crew enjoyed the protection of one inch armour. But the "moving situation" warriors were in command at the time, putting aside World War colouring of battle, and pointing out the tank's inability to move itself strategically, and the difficulty of building trucks to carry it on a normal road net. They wanted a tank independent of railroad lines. And so the Ordnance produced the light tank T1, weighing 7 tons, capable of being carried by truck, or moving short distances under its own power at the strategic speed of 18 miles per hour. The national craze for speed was invading the army.

A heavy tank for trench busting was no longer wanted. They were too vulnerably slow on the battlefield, they could not be moved from one scene to another under their own power, and they were too big to be carried by truck. Even the development of an amphibian tank that rendered unnecessary its use of bridges, and that possessed a creditable speed for strategy could not reinstate the heavy. It was definitely out. The tank was following the trend of motorization from the large, 7-passenger limousines to the sleek, high-powered two-doors. When Mr. Christie in 1928 developed a tank that would make 25 miles per hour, and then increased this to 70 miles per hour in 1931 it was recognized by all that the Mark VIII and its type would never be perpetuated.

With the entrance of speed, the mouth of another branch sought the ear of the Ordnance. The cavalry at this time was considered a vestige of Civil War days and was viewed with the same toleration as an appendix or a tonsil receives—something unnecessary, but still existing. But a cavalryman has a broader imagination than has an infantryman, as has been attested to in every campaign. And the cavalry immediately saw the possibilities of these experimental tanks—light, fast, cross-country chargers. The very thing for wide flanking movements where surprise and speed would offset their lack of

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armour. These speed wagons typified the cavalry mission. And the cavalry, quick to state what it wanted, and *unified in opinion* over-rode the infantry, slow to make up its mind because it was torn by too many viewpoints. Ever since the first Christie got in fourth gear, tank development has been guided by cavalry requirements. Speed has been the dominant feature. Instead of the armour, speed has been relied upon for protection.

In 1933, through the efforts of the chief of infantry at the time, all war stock was dead-lined and an issue made of the type of tanks that were being turned out. This was the greatest step in tank development that had been made, for it put tanks in the hands of the people who were going to use them—the most thorough testing board to be found.

After the elation of getting new equipment had subsided, the infantry began to measure the capabilities of the cavalry tank against the infantry mission, and it was found wanting. And since an actual issue had been made, thus forcing the Ordnance and the infantry to co-operate on maintenance, the two branches began to see each other's viewpoints, with the result that today the Ordnance is very considerate of the infantry's requirements and willing to build anything the infantry wants, if it is possible. As a result, the light tank has undergone considerable modification in an attempt to make it suitable for infantry. And the medium tank has been rebuilt several times to measure up to infantry requirements.

But, and here I enter the realm of my own opinion, neither the light tank (cavalry) modified for infantry use nor the medium tank is the infantry's most urgent need. The light tank is limited to 10 tons and the medium to 15 tons* by the War Department, and no tank within this limit can carry sufficient arms, armour, and crew to support the infantry where the going is tough. The iron brood we have today can snort around off on a flank, busy and brisk as little boys playing war. And off on a flank, a typically cavalry use, is where they had better stay, for

*However, the new mediums being built weigh nearly 20 tons. This weight limitation is due to the capacity of the Divisional pontoon bridge; however the new bridge can support 25 tons, and we may expect to see the medium tank reach that weight.

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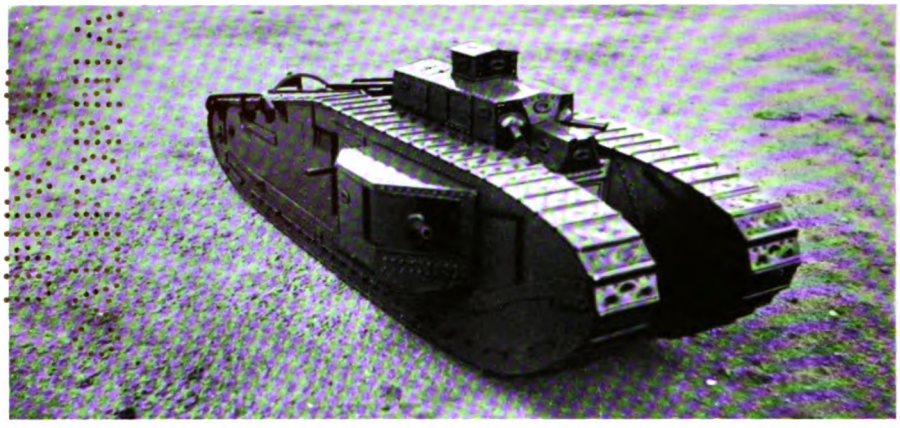
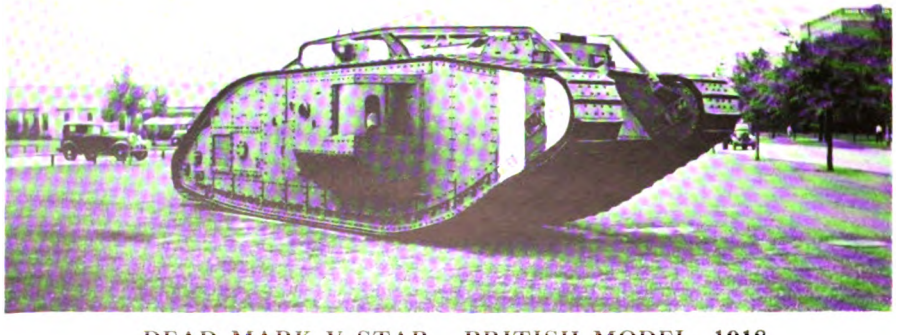


MODEL OF THE AMERICAN MARK VIII

CHRISTIE MEDIUM, 1931



DEAD MARK V STAR. BRITISH MODEL, 1918

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if they ever charge anyone who can see them coming they're going to get their feelings hurt.

The present light tank, powered with a 250 h.p. air-cooled, radial motor has more power per ton than any tank we have had. It has marvellous acceleration, thrilling speed, and can negotiate any type of terrain on which it can get traction. But its thickest plates won't stop a .50 cal.; it carries only one .50 and two .30 cal. guns, and it cannot span much more than a straddle trench. It's a swell tank—for the cavalry; but for the infantry it's a four-man hearse.

The new medium tank has more to offer. It carries five guns, one a .37 millimeter, it bears much thicker armour, and, of course, its increased length gives it a greater span. But it is still a boy sent to do a man's work. As an example of how cavalry thought has coloured tank opinion, many service men viewed with disdain the addition of thicker armour to the medium because it cut down the tank's top speed. Far too many of us, when considering tanks, are interested only in knowing "How fast will it go?" instead of "How much can it take?"

The infantry is the arm of close combat, and most of the time this close combat is on the main avenues of the battlefield and not off on a side street. The doughboy needs a tank that can bare its chest, skin back its teeth, and go right down the main drag with him. No more scurrying around on end runs while leaving the foot soldier to take the middle. Many a time there will be no flanks, and that is just the time tanks are needed most. They must be rugged buggies that can bull their way right down the groove, taking punishment as they find it, and giving more than they take. They must be front line artillery pieces. Their targets are the automatic arms, mortars, and front area cannon holding up the shoe troops. And the tanks will not catch these weapons by surprise. They must go in with head lowered.

Physically, such a tank must have a length of about fifty feet, and this will demand a weight of close to 100 tons, for it must be armoured in the vital spots with four-inch plates. That is

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for taking punishment; for giving it the tank should carry two artillery pieces of about 60 millimeter, two 37 millimeter automatic cannons, and six .30 cal. machine guns. This tank will be looking for a fight, and going slow enough to find one.

As its weight prohibits its use of bridges, it must be an amphibian. It should have a road speed of 25 miles per hour for strategic moves, but cross-country speed over battle torn terrain need not exceed 10 miles per hour. Powered by a 3,500 h.p. two-cycle radial Diesel* and carrying a crew of twelve this weapon would be the spearhead of the infantry attack, a real armed coach to replace the present iron horse borrowed from the cavalry.

This, then, is the most pressing infantry need. It is apparent that no modification of the light, fast tanks, with their weight limitations will ever make a tank strong enough to withstand the vicissitudes of front line combat. The infantry needs a *battleship*; and it cannot make one out of a row boat.

*A two-cycle radial Diesel is not yet in production, but it is merely a question of combining the two-cycle principle with the present radial Diesel.

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THE LADY WITH THE GAMP.

A Vignette of Mary Seacole, "Mother of the Crimea."

By Reginald Hargreaves.

> "We are put here to do what service we can for honour and not for hire."—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

"War," according to the late Major Guy du Maurier, "is made up of long periods of unrelieved boredom interspersed with moments of acute fear." An admirable definition save that it omits to take into account the three vital D's—those three elements of Dirt, Deprivation and Discomfort, which constitute war's inseparable companions.

In the Crimean campaign, above all others, these three factors, with the heavy surcharge they imposed on the health and vitality of the troops, wrought infinitely greater havoc than ever was inflicted by the guns and bayonets of the Russians.*

The enterprise had been embarked upon in almost complete ignorance of what its pursuit would entail. For, as the Prince Consort had cogently pointed out, the one *mot juste* in an otherwise deadly dull and inordinately lengthy memorandum, "the first difficulty had been the absence of all information as to the Crimea itself, especially the climate." *Experientia docet;* and never more than on the plains and uplands of this barren Black Sea Peninsula, "hot and waterless in the summer, bitterly cold and exposed in the winter, and utterly devoid of proper means of communication either by rail or road."† By virtue of which, it is hardly matter for surprise that the hardships and privations endured by the long-suffering soldiery during the period of their

* We lost over 20,000 dead in the Crimea, of whom only 12 per cent. fell in battle.
† W. H. Russell.

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induction to the *terrain de campaign* are as nearly indescribable as they are unparalleled in the whole history of British arms.

Proper organization for a sustained campaign there was none. So confused and hampered were the services of supply, for instance, that the shore parties of the Naval Brigade went about their business in cavalry top boots and the Stuart-diced "Balmorals" intended for a Scottish regiment of the line; while the men of the "Greys" returned the compliment, *faute de mieux*, by muffling themselves in sea-faring pea jackets; and very glad to get anything to muffle themselves in at all! Even milord Newcastle's injunction, especially cabled from England,* to the effect that "Mr. Filder should ascertain what porter the Guards are accustomed to drink, and Mr. Grant should be requested to get that particular kind of porter," though indubitably well-intentioned, proved little more than a pious gesture, at least until long after the campaign had passed its meridian.

By the end of the first winter, from cold, rain, sickness and hunger, the army had dissolved at such a rate that there were more men in the hospitals—and such hospitals!—than normally fit for duty. It may be imagined, then, in such stark and amenity-denuded conditions as everywhere prevailed, with what rapturous exultation and relief the news was welcomed that a "hotel" and canteen was in process of erection at a point known locally as Spring Hill, lying somewhere about two miles inland from Balaclava Harbour. When word was added that the enterprise had been the inspiration, and would continue under the direction, of "Mother" Mary Seacole, the jubilation of those men whom service in the West Indies had already endowed with her acquaintance, was as profound as it was wildly exuberant.

Things, at last, were looking up!

Mary Seacole had been born† in Kingston, Jamaica, the daughter of a Scottish officer and the Creole proprietress of a

* It will be recalled that the Crimea was the first time the submarine cable had been used in war; and there were not wanting those to opine that this new element had added another minor horror *to* war!

† The actual date of her birth is unrecorded, but at the time of the Crimea it would be safe to put her age at somewhere a little over forty.

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modest little hotel, patronised, in the main, by ships' captains and the type of traveller equally concerned for his comfort and for the limitations of his purse. Always a solitary child and one who fell back, very largely, on her own resources, as much from an inherent self-sufficiency as through the partial ostracism imposed by the " touch of the tar brush " in her composition to which she was not ashamed to own, from her very earliest childhood she had manifested a strong predilection for nursing. For her, the dolls she played with were not so much imaginary children as potential patients; and the passing years only served to confirm her in a prepossession to which she remained faithful throughout the whole of her life.

With an experience which included devoted service to the troops during a cholera outbreak in Jamaica itself, in addition to all-round nursing practice in Panama and during the gold rush to California, the revelation of the appalling conditions prevailing in the Crimea brought her hot-foot to England, intent only upon offering her aid to the redcoats, for whose welfare she had slaved so devotedly in the past. But, despite her possession of friends with a word of influence in high places—she even succeeded in enlisting the good offices of Mrs. Herbert in support of her petition—and notwithstanding the recommendation of medical officers who had proved her sterling worth in her native West Indies, all the little Jamaican's pleas to be employed in the nursing service were unequivocally turned down.

Bitterly disappointed as she was, however, Mary Seacole was not of the type of woman lightly to be turned aside from a project upon which she had set her heart. Thwarted in her primary ambition, with the aid of a certain " Cousin Fred " Day, she set about the purchase of the necessary stores with which to equip a canteen. For she was determined that, if the Crimea was to be denied her services as a nurse, it should benefit by her adoption of the role of sutler; a sutler, moreover, who she intended should prove less concerned with the piling up of rapacious profit than in ministering to the welfare and comfort of the troops she served.

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The Alma had been fought and won before "Mother" Seacole was ready to take the field; and by this time Miss Nightingale had already established herself at the Base Hospital at Scutari. Thus it came about that a letter of introduction, given to "Mother" Seacole by certain old medical officer friends at Malta, on her way out, revived in its recipient her original urge to serve in her capacity of nurse. Travelling in the *S.S. Medora*, no sooner was the Sublime Porte achieved than the bustling little Jamaican hastened to present herself at those headquarters wherein the supreme arbiter ruling the destinies of the local nursing sisterhood held undisputed sway.

As it so fell out, "Mother" Mary was kept waiting for something over half an hour; a delay which in no way affronted the aspirant, but one packed with activities, the repercussions of which were seriously to affect the project she so ardently hoped to further. Wounded redcoats were lying unattended on every hand; it would not have been the true "Mother" Seacole had she not hastened to go to their assistance, to sponge a fevered brow here, adjust a bandage there; ease a splint in one direction, cleanse a neglected gunshot wound in another. And all with an assured, quiet confidence that, to a passing medico's eyes, betokened the handiwork of an adept, long schooled in a technically sound and comprehensive experience.

News of her strange visitor's activities having swiftly reached Miss Nightingale's ears, she promptly called a halt in her unending round of duties to give her petitioner immediate audience.

Conducted into the presence—in its effect the procedure amounted to little less—plump, generously-contoured "Mother" Seacole, in her bright yellow dress, her blue bonnet with its flaunting red ribbons, and clasping her cotton gamp, frilled and furbelowed to the ultimate degree of elaboration, at last found herself confronted with the far-famed, almost legendary figure of the Lady with the Lamp. Gazing at her with unfathomable eyes, the Jamaican could discern, as she afterwards recorded, "a slight form in the nurse's uniform, with a pale, gentle, yet firm face, resting lightly on the palm of one hand, while the

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other supported the elbow; a position which gives her face a thin, enquiring expression, which is rather marked." As marked, no doubt, as the contrast between the ascetic, wraith-like gentlewoman, in all the severity of her garb of mercy, and the exotic, loudly-clad, flamboyant, coffee-tinted child of the Western sun who faced her.

In certain circumstances it has been known for personalities, violently antithetical in almost every particular, to meet and sympathise on the neutral plane of a common cause and a mutually-shared enthusiasm. But in the case of Florence Nightingale and Mary Seacole, even the common inspiration which dedicated them both to the same selfless service failed to bridge the fundamental differences of character by which each was so strongly marked. It was not so much, perhaps, that the Lady of the Lamp resented that "interference" with her hospital routine in which her visitor had indulged while awaiting her moment of introduction. It was not, even, that the high-bred Englishwoman nurtured an inordinate sense of colour-prejudice against her petitioner's tropic-tinctured antecedents. It is rather, one may judge, that she sensed in the sturdy, self-reliant Jamaican woman a will and strength of character as inflexible and enduring as her own. And in Scutari there was room for one "boss" and one "boss" only; and it is only natural that the Lady of the Lamp should be fully resolved that any "bossing" that might be necessary should be done by Florence Nightingale!

Moreover, as the sprightly Mary herself once confessed, she "never found women so quick to understand her as the men"; and the woman who is too facilely understood by men invariably lives to discover that she is, equally, too easily *mis*understood by those of her own sex. In effect, the two women were hopelessly antipathetic; and to subordinate innate antipathy to cold reason was a task to which neither was quite equal.

Now, when the interests of two individuals of equally determined character happen to clash, it is clearly the one who can boast the backing of authority who is predestined to prevail.

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As the doors of the gloomy Scutari hospital closed on the brightly-plumaged Jamaican bird-of-paradise, her flounce-laden parasol still defiantly twirling above her hectically-beribboned bonnet, Mary Seacole was already fighting to reconcile herself to the fact that as a nurse the Crimea could offer her no employment. As things stood, her only chance of rendering service to the troops was to revert to her original rôle of sutler. A voice more powerful than her own had pronounced a verdict against which there was no appeal. Those aspirations so fondly cherished by the Lady with the Gamp had been vetoed, effortlessly and with almost judicial detachment, by the all-powerful Lady of the Lamp.

Time's revenges can sometimes assume the quality of a compensating balance. If Scutari lost a magnificent nurse in the person of Mary Seacole, then, in that individual known affectionately by the name of "Mother" Seacole, the Crimea unquestionably gained a veritable queen of *cantinières*.

Permission having been readily granted for the erection of the *British Hotel*, as it came to be called, the bustling little Jamaican lost no time in getting her headquarters under construction. With the aid of two venerable old sailors, cheerfully nicknamed "Big Chips" and "Little Chips," supplemented by the casual labour of such odds and ends of Turks as could be inveigled into the service, a compact quadrilateral of stores and reception rooms was swiftly hammered into shape. A long "general" room, "with counters, closets and shelves," with, above it, a spacious store; a kitchen and two sleeping cabins; outhouses, stables, a pig-sty and chicken run; and a canteen for the sale of "everything from an anchor to a needle," under the unremitting but good-humoured drive of the tireless little *entrepreneuse*, they seemed to materialise like magic. Nothing daunted her, neither local "labour" troubles nor the depredations of thieving Greek and Maltese harbour-rats; not even the loss, in a disastrous flood, of stores to the value of well over £200, after a gallant attempt at their salvage which nearly cost their would-be rescuer her life.

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Before the dispirited dwellers on the Peninsula had fully realised that the enterprise had been initiated, the *British Hotel* had opened its doors, with everything spick and span and in apple-pie order; and, as "Mother" Seacole herself has carefully noted, "with the Union Jack proudly floating over all."

From the very start this veritable "home from home" swarmed like a gargantuan beehive. Offering, as it did, the one alleviation the Peninsula could boast to the barren routine of trenches and cantonments, its primitive amenities were welcomed so unanimously and with such unbridled enthusiasm, that "Mother" Seacole's normal working day soon attained to such a strenuosity and length that your modern Trades Unionist would die of heart failure at the very thought of it. Often rising as early as 4 a.m. to pluck her poultry and prepare her joints for the oven, before sweeping out and thoroughly cleaning up the store—for, like the Lady of the Lamp, the Lady with the Gamp professed a profound belief in the hygienic virtues of soap and water, vigorously applied—by 7 a.m. she was smiling and ready with steaming hot coffee (served with plenty of sugar to atone for the absence of milk), for the crush of officers returning from night duty in the front lines and redoubts.

By 9.30 the first rush was over, and—the *cantinière* momentarily, if unofficially, reverting to sick-nurse—her own private and particular parade for the stricken and afflicted occupied a good hour and a half of the little Jamaican's time.* Then off to lend an unofficial but very welcome hand at the Field Hospitals established near the Harbour. There, the cheerful smile and enheartening, sympathetic demeanour which accompanied her skilful ministrations were welcomed even more eagerly than the bundle of magazines and papers with which she invariably came armed.

Noon found her back at Spring Hill, skurrying between her cooking pots and the swarm of customers, of all ranks, demand-

* Throughout the 18th century and right up to the time of the Crimea, the average wounded soldier's motto had been—and who shall blame him ?—"Keep the thing clean, and avoid the hospitals like the devil!" Moreover, in the case of 'Mother' Seacole's sick parade, the succulence and variety of the medical comforts she so freely disbursed enormously outranged the meagre supply which the sick and suffering could look to obtain from official sources—a point of which the average soldier would unquestionably not lose sight!

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ing attention in "the Kitchen," as the main dining room was dubbed, or the canteen itself. The dinner hour normally found "the Kitchen" crowded to its utmost capacity, more especially on the weekly "Rice Pudding Day," when a modest supply of milk ensured the inclusion on the menu of a dish which, in other circumstances, her customers might have found considerably less delectable. But, spiced with its maker's ready wit and lightning repartee, the consumption of this luscious rarity was anticipated as eagerly by senior Colonel as by fledgling Ensign. As a contemporary versifier put it, expressing in his homely jingle the feelings of every officer and man who came under "Mother" Seacole's beneficent influence:

> The cold without gave a zest, no doubt,
> To the welcome warmth within;
> But her smile, good old soul, lent heat to the coal,
> And power to the pannikin.

Indeed, so swiftly and firmly did the new institution establish itself in popular favour that, if an officer were required for some especial duty anywhere round about midday, almost the first place wherein he was sought was "the Kitchen" of the *British Hotel*. For there members of Lord Raglan's staff—which included one of Queen Victoria's own nephews—could be found exchanging jokes and greetings with the "swells" of Lord Lucan's "Heavies" and the dashing Hussars and Lancers of Lord Cardigan's "Light" Brigade; while a crowd of cronies from the Guards' battalions swapped gossip and the latest rumour with their friends of the Highland corps and the various regiments of the line; many of them having "dressed up" for the occasion in the one suit of *mufti* into which they invariably changed for any "social event" of more than usual importance.

Nor was a touch of cosmopolitanism wanting; for among "Mother" Seacole's most valued customers could be numbered the Duc de Rochefaucourt, the Viscount Talon, the great *chef*, Alexis Soyer—who never failed to praise his hostess's delectable cooking—and, last but most certainly not least, the Commander of the Turkish contingent, the picturesque and adventurous

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Omer Pasha himself. The last-named, indeed, was one of the most faithful and assiduous patrons the *British Hotel* could boast; supplementing his almost daily attendance by private visits to "Mother" Seacole for the purpose of receiving instruction in the intricacies of the English tongue. Whether His Excellency proved a peculiarly sluggard pupil or whether the leisure his preceptress could devote to his tuition was insufficient, the fact remains that his mastery of the language never progressed beyond the abrupt if stimulating phrase, "Good morning, Madame Seacole and chentlemen—more champagne!"*

In atonement for this inadvertent *brusquerie*, however, the worthy Omer was more than generous with the loan of his military band; whose particular programme of music—both extensive and peculiar—invariably ended with a highly individual rendering of "God Save the Queen," which one onlooker was heard to describe as "more peculiar than extensive"!

Life at the *British Hotel* soon settled down to a steady routine of activity. But tireless and ever obliging as its proprietress seemed to be, on one or two points which she considered of importance "Mother" Seacole proved that she could be adamant. First and foremost, she was emphatic in forbidding any form of gambling anywhere in the building. Secondly, she insisted that closing time should not be later than 8 o'clock; whereafter no sale of liquor was permitted, for consumption either on or off the premises. In addition, and despite many protests, she was resolute in keeping her doors closed throughout the Sunday. But her one "day off" was taken less with a view to the recuperation of her energies than to afford her freedom to set off—inevitable gamp in hand—on a thorough round of the hospitals and the lonely huts wherein the sick and wounded officers were often left for hours on end without sight of a human face or the consolation of a human touch.

* Omer Pasha's career had been almost as romantic as that of the French Commander, St. Arnaud. Born a Christian, and, originally, in the Austrian service, he had turned Mussulman, and was appointed tutor to the Turkish Prince who became the Sultan Abdul Mejid of the Crimean War period. He had fought against Ibrahim in Syria, and probably knew more about the 'interior economy'—or lack of it!—of the Russian Army than Menshikov himself.

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There was, however, a lighter side to her labours which no one enjoyed more than "Mother" Seacole herself; such as when an attempt at camp theatricals demanded a little expert assistance in the matter of lacing the female impersonators of the "Royals" into their protesting stays, a congenial task in which the little Jamaican persisted "until," as she gleefully informs us, "the poor lads were pretty near blue in the face"!

Picnics, cricket matches, race meetings, all the improvisations with which the besiegers sought to lighten the tedium of static warfare, invariably enlisted her aid; and she owns to a moment of justifiable pride when, after surmounting innumerable difficulties, she managed to substitute for the blood-heating sangaree hitherto consumed, a claret cup of quite respectable quality. Its enthusiastic reception helped, no doubt, to wipe out the taunting memory of the several occasions when a hiatus in her sources of supply had found the *British Hotel* with nothing more ardent in the way of beverages to offer its patrons than a "jorum of raspberry vinegar"!

It should not be forgotten, of course, that although "Mother" Seacole was quite obviously the leading spirit in all the multifarious activities centring round the *British Hotel*, she owed much—as she herself was the first to admit—to the loyal "backing up" she invariably received from "Cousin Fred" Day. Tribute to his quiet support may be recognized in the local name of "Day and Seacole" by which the "firm" was known; an oblique reference to the much greater firm of Day and Martin, then in the springtide of their popularity. Nor was she niggard in her praise of the stout work performed by her self-appointed "Provost Marshal," an officer of the "Royals"; whose job, when certain of the more light-fingered of the Zouaves strayed over from the French lines in the direction of Spring Hill, could certainly have been no sinecure.* For, as "Mother" Seacole indignantly protested, the voluminous pockets of these gentlemens' particular type of trouserings "offered magnificent conveniences of stowage room; for like the pockets of the clown in

* Although favouritism was quite unknown to her, throughout her whole life "Mother" Seacole confessed to "a bit of a weakness for the Cavalry"!

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pantomime, they could accommodate a well-grown baby or six pounds of sausages equally well"!

It is doubtful, however, if the services of her unofficial protector were called in to deal with the amiably-intoxicated A.B. whose appearance and demand for liquor long after "closing time" was heralded, appropriately enough, by a slightly hiccupy rendering of *What Shall We Do With A Drunken Sailor*? Neither were they requisitioned, it may be imagined, in the instance of the equally inebriated soldier, arrayed, for some inexplicable reason, in a torn silk dress and feathered bonnet, who insisted on presenting the Lady with the Gamp with yet another parasol to add to her already numerous collection. "Mother" Seacole herself would have known quite well how to deal with them!

But the particular brand of rat indigenous to the Crimea was quite another matter. Bold and voracious, we have the indignant little Jamaican's own word for it that "they would even attack a live sheep"; and "once went so far as to nibble Francis, one of our black cooks, who slept amongst the flour barrels." The trouble was persistent and ever-increasing, and could in no wise be remedied until the gallant Colonel commanding the Coldstream Guards came forward with offer of the loan of "Pinkie," a cat of noble proportions and full of the typical Guardsman's spirit of attack; whose acquaintance "Mother" Seacole had already made during one of her many visits to the front line trenches.

For the stout-hearted little Jamaican was no predetermined "base-wallah," deep-rooted amidst the comfort and security of her pitch well behind the firing line. In addition to participating in innumerable minor engagements, she was present at the final attack on the Redan, and throughout the whole of the action of the Tchernaya. She was amongst the first, moreover, to enter ruined Sevastopol when that fortress, at long last, was finally carried, hurrying in with stimulants and first-aid equipment, which she distributed with absolute impartiality amongst Allied friends and Russian foes alike.

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" I have seen her go down, under fire," wrote the great *Times* correspondent, W. H. Russell, " with her little store of creature comforts for the wounded men; and a more tender or skilful hand about a wound or broken limb could not be found amongst our best surgeons. I saw her at many an assault laden, not with plunder, good old soul, but with wine, bandages and food for the wounded or the prisoners."

To the horror of all her innumerable friends in the ranks, their cherished little *cantinière* was entirely reckless of herself in action; and the frenzied shout of " Lie down, ' Mother,' lie down ! " almost passed into a stock battle-cry. For all that, save for a dislocated thumb and a finger badly bitten, if quite inadvertently, by a Russian officer in his death agony, she passed scatheless through the major portion of as deadly a campaign as has ever been fought out; the blunders and miseries of which were only brought to an end by the signing of peace terms early in 1856.

Despite the fact that the claim to a triumph for British arms in the Crimea was distinctly nebulous, an " Honours " list was duly published, which, apart from its awards for individual deeds of heroism,* appeared rather markedly to lack anything very much in the way ofsubstantial warrant. Yet, in the lavish welter of " Distinctions " scattered broadcast by authority, no mention was anywhere made of the name of Mary Seacole.

Recognition, perhaps of a more enduring if less orthodox kind, had indeed been accorded her already in the pages of the newly established weekly, *Punch*. Therein a scribe had extolled her in a set of rough-and-ready verses which at least atoned in the warmth of their tribute for anything they may have lacked of rarefied poesy. Amongst other lines in the rhetorical strain, the poet wrote:

* It will be recalled that the Crimea saw the inauguration of the V.C., the first recipient of which was Serjeant Luke O'Connor of the Royal Welch Fusiliers, of which he subsequently became Colonel.

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No store she set by the epaulette,
Be it worsted or gold lace;
From K.C.B. to plain private Smith,
She had still one pleasant face.
And not alone was her kindness shown
To the hale and hungry lot,
Who drank her grog and ate her "prog,"
And paid their honest shot;
The sick and sorry could tell the story
Of her nursing and dosing deeds;
Regimental M.D. never worked as she
In helping sick men's needs.

* * * *

She gave her aid to all who prayed,
To hungry and sick and cold;
Open hand and heart, alike ready to part,
Kind words and acts and gold.

With this naïve encomium as the sole recognition accorded her by her countrymen for over twelve long months of selfless service; but comforted and sustained in her knowledge of the volume of heartfelt gratitude and affection borne her by those to whom she had so zealously ministered, Mary Seacole set sail again for Jamaica.*

Home once more, she resumed her proprietorship of the prosperous little hotel she had left "all standing" when the call of the Crimea had proved too imperative any longer to resist. For five and twenty years she continued in its administration, only varying the placid round of her activities when some endemic affliction brought her skill in nursing once more to the service of her compatriots.

Of her end, a local historian has written: "It was a day much as any other. As usual, she had been busy about her work. Turning suddenly to her maid, she said, "I feel tired; please take me upstairs" . . . . Assisted to her bed, she lowered herself to the pillows, and for a long moment lay breathing quietly.

* Other countries proved more generous than her own: amongst other relics of her service in the Crimea to be seen in the History Gallery of the Institute of Jamaica are two of the medals awarded her by England's allies in the campaign.

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Then stealing slowly on the air came the rub-a-dub-dub of beating drums. It was a Company of the West India Regiment marching back to barracks, and singing as they marched, singing a lilting, valiant song that transported war-worn "Mother" Seacole from the hot drowsiness of a Jamaican afternoon to the black, snow-swept wastes of the freezing Peninsular.

Cheer, boys, cheer; Sevastopol is taken;
Cheer, boys, cheer; the English won the day;
Cheer, boys, cheer; Sevastopol is taken;
Cheer, boys, cheer; Victoria won the day!

The lips moved; she tried to join in the well-known chorus. But there was no life in them. Very quietly then, she died."

With her death came many tributes to her years of wholehearted service from those best in a position to have appraised it at its sterling worth. Best valedictory of all, perhaps, was that penned by her old champion of the Peninsular days, W. H. Russell, who wrote:

"If singleness of heart, true charity and christian works; if trials and suffering, dangers and perils encountered boldly by a helpless woman on her errand of mercy in the camp and on the battlefield can excite sympathy, . . . Mary Seacole will be long remembered."

That was written in 1881. Today, a portrait and a terra cotta bust, the latter modelled by that Count Gleichen who was once her patient; a few passing references to her in long-forgotten books of memoirs, and some scraps of correspondence buried away beneath a mountain of musty records, are all we have to remind us of a woman whose name, at one time, was a beatitude on the lips of thousands; indomitable, self-abnegating, courageous and ever-cheerful "Mother" Mary Seacole, the Crimea's beloved and venerated Lady with the Gamp.

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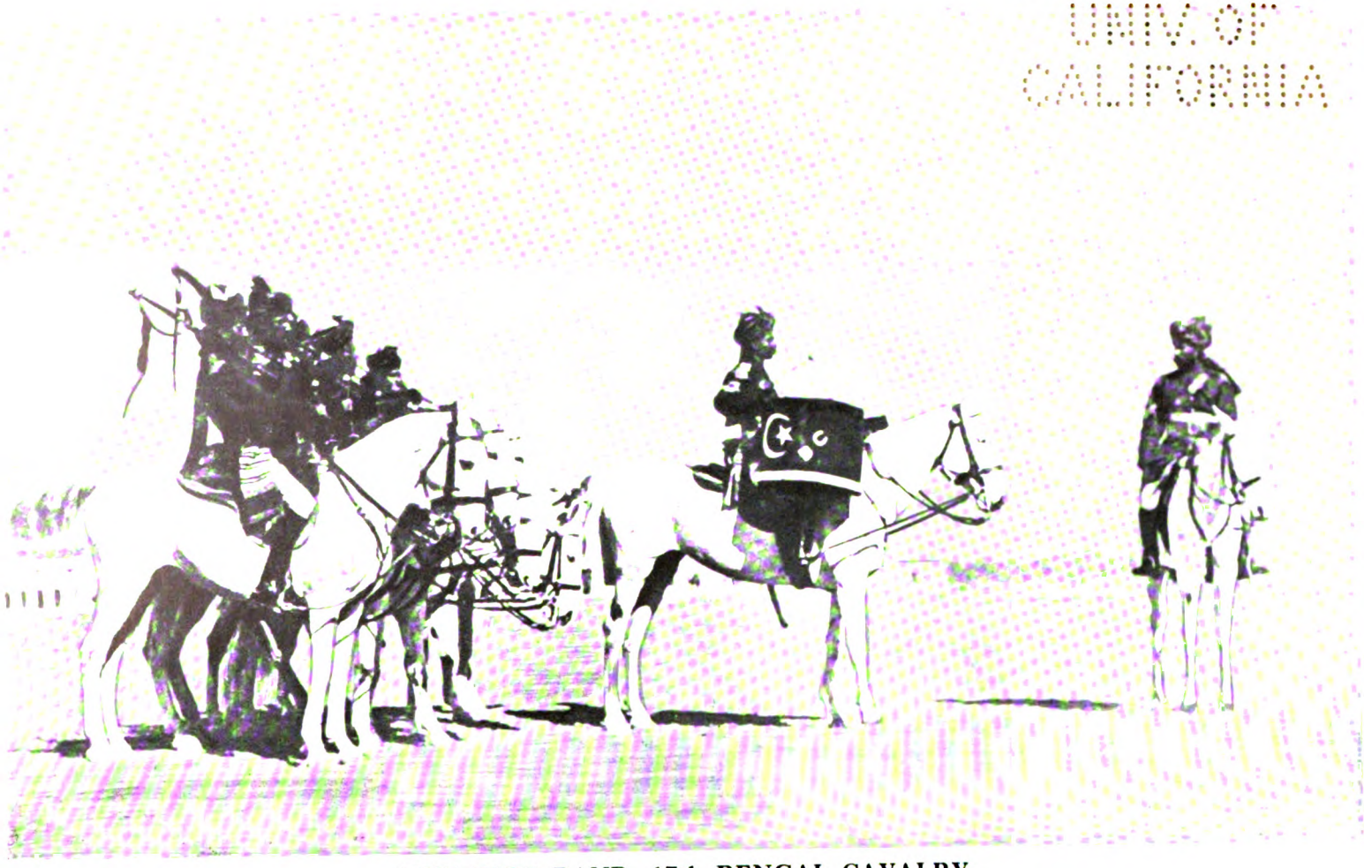

THE PIPE BAND, 17th BENGAL CAVALRY

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CAVALRY PIPERS AND THEIR REGIMENTS

By "INVICTA."

You have probably heard of Horse Marines, but of pipers of cavalry, never. Though possibly if you come from the Scottish highlands you may know of the legend, which no one seems to have been able to verify, that Fraser's Highlanders (the old 71st Regiment disbanded in 1783) raised by a Fraser of Lovat for service in the American War of Independence on occasion put their pipers, kilts and all, upon horses to enable them to move quickly from point to point to deceive the enemy as to the strength of the forces before them.

Again it will be said that if cavalry pipers ever existed then the Royal Scots Greys would have been their home; yet Scotland's only regular cavalry regiment, while admitting to having enlisted a woman, deny all knowledge of ever having had officially a piper on their establishment!

Nevertheless cavalry pipers did exist, and in fact do to-day.

The first known mounted pipe band in the Armies of the British Empire originated in the 17th Bengal Cavalry from the idea of their Commandant—a Colonel Muir—during 1895—1902. Only a very few Indian cavalry regiments in those days maintained bands and Muir's idea was to turn the trumpeters into pipers with object of providing something new in mounted music (!) for ceremonial parade. The martial races of Northern India of which his regiment was then composed take kindly to the pipes, particularly the Pathans whose native *srinai* has much in common with the chanter; while the *nagarchi* or kettle-drummer was an early institution in the East India Company's *risallahs*.

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Dressed in the ordinary regimental full-dress uniform—blue with white facings—the trumpeter-pipers achieved considerable success. But in doing so they made many enemies, regimentally and without, largely drawn, so the writer is told, from that class of Sassenach who dislike anything from the Gael, with of course one important exception. A later C.O. gave way to the vociferous minority and the pipe band was disbanded. It is difficult to believe, but nevertheless true, that the haters of the pipe band were so determined upon its complete and final dispersal that the beautiful and ornate kettle drums were sent to the Regimental Stud Farm to be used for calling the young stock to feed. From there—after the manner of things in Ind—they disappeared.

All through their existence the 17th (Indian) Cavalry were a most unlucky lot whenever true soldier's work was abroad. The original corps were formed in 1857 by one Colonel Robart who was a connection of the famous London private bankers Robarts Lubbock & Co., and a man of vast private wealth which he lavishly used in an attempt to make his corps the crack unit of the Bengal Army. Unlike the others of his blood he did not believe in accounts, and no one knew which horses, or what accoutrements, were his or the Regiment's. The Government of India finally demanded a statement. But the old man could not, or would not, produce one, and on his death the State benefited to a considerable degree from his generosity.

"Robart's Horse" recruited only wild Afghan tribesmen. Discipline as we know it was but scant, Robart's word being the only law the men accepted; and after his passing succeeding Commandants found the difficulties of instilling a regime essential to a regular corps into the semi-barbarous *sowars* so great that after the Afghan War of 1879-80 the old 17th Bengal Cavalry were disbanded.

A new 17th came into being after the Russo-Afghan boundary incidents of 1885, with a different composition to the old, but still all Mohammedan—Pathan and Punjabi. The Regiment were in fact one of the few entirely Moslem units of the Indian Army, their badge being the Star and Crescent upon crossed

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lances. For a time (1900-01) the title "Bengal Cavalry" gave way to "Bengal Lancers," and they are the regiment which form the background of the book and the world-famous film, Yeats-Brown the author being a former regimental officer.

Selected for the Boxer expedition of 1900 they lost their chance of oversea service through an outbreak of cholera. Similar misfortune overtook them in 1914, latent glanders breaking out whilst *en route* to embark for France. But a squadron composed of Pathans served with much distinction in East Africa from January, 1915, for two years. They were for a time the only cavalry in that theatre, but the battle honours the squadron earned were after the War through "red tape" denied to the Regiment.

Drafts by the score were despatched during the Great War to other units overseas, but until the Afghan War of 1919 the 17th Cavalry never took the field as a corps. Then they showed their mettle. The operations were against the Regiment's co-religionists and largely through the countryside of their homes. The ranks could thus hardly be nonchalant to a war which affected them so closely. But no word was ever said against their loyalty, and the rounding up of many of the local "reds" could not have been effected without the assistance of the intimate knowledge of the tribal areas which the men possessed and which they freely offered.

Such *esprit de corps* the Regiment proudly records was entirely due to their padre—Khan Bahadur, Moulvi, Qazi Abdul Hakim Khan—who had served since the resuscitation of the Corps in 1885. A man with the fortunate gift of keeping friends with everyone he never lost his hold on the men as their religious leader. Possessed of unbounded influence in Islamic circles, he was a great man in every sense; and the tribute which the Regiment pay to him must be unique in the military sphere.

The 17th amalgamated with the Baluch Horse in 1922 and are, as the 15th Lancers, now a corps in name only being the training regiment for the first Indian Cavalry group.

The only mounted pipers extant today are in the Territorial Army, but belong to a regiment originally raised outside the

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British Islands—the Scottish Horse; a corps founded by the Caledonian Society of Johannesburg and raised from Scottish patriots exiled in South Africa during the second Boer War. With additions of brother Scots from Australia and Britain, and better known as "Tullibardine's Desperadoes," the Corps saw much service in the guerrilla operations. A V.C. fell to their credit at Vlakfontein, the winner being a subaltern with the anything but Caledonian name of English.

A nucleus was brought home by the Duke of Atholl and from this sprang the two original regiments of Scottish Horse Yeomanry. The Duke, who, as Marquis of Tullibardine, had commanded the Corps in South Africa, is the only one of the King's homeland subjects permitted to maintain a private army —a relic of the days when every chief had his own bodyguard— and practically every one of the 300 Atholl Highlanders is a past or present member of the Scottish Horse.

The Scottish Horse expanded into three regiments in 1914 all of which went out to Gallipoli; two to take part in the last desperate effort to capture Scimitar Hill. Then came a somewhat peaceful spell in Egypt—but not so peaceful to their comrades from "*furrin pairts*," one scribe of which has recorded that it *would* have been *peaceful* had not there been three regiments of Scottish Horse and two of Lovat's Scouts in the camp every man of which from reveille to tattoo seemed to be either practising on the pipes or playing on the chanter.

As infantry the Scottish Horse fought in Palestine, and by the beginning of 1917 they had developed into the 13th (Scottish Horse) Battalion Black Watch under which style they continued the War in Salonika, France and Belgium.

The post-War reorganization transformed them into a corps of scouts part mounted on ponies, part on cycles, some being left to work on foot. Largely recruited from men used to stalking, shooting and mountaineering they made ideal scouts and despatch riders. Owing to the expansion of the Territorial Army they have this year (1939) been restored to their original role as Yeomanry Cavalry. At one time the Corps was classed

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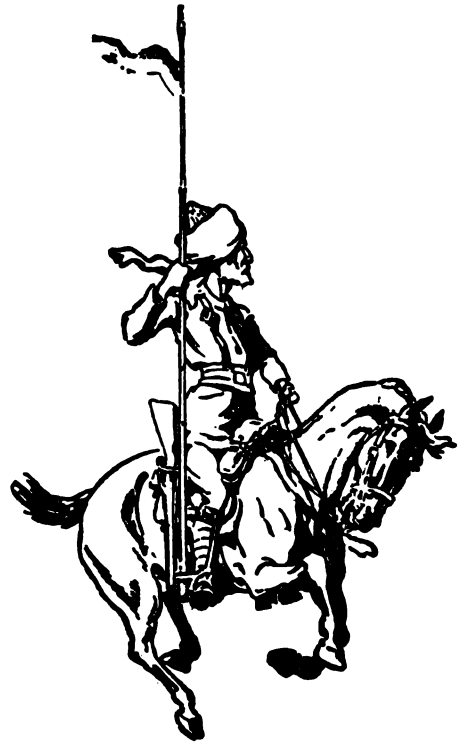
as dragoons and in the early days received as such guidons from King Edward VII.

The pipers parade mounted, the pipes bearing ribbons of Murray tartan which is the clan of the Duke of Atholl. The full-dress is Atholl grey (the grey of the Guards' greatcoats) with yellow facings. The headdress a blue balmoral bonnet with a diced border, the latter being worn in service dress by all ranks.

Lovat's Scouts also maintain a pipe band recruited from that great stronghold of piping, the islands of Benbecula and South Uist. Lovats' pipers are kilted—Hunting Fraser tartan—and as their chargers are Highland ponies for the most part entirely unschooled it would hardly be feasible for them to produce a mounted pipe band of any merit.



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WISPS

By MICHAEL COBB.

(By kind permission of the *Windsor Magazine*.)

MAJOR Sir Archibald Blackwood, Bart., of the Light Blue Royal Hussars, lay back in his chair in the Mess and flicked his cigar into an ashtray.

"It's only a very small point, what?" he drawled, "but I'm told he's a somewhat extraordinary and most—ah—er—eccentric fellow, what?"

Old Stuffy, who hated Sir Archibald Blackwood with an enduring hatred, buried his nose in his newspaper. Only Forbes appeared to take any interest in his statement.

"Oh, so you know him then?" he said.

"Yes. I'm told he paints."

Even Old Stuffy looked up at this.

"What's that?" he demanded.

Sir Archibald Blackwood nodded his head.

"Paints," he replied tersely. "I forget who told me, what?" he added.

"How do you mean, paints?" asked someone.

"I forget exactly how, what? Suppose he covers his face with powder and stuff. Puts scent on and all that sort of thing; smells like a badger; most disagreeable, what?"

"Good God!"

Old Stuffy grunted.

"Why should they send a fellow like that to us?" he demanded. "What have we done, Colonel, to be saddled with an effeminate sort of devil who ought to be in a boudoir, holding some old lady's knitting, instead of coming to a Cavalry Regiment. Now in the old days . . . . But then, I expect most of you people can't even imagine what things were like in those days."

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Sir Archibald Blackwood bridled.

"I can remember perfectly well, thank you, what?" he said firmly. "I would have you remember, Roberts, that I'm senior to you, and that in consequence I remember farther back than you can, what? Quite, quite, quite. Good morning, what?"

So saying, Sir Archibald Blackwood, Bt., picked himself up out of his chair and ambled out of the Mess, leaving Old Stuffy Roberts wondering at the unkindness of Providence in vouchsafing to his enemy hair equally white with his own and thus eclipsing him in his self-appointed rôle of "Grand Old Man of the Regiment."

"Bet a sovereign Blackwood's got hold of the wrong end of the stick," he decided presently. "Usually does contrive to make a mess of things. I expect this new fellow Kingscote's a damn good feller. That Blackwood should run him down is a distinct point in the fellow's favour."

"Any way," said the Colonel, "I'm glad you think so, because I've decided to send him to your squadron. And also he'll come under you for Equitation."

Old Stuffy nodded briskly.

"All right, Colonel, I'll make a soldier of him, even if it's true about this painting business."

The arrival of Second Lieutenant George Kingscote was expected with mixed feelings by the members of the Mess of the Light Blue Hussars. However unreasonable, however incredible, might seem the thought of his resorting to the adventitious aids of artificial beautifying agents to embellish his face, Major Blackwood's assertion that he was addicted to this peculiarity had left a vague doubt in everybody's mind. If Master George Kingscote were not entirely up to standard he would be given fairly short shrift. Alone, Old Stuffy was prepared to make allowances for him, from a perverse feeling that Sir Archibald Blackwood must of necessity be wrong in all matters.

It was therefore, distinctly unfortunate that Mr. George Kingscote's arrival disclosed the fact that he also wore an eyeglass, like Old Stuffy.

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After a short appraising glance at the wiry looking figure which appeared in the ante-room, with its young pink-and-white face, which in spite of its youth was lean and showed signs of taking on that leathery look which comes from a hard open-air life, the Mess dismissed Sir Archibald Blackwood's story as one of his usual inaccuracies, and settled down to see what Kingscote was made of before accepting him as one of themselves.

Not so Old Stuffy. The eyeglass, he felt, was another definite challenge to his supremacy. First of all this damn feller Blackwood with his white hair, and now this damn feller Kingscote with an eyeglass.

It really was too much.

And the worst of it all was that Young Kingscote wore his eyeglass with much more assurance than Old Stuffy himself. Old Stuffy wore his on a cord and usually had it dangling down in front of him when he was not actually using it.

Young Kingscote, on the other hand, had no cord on his. He apparently stuck it in first thing in the morning, and there it remained once and for all until he took it out at night, if indeed he did so then, which seemed doubtful.

The day after Young Kingscote's arrival, Old Stuffy went out for his usual evening ride before coming back to change for dinner. As he was trotting quietly past the Marble Rocks, his attention was suddenly attracted by a horseman riding down the line of jumps, and riding his horse with no mean skill. Old Stuffy recognized him even at that distance. It was Young Kingscote.

For a moment Old Stuffy sat there smiling to himself in keen appreciation of the polished display of horsemanship.

Suddenly he remembered.

"Damn feller going over my jumps without my permission, drat him. . . ."

He took a deep breath, and stood up in his stirrups.

"Come BAAA . . . ACK!" he roared in a voice which echoed among the Marble Rocks at the far end, causing all the vultures to fly out in alarm.

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But the more Old Stuffy shouted, the faster Young Kingscote rode.

Cramming his helmet down on his ears, forcing his feet home in the stirrups, Old Stuffy rode after him.

"Stop!" he bellowed. "Damn you sir, stop will you?"

At last Young Kingscote cleared the last jump, pulled his horse up to a walk, and turned to meet Old Stuffy, who came galloping up to him.

"What the blazes d'you think you're doing?" roared Old Stuffy as soon as he was within shouting range, which in his case was no mean distance.

Young Kingscote seemed somewhat taken aback.

"I've just been trying out this horse over the jumps," he said.

"Drat you, sir," said Old Stuffy, "Didn't you hear me shouting at you?"

"I thought you were shouting encouragements at me, sir," he explained.

Old Stuffy dropped his eyeglass with astonishment.

"Encouragements," he repeated. "D'you think I'd encourage a damn fool like you to smash down all the fences in the whole of the Equitation area. D'you think I haven't something better to do than to build up jumps for you to go careering over like a scalded cat?"

"I'm sorry . . ." began Young Kingscote.

"Sorry," said Old Stuffy. "I should damn well hope you are sorry. Nobody's allowed to use those jumps without the permission of the Colonel."

"I didn't know . . ." began Young Kingscote.

"Of course you didn't know, you young fool. Nowadays none of you young fellows knows anything as far as I can see. Heaven knows what they teach you. Not sense anyway."

Young Kingscote made no reply.

"What horse is that?" suddenly demanded Old Stuffy.

"It's a horse I brought out with me from England, sir," he explained.

"Looks as if he can jump a bit," said Old Stuffy, running his

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eye over the horse approvingly. "What age is he?"

"Rising seven, sir," said young Kingscote.

"Looks all right to me. Just gallop him round a bit and put him over those two fences for me to see," said Old Stuffy.

Young Kingscote paused uncertainly.

"But I thought you said that I had to obtain the Commanding Officer's permission to use any of these jumps," he replied in astonishment.

Old Stuffy snorted.

"Drat you, sir! In the Equitation area, here, I represent the Commanding Officer."

* * * * * *

Squadron Serjeant-Major Black saluted.

"And now, sir, if it is convenient to you, sir, I will take you down and show you your troop stables, sir."

"Thank you, Serjeant-Major," said Young Kingscote.

On the way down to the stables the Serjeant-Major coughed discreetly.

"I think perhaps, sir, it would be only fair to you, sir, to warn you against Trooper Draper, sir."

"Trooper Draper, Serjeant-Major," said Young Kingscote. "Who is he?"

"A man in your troop, sir," explained the Serjeant-Major. "A headstrong, seditious, insubordinate individual, sir, whom you would be well advised to watch very carefully, sir."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Young Kingscote.

"Yes, sir," said the Serjeant-Major. "It is an extremely unfortunate thing, sir, but if I may permit myself the liberty of advising you, sir, I would suggest, sir, that if you have the slightest trouble with him, sir, you would be well advised to put him straight in the guard-room, sir."

"Thank you, Serjeant-Major."

By this time they had reached the troop stable. Serjeant-Major Black introduced Young Kingscote to his Troop Serjeant, and asked permission to withdraw.

Young Kingscote went round his troop with the Troop Serjeant, saw the horses, saw the men at their work grooming

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them, asked them their names, and the numbers of their horses. He must endeavour to memorize both names and numbers, and to recognize his horses as readily as his men.

Presently he came to a place where two stalls had been partitioned off into a loose-box by the simple expedient of building a mud wall round them. From the other side of the wall came sounds of hissing, punctuated with cries of: "Whoa, China! Come up, hoss!"

Young Kingscote, followed by his Troop Serjeant, walked round and entered the loose box.

"Stand up to your horse," ordered the Troop Serjeant.

Young Kingscote beheld a man, little more than a boy, whose grinning freckled face, with light blue eyes, was twisted into the unnatural grimace of attention.

"Carry on with your work," ordered the Troop Serjeant, and the man relaxed from his constrained attitude.

"What's the number of your horse?" demanded Young Kingscote.

"Sixty-four, sir," answered the man smartly.

Young Kingscote glanced at the ugly, raw-boned, weedy-looking chestnut. No difficulty there, he mused. You couldn't forget a horse like that in a hurry.

"Calls him China, he does," added the Troop Serjeant.

"What's he like?" enquired Young Kingscote.

The man screwed up his face.

"Well, sir, he's not exactly bad, sir." he said. "But difficult, that's all."

"Doesn't look any too easy. By the way, what's your name?"

"Trooper Draper, sir," he replied.

The man's appearance was so diametrically opposed to the vision of the ape-like, debauched, pugilistic-looking degenerate that Young Kingscote had conjured up as a result of Serjeant-Major Black's description, that Young Kingscote thought there must be some mistake.

"What name did you say?" he demanded.

"Trooper Draper, sir," repeated the man.

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"Are you quite sure . . . ?" began Young Kingscote. "I mean . . . er, yes, all right, Draper."

Followed by his Troop Serjeant, Young Kingscote completed the inspection of his troop, almost in a dazed condition.

So that, he mused, was the headstrong, seditious, insubordinate individual whom he would be well advised to watch very carefully! That smart, clean, willing little man was the formidable Trooper Draper against whom he had been warned so earnestly by Serjeant-Major Black!

Surely there must be some mistake. Surely, felt Young Kingscote, his appreciation of human nature could not be so hopelessly at fault as all that.

It took some time to discover the real truth. Time, patience and ingenuity.

Finally he got it from one of the Section Corporals.

"Trooper Draper, sir. Yes, sir. I know 'im. Known 'im ever since 'e was that 'igh. When the Regiment was stationed in South Cavalry Barracks before the War, sir. Young Draper, he wasn't no more than a kid in them days, 'e used to come with a donkey-cart sellin' papers in the barracks. Always said 'e'd join the Regiment, sir, an' there 'e is. What's that, sir, insubordinate, sir, not 'im. W'y, sir, a more willin' little cuss there never was, sir. Oh yes, sir. Ah, well you see, sir, Sa'Major Black, sir, 'e don't like 'im. No, sir. Oh well, sir, you see, sir, it was this way, sir. At the last Squadron Smoker, young Draper, 'e got a pint of beer inside 'im. Probably, sir, the first pint of beer wot 'e'd ever took. On the way back to 'is troop room, sir, 'e starts singin' an' 'ollerin' an' then, sir, in the dark, 'e slips, an' 'e falls into the overflow tank from the 'orse troughs. Very 'ot weather it was then, sir, an' young Draper finds 'isself so cool 'an comfortable that 'e says 'e wont come out, but that 'e's a goin' ter spend the night there. With that 'e starts singing an' 'ollering an' creatin' at the top of 'is voice some song about: "There ain't no bones in pudden."

"Well, sir, w'en 'e come to about the third verse of that there song, up comes the Sa'Major. 'What's all this 'ere?' 'e ses,

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an' w'en 'e sees w'ot's 'appenin' 'e tells Draper to come out, an' grabs 'old of 'im to pull 'im out.

"But Draper, 'e pulls 'ardest, and the Sa'Major 'e falls into the water alongside of 'im.

"Yes, sir, that' all, sir. But the other Sa'Majors in the Regiment they calls 'im 'Albatross' sir, which is a bird like a seagull, sir, w'ot flies into the sea an' gets 'is mouth full of water, sir. Yes, sir."

* * * * * *

For three months, Old Stuffy tried all he could to shake the glass out of Young Kingscote's eye. He galloped him round the *manèges* on every conceivable type of horse, put him over the biggest jumps he could find, without stirrups, with arms folded, up and down the most broken country over which a horse could travel, and still Young Kingscote kept his glass in his eye. And what is more, no matter what his horse did, providing he stood up, Young Kingscote remained sitting on his back, unshaken and smiling.

Even Old Stuffy couldn't think of any new dodges. Still, whatever his detractors may have said about Old Stuffy, nobody could say he wasn't fair. By the end of three months, Young Kingscote, looking less pink and white, his face leaner and more leathery, had worked his way up into a first-class ride, and was ready for dismissal by the Commanding Officer.

Dismounted in the *manège* that fateful Saturday morning, during the interval between the first and second period, waiting for the Commanding Officer to come to inspect them, Young Kingscote found himself standing next to an ugly, raw-boned, weedy-looking chestnut.

It was China.

At the other end of the reins stood Trooper Draper.

"Hullo, Draper," said Young Kingscote. "Up for dismissal to-day?"

"Yes, sir," said Trooper Draper.

"Going to be dismissed this time?" he demanded.

Trooper Draper shook his head despondently.

"No, sir," he replied without enthusiasm.

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Young Kingscote felt that this was entirely the wrong spirit.

"Rubbish," he said. "Of course you'll be dismissed the same as everybody else."

Trooper Draper shook his head.

"No, sir. I'll never be dismissed riding school, not on this 'orse, sir."

With a pang, Young Kingscote realized what had been happening. The horses were allotted by the squadron Serjeant-Major, and Serjeant-Major Black had seen to it that "China" remained permanently allotted to Trooper Draper. But Young Kingscote was Draper's troop leader. He ought to have seen. he ought to have known, he ought . . ."

In a second his mind was made up.

"Here you are, Draper, take my horse, and I'll ride China. Come on, hurry up. You'll want to shorten up those stirrup leathers at least eight holes each side. Quick, here they come."

He wrenched China's reins out of Draper's hand, and hurriedly lengthened China's stirrup leathers to suit himself. There was only just time to effect the change before the Colonel and Old Stuffy arrived on the scene.

"Mount."

As soon as he felt himself on China's back, Young Kingscote realized that he would need all his horsemanship to carry him through the coming ordeal.

China's mouth seemed to be entirely without feeling on the right side, while his uncomfortable high action trot and the peculiar sensation he gave of sagging in the middle under the weight of his rider, and then hanging back, boded no good for the success of the day's work.

"Get up into your place, at one horse's length, Mr. Kingscote," shouted Old Stuffy.

Young Kingscote jabbed his spurs hard into China's flanks, producing no more response than would have been forthcoming out of a log of wood.

Unfortunately he was not carrying a stick like the Colonel or a whip like Old Stuffy.

On parade, sticks or whips are not carried by recruits passing

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out of riding school. If only he had a stick to give China a couple of quick rib-binders it might have woken him up. But—

"Get up, Mr. Kingscote," shouted Old Stuffy once again.

The Colonel looked up sharply, but said nothing.

The performance put up by China in the *manège* itself was moderate, to put it mildly. By dint of hard riding Young Kingscote managed to get through it somehow. But he could feel that the Colonel's eye was on him all the time, and that he was not creating a good impression.

At last this part of the work was over, and now came the more difficult part, riding in the open and jumping, with China feeling more and more sluggish under him. They filed out into the open, past the Colonel standing near the exit of the *manège*, and a little farther on past Old Stuffy, who had taken up his position nearer the jumps. If only he had a stick, thought Young Kingscote.

"*Crack, crack!*"

As they filed past Old Stuffy, he suddenly leant forward in his saddle, and caught China a couple of sharp cuts with his whip across the quarters. China gave a half buck, side-stepped a bit, pricked up his ears and walked out with considerably more intention of getting somewhere. It was just what he had needed.

"You want to wake that horse of yours up, Mr. Kingscote," said Old Stuffy sharply, and then rode back to meet the Colonel.

Somehow they all managed to get through, Draper, and all of them. Even China and his rider were dismissed.

But the Colonel called Young Kingscote aside from the ride and in a few well-chosen and succinct phrases told him what he thought of an officer of the Light Blue Royal Hussars who turned out on such a rank bad horse as China. The Colonel then rode away.

Old Stuffy stood watching him go. Presently he turned to Young Kingscote.

"Well, you young fool," he said. "Hand that horse back to that fellow Draper, get your own back, and let's ride home together and get some breakfast. I'll wait for you."

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Apparently Young Kingscote was forgiven for wearing an eyeglass.

* * * * * *

Having become reconciled to Young Kingscote's eyeglass, Old Stuffy set himself out to make a soldier of him, as he had promised the Colonel he would. The process was not entirely painless, at least from the point of view of Young Kingscote himself. He certainly had the makings of a soldier in him, but Old Stuffy's ideas of what he should learn and what he should do were distinctly more elaborate than were provided for by the Regulations.

But then, as Old Stuffy would have said, the Regulations were at fault.

It was, therefore, in order to see what Young Kingscote was made of that Old Stuffy asked him to tea in his bungalow. In India, tea in one's bungalow is rather more of a function than it is anywhere else, and Old Stuffy had somehow managed to convey rather more than an impression of a mere invitation to partake of tea and sandwiches. To be asked to tea by Old Stuffy meant that Young Kingscote was definitely part of the Regiment and accepted as such.

Like everything else he did, Old Stuffy's organization of his bungalow was better than anybody's. The bungalow stood out alone, like Old Stuffy himself, four-square against any wind that might blow. The handles of the doors were polished, and the keys in the doors were burnished. The tops of the doors were dusted every day, as was also the underneath of the furniture. No cobweb would ever be found behind a picture or dust underneath a chest of drawers in *his* bungalow. Old Stuffy certainly knew how to get the most out of anybody with whom he dealt.

But if Stuffy's bungalow itself was well kept, his compound was better still. Here the rows upon rows of huge flower pots which constitute the Indian garden were arranged in a manner not unlike the daily regimental parade for Equitation. In front were the first-class plants, fully grown and covered with flowers, each group arranged according to its colour. Next came those plants which were less advanced in growth, but which by careful training, pruning and watering might shortly be expected to

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take their place in the ranks of the finished products, while last of all were the recruits, new plants just beginning to strike root, which would not blossom nor make much display for some time to come. The paths were carefully swept and enclosed in low mud walls which separated them from the rest of the garden, while the sunk tennis court which stood in front of the house had been completely transformed.

Old Stuffy had no use for tennis. In the first place, he liked to think that his old back would not have allowed him to play it, and in the second place, he regarded it as a dismounted game, to be bracketed with football, golf and dancing, involving an amount of footwork which to a cavalryman seemed unnecessary and the reverse of pleasant.

So Old Stuffy had transformed his tennis court into an open *manège*, complete with jumps and obstacles, not to be used as such, but as a model to the world at large of what a show *manège* should look like.

Young Kingscote, sitting on the verandah, smoking a cigarette, drinking a whisky and soda, in the short Indian twilight which follows the going down of the sun, just before the colours turn to grey and the sky is still glowing in the sunset, gazed at the scene appreciatively.

"I think this is the best garden I've seen out in India," he said.

"You haven't seen much, and that's a fact," grunted Old Stuffy.

"It would make a splendid picture in water colours," continued Young Kingscote.

"You think so?" said Old Stuffy.

"Yes," said Young Kingscote. "It would. I sometimes paint, you know?"

Old Stuffy sat up suddenly in his chair.

"You what?" he demanded.

"Paint," repeated Young Kingscote. "I used to do a lot of it once, but I haven't had much time to do so lately. But I must take it up again."

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"Oh, I see," Old Stuffy sat back in his chair. So that, he reflected, was the origin of that clownish legend of that fellow Blackwood. "It would make a good picture, as you say," continued Old Stuffy. "So far, I've only got photographs, but a photograph's about as much good as a sick headache. Gives absolutely no idea of the colours."

"Well, some day I'll paint you a picture of it," said Young Kingscote conversationally. Old Stuffy sat bolt upright in his chair. Young Kingscote repeated his statement.

Old Stuffy cleared his throat and looked at Young Kingscote sharply.

"Half a minute, Young Kingscote, half a minute. Some day's no damn' good to me," he said. "You'll come on Thursday afternoon and do it then," he added firmly.

"Oh, very well then," said Young Kingscote.

Old Stuffy stood up.

"Let's go and see exactly where you'd better sit," he said. "Before it gets too dark, come along."

Young Kingscote stood up, and followed Old Stuffy down the verandah steps and out into the garden.

"Look out," roared Old Stuffy. "Look where you're going. What do you think I had those walls put up for? To have a great clod-hopping devil like you come and clamber all over them? We'll go round, and look back from the far corner of the *manège* and select a place.

The We seemed unnecessary.

Old Stuffy had already decided upon it.

* * * * * *

Young Kingscote forgot all about having to go to paint a picture of Old Stuffy's bungalow next Thursday.

But Old Stuffy didn't.

By five past two, as Young Kingscote had not arrived, Old Stuffy sent a message across to him asking him why he had not yet arrived.

Young Kingscote came in person to explain.

"I'm afraid I forgot all about it," he said.

Old Stuffy snorted.

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"Forgot," he said contemptuously. "I know all about forgetting. You're one of those infernal sort of people who go about making conventional promises without any intention of carrying them out. Well, we've no use for that sort of thing in this regiment, I can tell you. So just you go and sit down over there under that awning I've had rigged up for you and paint your picture, and another time, if you don't mean to do a thing, don't offer to."

Young Kingscote painted his picture and Old Stuffy was delighted with it.

As he told the Colonel later, Young Kingscote had the makings of a first-class soldier.

Nevertheless, the making of Young Kingscote into a first-class soldier, as Old Stuffy understood the term, was not always an easy business from Young Kingscote's point of view. Not that it wasn't very good for him. It made him reliable; Old Stuffy was teaching him his profession as nobody else could have done.

Then Old Stuffy suddenly got a bee in his bonnet about wisps.

A wisp is a contrivance made by twisting up the straw used for horses' bedding into a long rope and then plaiting it up until it looks like a wisp. If it is about ten or twelve inches long, about four or five inches wide, and about one or two inches thick, then it is a wisp. Used on a horse after he has been groomed, it gives just that additional gloss to his coat which makes all the difference.

One day Old Stuffy decided that every man in his squadron must have a wisp. This order, transmitted to Young Kingscote by word of mouth, resulted in a feverish twisting up of wet straw into interminable ropes and the making of sufficient wisps by the experts in the troop for every man to be provided with this useful utensil.

Next morning Old Stuffy came down to midday Stables to inspect.

Unfortunately, China in his loose box had wandered about during the night, had unearthed Trooper Draper's wisp from

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the corner where it was kept, and had eaten it as a savoury to round off his evening feed.

Consequently Trooper Draper had not a wisp when Old Stuffy came to inspect.

Old Stuffy snorted, and rounded on Young Kingscote.

"Really, Mr. Kingscote," he said severely. "If you can't be relied on to see to it that a simple order is carried out, you're no use to me. I said every man in the squadron must have a wisp, and here's a man without one."

"I'm sorry, sir," began Young Kingscote.

"Well see to it that it doesn't occur again," snapped Old Stuffy, and passed on.

Next day, when Old Stuffy came down to midday Stables, there were two wisps missing. Whether they had been taken for nest building by the vultures from the Marble Rocks, whose mating season was just starting, or by the local bandicoots for similar purposes, will never be known. The fact remains that there were two short.

Old Stuffy stamped his feet with rage.

"This is a bad show, Mr. Kingscote. Damn'd bad," he stormed. "What sort of use do you imagine you are likely to be to me, or to the regiment, if you are incapable of being trusted with the most elementary and simple order?"

"I'm sorry, sir—" began Young Kingscote.

"Sorry," roared Old Stuffy. "You're always sorry, as far as I can make out. If you took a reasonable interest in your troop, you wouldn't need to be so sorry. If you had any sense, you'd have a couple of spare wisps made in case of emergency. But there, the trouble with you young fellers nowadays is that you don't think. See to it that it doesn't occur again!"

Old Stuffy passed on.

Young Kingscote made up his mind that he would not be caught out next time. He had an inspection of wisps after Stables; enough wisps were then made for each man to have one, and four extra ones were made in case of accidents.

Next morning he held another inspection of wisps before Stables. Four had disappeared during the night, but fortun-

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ately there were four reserve wisps to fall back on, and every man had one.

Young Kingscote set to work supervising his troop at Stables with an easy conscience.

Presently, Old Stuffy came along, and Young Kingscote went round with him, looking at the horses, and noting with satisfaction that each man had a wisp.

Eventually they came to China's loose box. To Young Kingscote's amazement, Trooper Draper was there, together with a strange man whom he had never seen before.

"What's all this?" demanded Old Stuffy.

"Trooper Woodmansea," explained the strange man. "Just out of hospital, sir."

"What are you doing here?"

"Well, sir, I come out of hospital and come down to the Troop Stables, an' seein' as 'ow you was busy with the troop leader, sir, I come straight 'ere to give Draper a 'and to groom 'is 'orse, sir."

Old Stuffy nodded approvingly.

"All right," he said. "By the way, Woodmansea, have you got a wisp?"

"A wisp, sir?"

"Yes, a wisp. You know what a wisp is, don't you?"

"Yessir."

"Well, have you got one?"

"No sir,"

Old Stuffy turned to Young Kingscote.

"You'd better give him one of your spare ones, Mr. Kingscote," he said.

"Very good, sir."

"By the way, where are they?"

Young Kingscote had to admit that there weren't any spare wisps available.

Old Stuffy became purple in the face.

"Now look here, Mr. Kingscote, this is really too much," he roared. "What exactly do you think you are doing. Are you intending to defy me deliberately or what?"

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"I'm sorry, sir——"

"Sorry! What's the good of being sorry. I want an officer that I can rely on, not a sort of undertaker with a face as long as a fiddle who keeps on moaning about being sorry! I told you yesterday to have a couple of extra wisps made for just such an emergency, and the very next day when it arises, I find you've deliberately ignored my order."

"But, sir——," began Young Kingscote.

"Don't argue with me," snapped Old Stuffy. "All I want from you is that you shall obey my orders."

So saying, Old Stuffy stamped off.

Young Kingscote cudgelled his brains to think how he could arrange for every man to be properly equipped with a wisp. He gave an order that every man was to be in possession of two wisps day or night, and ordered sixteen extra wisps to be kept in reserve at each end of the troop stable.

Next morning, when Old Stuffy came down to midday Stables, the whole troop seemed to be littered with wisps. Each man appeared to have one in each hand, while Trooper Woodmansea had three extra ones in his pockets, and Trooper Draper had no fewer than nine, three in actual use, and half a dozen in reserve in China's loose box against any emergency.

Old Stuffy looked at this sea of wisps with a baleful eye.

"Really, Mr. Kingscote, there's no need to overdo things. How do you expect your horses to get proper rest if you use up all their bedding making wisps! You must try to have a little imagination. Your horses are not looking well today, simply because they've obviously been short of straw."

Next morning, as a result of coming down to midday Stables half an hour earlier and rushing up and down his troop stable, Young Kingscote managed to produce a troop in which each man was provided with one good fat wisp and no more, neither more nor less.

Old Stuffy came round once more at his appointed time.

He looked at the first man's wisp intently, then at the next man's, and so on right through the stable until he came to the end.

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Then he turned to Young Kingscote.

"The whole trouble, Mr. Kingscote," he said firmly, "the whole trouble is that these wisps are all too big. You really must try to cultivate a sense of proportion. If you use up all a horse's bedding for wisps, how an earth do you expect him to rest comfortably at night! How would you like it if I came and took all the blankets off your bed?"

No answer seemed to be required, so Young Kingscote said nothing.

"Anyway, Mr. Kingscote, kindly see to it that your wisps are of a more reasonable size."

So saying, Old Stuffy marched off.

Next morning Old Stuffy came down to midday Stables at the usual time.

Suddenly he stopped as if transfixed with horror.

"What's that?" he demanded sharply.

Young Kingscote followed the direction of his gate, but could see nothing out of the ordinary. Merely a man wisping down his horse.

"What's the matter, sir?" he demanded anxiously.

Old Stuffy pointed at the man.

"What's that bird's-nest that fellow's got in his hand?" he roared.

"That's a wisp, sir," explained Young Kingscote.

"A wisp?" repeated Old Stuffy in disgust. "Call that tuft of grass a wisp. Much too small. No wonder your horses are looking bad today, Mr. Kingscote, if that's all the attention they get from you."

"But——"

"Don't argue with me, Mr. Kingscote," snapped Old Stuffy. "Kindly see to it that your wisps are of a more reasonable size."

Old Stuffy marched off again.

Next day Old Stuffy found that the wisps were too loose, next day they were too thin, another time they were too long, or again they were too hard.

"About as much good as a brick-bat for grooming a horse," snorted Old Stuffy. "No wonder your horses are looking poor

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to-day. You'd ruin any horse's coat with one of those things.

The whole of Young Kingscote's life was being made a burden to him over the question of wisps. He would wake up with a start in the middle of the night, covered with a cold perspiration at the thought of what might be happening to the wisps of his troop.

He once even ventured to ask Old Stuffy exactly how he would like him to have them made.

"If you don't know how to make a wisp, Mr. Kingscote, you're not fit to be a cavalry officer," was all that Old Stuffy would vouchsafe by way of explanation.

So saying, he stamped off.

Young Kingscote spent a sleepless night.

Next day he went down to midday Stables an hour before they were due to start.

At his usual time Old Stuffy came down.

Suddenly he stopped dead in front of a troop stable.

"What the devil's all this?" he roared.

Young Kingscote came forward and saluted.

Old Stuffy stood rooted to the ground, looking at the stable wall. Laid out in order of seniority was a row of wisps of every known shape and size, ranging from the miniature pocket wisp as used presumably in grooming white mice, and made of three strands of grass, to a wisp about the size of a small travelling trunk, made of about a hundredweight and a half of straw.

"What are those infernal looking things?" demanded Old Stuffy.

"Those are my wisps," explained Young Kingscote briskly. "Only as I wasn't quite certain exactly how you would like to have them made, I thought I'd have a few samples here for you to choose from, sir. Which size do you like best?"

Old Stuffy pointed with a trembling forefinger at a wisp which apparently was the most wisp-like of the lot.

"This one, sir?" demanded Young Kingscote dutifully.

"Yes," said Old Stuffy.

Young Kingscote picked up the wisp and threw it across the stable to a man who materialized from nowhere, but whose

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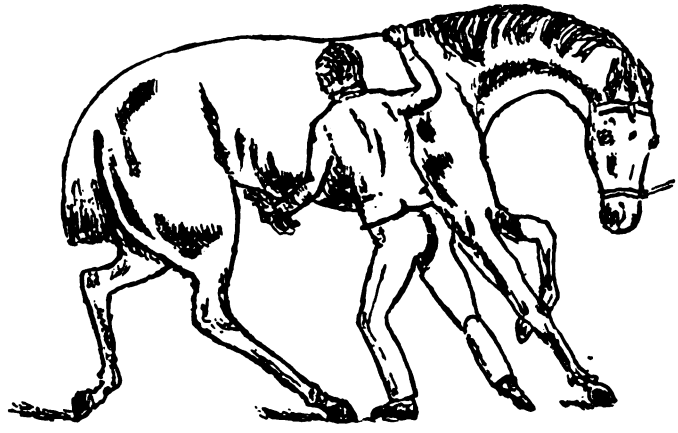
leather apron and huge hammer proclaimed him to be a farrier.

"Here you are, Cox, nail that wisp up over the stable door. Serjeant Davidson, see to it that every man has a wisp that size and shape by to-morrow morning at ten o'clock.

There was no further talk of wisps after that.

As Old Stuffy said to the Colonel, some time later, Young Kingscote really had the makings of a first-class soldier.



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HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES

The April "Army Quarterly" opens with an article by Dr. Sternberg on "Germany's Economic Mobilization." Germany, he avers, plans to have her war industry working at full blast within four months of the outbreak of any future war, long before her rivals can do so, and her whole economic machine is being re-cast with this end in view. He quotes facts and figures to prove this contention, and stresses the great peril to the Western Powers if they allow her to establish too long a lead over them in this respect. Major Morgan in an article "G.O.C. —His Mark," emphasises the importance of the personal factor in command, and the need for a commander to acquire and retain the direct touch with those under him by every possible means. Lieutenant-Colonel Dimmock discusses the objects and methods of modern propaganda, with special reference to the possibility of an enemy using it skilfully to undermine our national solidarity and industrial efficiency during the period of strained diplomatic relations just prior to a war. Major Ellenberger comments on the position of the army officer as a result of last summer's reforms in the system of pay, pensions, and promotion; while welcoming them he is of the opinion that they hardly go far enough to ensure to the army the continued flow of suitable candidates it requires. There is a good assortment of articles of historical interest to suit all tastes.

The "Royal Artillery Journal" contains a good selection of useful and interesting items. Two lectures, one on the United States in World Affairs by Sir F. White, and the Future of Party Politics by Commander King-Hall lead off; both are well worth perusal. Recent events, as is their habit, seem somewhat to tell against the former's conclusion that isolation is still the ruling sentiment in America, and that the most that the

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democracies can count on from her in the event of war in Europe will be a more or less benevolent neutrality. Colonel Lambert outlines some of the tentative conclusions arrived at during the training season of 1938 as to the equipment and employment of anti-tank guns, while stressing the fact that such conclusion can only have a limited value until tested by further examination and experience. A second article by Major Calver puts forward in the same spirit of modest enquiry, further ideas on the same topic. An article by Brigadier Pargiter deals with another subject now much exercising gunner minds—that of anti-aircraft work in an army forward area—a discussion which can only be described as most timely, for in the great popular interest naturally now taken in the question of air defence at home, similar work in the field which is carried out under very different conditions, has had less than its due share of attention.

"The Royal Air Force Quarterly" also leads off with an article by Dr. Sternberg on "Germany's War Potential and Economic Measures." He declares that the burden of intensified rearmament is already pressing hardly on all classes in the country, and is of the opinion that her foreign policy will tend to become more aggressive in order to divert their minds from their own troubles and exertions. Major Pemberton discusses "The Spirit of the British People," which he sees to be characterized by immense strength for war, if only because of its firm foundation of stamina and staying power beneath superficial appearances of weakness, inconstancy, and frivolity. It is easily to be understood that foreigners often fail to realize this, for too often we do not fully grasp ourselves the fundamental bases of our own national character. An anonymous writer contributes the first of a pair of articles on the causes of wars in the past.

The "Journal of the United Service Institution of India" contains a "highly commended" gold medal essay by Lieutenant-Colonel Holworthy on the importance of industrial

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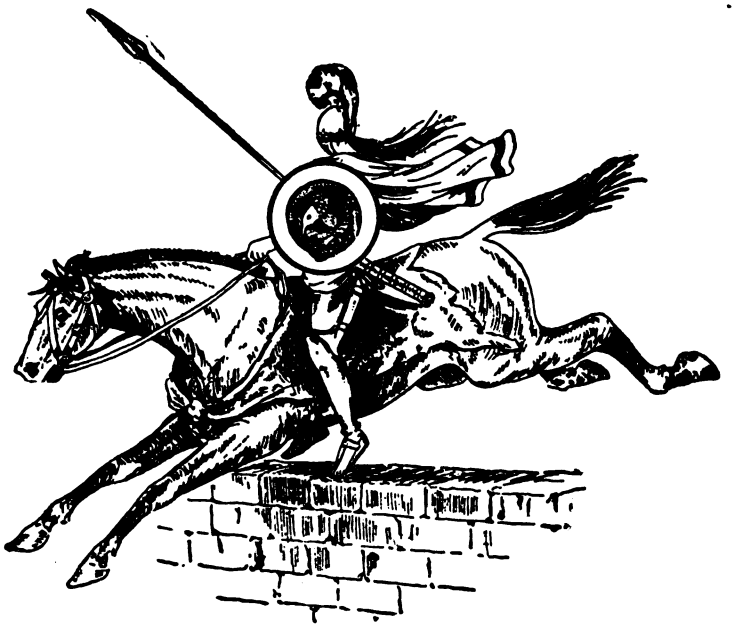
strength in modern war. An anonymous article discusses the question of mixing horse and tank squadrons in the same Indian mounted unit, and comes to the conclusion that the very numerous and definite disadvantages of such a policy would far outweigh its somewhat problematical advantages. Another anonymous writer sets out to refute the belief that motorized troops cannot operate efficiently on the North West Frontier, and puts forward some suggestions for their most appropriate use, An amusing article by Mrs. Scott describes the activities of the "memsahib" of the Indian Army officer in connection with the wives and families of her husband's unit.

The "Canadian Defence Quarterly" contains besides two authoritative statements on Canadian foreign policy by the Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King, and Mr. Lapointe, the Minister of Justice, an informative article on the present situation in Europe and the Far East, a fervent plea for more "leadership" and less "command" in order to encourage devotion and co-operation, response and high morale; and a discussion by Major Heaver on the role of engineers in chemical warfare, which, he says, they cannot play unless they have not only the necessary knowledge but also the suitable equipment for the purpose.



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FOREIGN MAGAZINES

The " U.S.A. Cavalry Journal " for March-April opens with an article by Major R. E. Perry on the " Supply of a Mechanized Cavalry Brigade on a March." This is based on the experiences of a recent exercise of the Seventh Cavalry Brigade, during which Major Perry was entrusted with the finding of camp sites and all supplies inclusive of petrol. It will sound curious to most readers that camp sites of 35 acres in extent should not always be easily or commonly met with in the Central States. It is a good article worthy of study by those interested in the supply of cavalry formations. One of the most valuable points are the conclusions expressed as to the supply of petrol in the field. The writer emphatically recommends 10-gallon (non-returnable!) containers. Lieutenant-Colonel E. E. Schwien continues with a lengthy account of the movements of Conneau's Cavalry Corps at the Battle of the Marne (6th-9th September, 1914). The detailed orders and movements of this Corps are well and clearly explained. There is not the slightest doubt that on this occasion there was missed a priceless opportunity for the exercise of a mobility that only a highly trained large force of cavalry could exploit to the full. But alas! there is less doubt that after a fortnight's continuous and arduous retreat, the Allied troops were neither morally nor physically prepared to undertake such a move. The timidity which settled down on the Allies when following up the German retreat on the Marne was such that even if Conneau and his troops had been trained to undertake mass action, it may be questioned whether they could have shown the necessary daring to tempt fortune. Even General Franchet d'Espérey, after parting with one of his corps to Foch's Ninth Army, then in dire distress, seemed smitten with lethargy. That is where the elusive character of these " re-edited " situations resides. So long as such exercises are

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frankly academic and are put forward to teach future leaders, they are admirable. The same opinion holds good in the case of Lieutenant-Colonel Schwien's two previous studies of the use of cavalry in August, 1914. They show a depth of reasoning, knowledge and desire to correct past errors that is praiseworthy to a high degree. But the " friction of war " is there to reduce a desirable boldness to dull practical average of performance. The reviewer is fully in accord with Lieutenant-Colonel Schwien's previously expressed views as to the use of the German and the French cavalry in August, 1914. But from a first-hand knowledge of the conditions of terrain, roads and supply, his personal opinion is that the assembly of such masses of cavalry on the German side might have been most difficult if not hazardous. The slowness of the British on the Marne is admitted; it was largely unavoidable. Yet in view of what the Expeditionary Force had undergone since August 22nd, it is comprehensible, and the extenuating circumstances must—with regret—be admitted as only natural. This is not speculative theorizing. Alas!

The next item is an extract from the proceedings of the Committee on Appropriation, House of Representatives of the U.S.A. Before this Committee, General J. K. Herr, Chief of Cavalry, made a statement concerning the use of cavalry in war. From general considerations General Herr turned to the World War and emphasized the part played first by the British cavalry in August-September, 1914, then by the French and British cavalry during the " Race to the Sea." Next he presented the American case for the retention of horsed cavalry. In a skilfully argued statement he went through the various roles that cavalry might fill in a modern campaign, and satisfied the Committee that there still existed ample room for horsed units. But it must be observed that General Herr based his thesis on the hypothesis that horsed formations of the size of a division should be available. The U.S.A. cavalry, it should be noted, numbers twelve regiments which are organized into three divisions of two brigades each. (General Herr gave the war establishment of the American horsed regiment at 1,687 officers and men; 1,812

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horses; 11 scout cars; 12 motor-cycles; 33 trucks; 86 light machine guns; 12 heavy machine guns; 23 .5-in. machine guns; 11 sub-machine guns; 4 mortars; 1,687 pistols; 1,013 semi-automatic rifles; 17 radio sets. The division has a regiment of 75 mm. howitzers and a proportion of divisional troops, including a squadron of 39 scout cars and a light tank company.) General Herr does not believe that tanks or aeroplanes have rendered horsed cavalry out-of-date. After analysing in detail the probable tasks of horsed cavalry in modern battle side by side with mechanized units, and repeating his conviction that there is room and need for both forms of cavalry, he wound up by adducing the instance of the Spanish Civil War in which General Franco had gone on increasing his mounted troops until he concluded the war with 50 squadrons. Altogether a noteworthy and most important pronouncement of American policy in respect of cavalry.

The arguments in this extract are somewhat pushed home by an article from the pen of Captain W. W. Yale, on "Sidelights on Organization." Here the author sets out to show that the mixture of mechanized and horsed units now fashionable in European armies is wrong: "The truth is that Europe knows little of cavalry." He is anxious to keep separate the two branches, mechanized and horsed, in separate formations and to obtain the best out of each. Just as in old days there existed a sharp distinction between "heavy" and "light" cavalry which was based on their different roles in the field, so to-day the distinction should be kept up and the various roles of modern cavalry should be maintained. When it comes to the cavalry working with an infantry division, he wishes "to keep the machine out of the close support cavalry"—as far as possible. Therefore the organization of cavalry must follow these main lines of thought. "As always, the last word in advancement, the American cavalry"—so ends the author. Brigadier-General H. S. Hawkins writes on "False lessons in combat and musketry exercises." The main thesis of the writer is that in field musketry exercises too much attention is paid to fire effect and not enough to the question of making progress in the attack,

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that is in respect of covering the ground. Further too much weight is laid on " distribution of fire ". He wishes to see more practice in advancing under cover; less halting in exposed places during these exercises; no firing until short ranges are reached; more concentration and less distribution of fire. He also advocates machine-guns to be dragged forward by hand on low rubber-tyred carriages. Lastly he emphasizes the need for very simple exercises which will stick in the mind of the soldier in battle.

The same writer has some advice to give concerning the support of cavalry by "embussed" infantry (the French " dragons portés "). His general conclusions may be quoted :—

> " Infantry in trucks (lorries) should not be sent to support cavalry when the latter has a mission which takes it far around the enemy flanks or rear.
>
> " Infantry in trucks may support cavalry when the latter is acting as a covering force. But, in that case, the infantry should be kept on or near the axis of movement of the main force.
>
> " Infantry in trucks is not a suitable support for mechanized cavalry unless the mission requires the seizing of a distant point and holding it at all costs."

The French " Revue de Cavalerie " for March-April does not contain much of interest to British readers. It opens with a short regimental history of the 11th Cuirassiers. It is rather a model of what such a brief account can be, although much of this circumstance is due to the distinguished forerunners of the present regiment. Indeed it is the direct heir of the " Carabineers " of the time of Louis XIV. After a remarkable career during the First Empire, the regiment continued to be known under that designation until 1871. It then became the 11th Cuirassiers and, as such, served as a dismounted regiment through most of the Great War. The next article is also historical, but of quite modern interest. This is the story of the 4th Light Cavalry Brigade from July 30th to October 5th. The present instalment goes down to August 5th; its value lies in the

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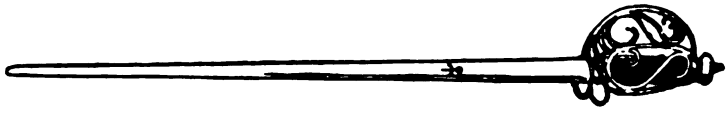
intimate details it gives of a French regiment's mobilization. But the main interest of the months' " Revue " lies in an article dealing with the work of aircraft in conjunction with ground troops, which is based very largely on the experiences of the Spanish Civil War. As these experiences were largely the result of the German and Italian intervention, the French attach great importance to them. After analysing in detail the main incidents of the campaign in which aircraft participated the author alludes to the work of British aircraft in 1918. From both sources the author deduces the absolute necessity of combining aircraft with tank formations. In fact he goes on to state that in its main missions of reconnaissance, protection, attack and pursuit, no cavalry formation, be it horsed or mechanized, will be able to dispense with aircraft. The number closes with an excellent discussion on military motor-cycles by Lieutenant Renoult. In France, he deplores the lack of enthusiasm for the motor-cycle in everyday life. This circumstance he attributes to the abundance of cheap, second-hand cars, which has stifled the demand for the cycle. The whole article is admirable in its discussion of the specification of the ideal military motor-cycle which the author believing to be in the region of a machine of one-half litre capacity, weighing not more than 3 hundredweight. The technically-minded should read it.

The German (including the Austrian) and the Swiss military presses contain nothing of outstanding interest to British cavalry officers this last quarter, except a brief note in the " Schweizer Kavallerist " on the work of cavalry in the Spanish Civil War. In October, 1936, it is said, there were but six squadrons of Moorish cavalry with Franco. This was greatly increased as time went on, and is held to have exerted a decisive influence on Franco's success. General Niessel's recent article in the " Revue Militaire Générale " is quoted as supporting this view.



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RECENT PUBLICATIONS

" They Also Served." By Cecil Thomas. (Hurst & Blackett.) 8s. 6d.

This book tells of the experiences of a British private who, after being captured in the German attack on Vimy Ridge in May, 1916, spent the last two and a half years of the war as a prisoner in enemy hands. The narrative of his brief experience in the trenches, good and vivid as it is has, of course many a parallel in Great War literature; but though many an officer has told of his life in prisoner of war camps, this is almost, if not quite, the first book to give us the men's side of such life. It was indeed a hard and bitter time; shortage of food, bullying, ill-treatment, cold, and insufficient clothing—these were only a few of the privations that these unhappy men had to endure. But their courage and cheerfulness were no whit behind that of their officer comrades in misfortune, or of those who endured all the worst that war could do to them in the front line trenches. The resilience of their spirits was shown by their repeated and pertinacious attempts to escape, and by their pitiful yet heroic attempts to keep up some semblance of smartness and self-respect even under the most adverse conditions. Later in the war Mr. Thomas was sent for duty to one of the coal mines in the Ruhr, where a number of prisoners of war were employed under terrible conditions. Further attempts to escape, a series of strikes, and a mine disaster form the higher lights in a tale of weariness, woe, and despair that fills one with admiration for the courage and patience of those who endured all this, yet kept their hearts high. The story of what our "other ranks" prisoners of war had to suffer in Germany will no doubt be told again by others, but it will hardly be better or more worthily narrated than it has been in these pages. E.W.S.

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"I Helped To Build An Army." By Jose Martin Blasquez. (Secker & Warburg.) 15s.

Major Martin, one of the small band of army officers who remained loyal to the Government on the outbreak of the Civil War, here tells of the extraordinary feat of improvisation by which an army fit to contend with General Franco and his well-trained and well-armed legions was created from a raw and ill-equipped militia of peasants and artisans, whose only asset was their native courage and furious devotion to the cause for which they fought. For a full appreciation of the book there is needed perhaps a more detailed knowledge of the politics and personalities of Spain than most of us possess; but no reader can fail to be impressed with the manifold difficulties that had to be met and overcome, often on the spur of the moment and without due authority for action, with the self-sacrifice and devotion to the cause shown by all at any rate in the first critical weeks, and with the splendid results of the work so hastily yet well accomplished. Unhappily this sacred union of the first months soon gave place to jealousy, rivalry, and bickering for office and reward; and so miserable did the author find himself in this atmosphere of strife and selfishness, and so clearly did he foresee the ultimate disastrous end of it all, that he finally resigned his post at the War Ministry and sought exile in France. Though written before the final Republican collapse, this book forms a valuable source, though of necessity partial and personal only, for the chequered history of the Spanish Civil War, when the time comes for that history to be written. E.W.S.

"'The Next War' Series." "Gas in the Next War." By Major-General Sir H. Thuillier. "The Territorial in the Next War." By Brevet-Colonel W. E. Green, (Bles.) 5s. each.

These two latest additions to the "Next War" Series, edited by Captain Liddell Hart, are each valuable and instructive. General Thuillier, who was in charge of the gas services of the British Expeditionary Force from 1916 to 1918 is one of the recognised experts on the subject, while Colonel Green is a

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Territorial battalion commander of wide experience. What they have to say may therefore be regarded as authoritative.

Both books deal fully, but in popular and readable fashion with the early history of their respective subjects, which in the first case includes only the Great War, but in the second the whole story of the British civilian soldier from the middle ages to the present day. Then General Thuillier turns to discuss the value of gas as a weapon for use against armies in the field and against the populations of great cities; and the problem of protection against it. He shows by means of authoritative figures that the popular view of its peculiar cruelty is—at least where proper precautions have been taken against it—without foundation, and though in favour of its abolition, thinks that if it should be done away with at all, it will be by reason of its comparative ineffectiveness as a weapon in comparison to its complication and cost. His conclusions are summed up in his final words:—

"We may hope that gas may not be employed in the next war, but must be absolutely prepared for the probable contingency that it will. If it is, there will be no need to panic. Discipline, courage and well-conceived measures of defence will certainly prevent it from bringing about any decisive success or even any large measure of death or suffering."

Though portions of Colonel Green's book have been rendered somewhat out of date by the recent Government decisions to double the Territorial Army and to introduce conscription, the bulk of it retains all its high value. Of particular interest are his remarks on the necessity for the military authorities to understand and allow for the peculiar circumstances of the Territorial soldier as a man with his way to make and his niche to keep in civil life, and his discussion of the method by which in the event of a small war leading to the calling up of a portion of our second line army only, the best military value could be got out of it with the least hardship to the individual and the minimum of impairment to its *morale* and spirit of willing service. Not less important is his counsel to the Territorial Army itself to try and widen its appeal to all classes and all

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individuals rather than trust only to the restricted field from which it at present tends to draw the bulk of its recruits, and this counsel has been made more rather than less important now that its ranks are about to be largely filled by men compulsorily enrolled. The Territorial Army of the past has laboured under many cruel and crippling difficulties, over which it has splendidly triumphed. Other new problems now face it, which, if met, as they assuredly will be, in the same spirit of cheerful resource and courage, will also be overcome. E.W.S.

"Military Operations. France and Belgium. 1918. III." (Official History of the Great War.) (Macmillan.) 12s. 6d.

The period dealt with in this latest volume of the Official History is that from May to July, 1918—the interval between the cessation of the German April offensive in Flanders and the Allied counter offensive in August which decided the war in the West. So far as the British Expeditionary Force was concerned this was a quiet period, the only actual fighting of importance occurring on the Aisne at the end of May and in the French counter-attack on the Marne in the latter half of July. But it was a time of great importance for the Allied cause as a whole, for it saw the gradual acquirement of mastery over the new German offensive methods which had been so successful in the spring, and the conception and preparation of our own ripost which finally led to victory. The volume therefore is primarily a study in grand tactics and the art of inter-Allied command, and as such, full of valuable lessons for the future—perhaps, who knows, for an immediate future. The outstanding tactical lesson of the period is stated to be the unsuitability of rigid lines or rigid methods of defence, the high cost of unsuccessful attack, and the necessity for sustained effort if attacks are to be pushed through to victory. Such sustained effort, however, was by the end of the period beyond the power of the German army, which had undergone cruel material casualties, was beginning to suffer from declining morale, and knew the home front behind it to be losing heart and faith in ultimate victory. The signs

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of impending collapse were already showing themselves, and the time was at hand when the Allies could seize the initiative and complete the process of disintegration. The story of these important three months is here told in detail, and the standard of the volume is fully on a level with the high one set by its predecessors. E.W.S.

"The Ninth Queen's Royal Lancers. 1715—1936." By Major E. W. Sheppard, O.B.E., M.C. p.s.c. (Gale & Polden, Ltd., 1939.)

In his foreword to this history Brigadier-General D. J. E. Beale-Browne, the Colonel of the Regiment, claims that the Ninth Lancers, past, present and future, owe a deep debt of gratitude to the author for producing this book. The general reading-public should also be grateful for this first-rate work which includes, besides the story of the Ninth, much contemporary history, military and political, to make a background for the picture.

For almost the first one hundred years of its existence there was little of war or of glory for the Ninth: raised in 1715, by 1809 it had taken part in the suppression of two rebellions and in two fiascos. After "the '15" it was sent to Ireland where it remained for some eighty years, returning to England after "'98," and subsequently went to South America as part of the redoubtable Robert Craufurd's command under the unhappy Whitelocke; the Walcheren disaster followed.

The Peninsular War gave the regiment its first real opportunity on active service and thereafter the First and Second Sikh Wars, the Mutiny, the Second Afghan and the South African Wars provided fighting enough for successive generations.

Naturally the Great War is fully dealt with although most of the hard fighting and heavy casualties occurred, as was inevitable, dismounted, including that of May 24th, 1915, the regiment's "greatest day of glory and sorrow of the whole war."

It is disappointing that the action at Moncel, in September, 1914, one of the few mounted engagements on the Western

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Front and the last to be fought by the Ninth on horses, is not more fully described.

The writer has told the story of this noble regiment without fear, favour or affection, which is how such a story should be told; incidents, fortunate and unfortunate, are the lot of every regiment and, for the true enlightenment of posterity, all should be recorded.

In this work the Ninth Lancers have got a first-class history of which the interest is enhanced by many illustrations, both in colour and monochrome, and full appendices; amongst the latter, naturally enough, are details of the regiment's well-known achievements in the direction of sport. One small criticism is that the author might have been more careful in verifying dates; the Indian Mutiny did not begin on May 9th and the withdrawal to the Frezenberg line did not take place on May 1st.

W.W.S.

"On Active Service." By Brigadier-General W. Seymour. (Bell.) 12s. 6d.

This fascinating little volume comprises a series of personal accounts of officers, men and women, who took part in the various campaigns of the British Army from the beginning of its history under Charles II to the time when its members ceased to wear scarlet, green, and blue, and garbed themselves uniformly in the drab khaki of modern days. The full account of the operations around Tangier, which opens the book, will have the merit of novelty for most readers, as will the narrative of "Dutch William's" campaigns in the Low Countries, during the war of the League of Augsburg. From then on we are on more familiar ground; Marlborough's wars; the Peninsula; Waterloo; Afghanistan; the Punjab; the Red River; Ashanti; the Soudan; and there, with the death of Gordon, the story somewhat abruptly ends. The author's method is to give copious extracts from his eye-witnesses, strung together on a brief but helpful connected narrative. Some of them, such as Rifleman Harris, Surtees, Tompkinson, and Harry Smith are well-known enough; others such as Kane (Marlborough's wars), Hough (Afghan-

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istan), Brackenbury (Ashanti war), and Wilson (Gordon Relief Expedition) are less easily come by, and the revival of their stories is timely and welcome. A number of useful sketch maps illustrate an admirable little work, which to the author has obviously been a labour of love, and which it is to be hoped will find a wide circle of readers. E.W.S.

"The Second Plan." By Charles Graham Hope (Anthony Pelham). (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Captain Hope who joined the Indian Cavalry in 1920 and spent many years in various parts of India has already published two novels under the name of Anthony Pelham. The Second Plan is a real thriller and although it must be mostly a product of the author's imagination, his great knowledge of India and the Indian natives gives it a great sense of reality. One feels, however, that the hero, despite his many hairbreadth escapes, must come through safely in the end as only under these circumstances could the book have been written. It is a very good story. T.T.P.

"Forty Days in 1914." By Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, K.C.M.G., C.B. (London, Constable & Co.) 10s.

Now that a quarter of a century has passed since the events of 1914 took place, we can begin to look at history in its true perspective. During these years all the best brains have been at work, many previously unknown facts have come to light, some only recently, and General Maurice has left no stone unturned to unravel the mystery of the great retreat and the sudden turning of the tables when things were at their blackest from the allied point of view. This is not a treatise on what the leaders might have done had they known what is now common knowledge, their actions are not criticised. The author has tried to put himself in their place, with the knowledge which they actually had at the time and the whole of this short book is terribly interesting especially to those who took part in movements for which they did not at the time know the reason. Sir Frederick Maurice's

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appreciation of the work done by the British cavalry will be most gratifying to cavalry readers. T.T.P.

" The Story of the Imperial Light Horse." By George Fleming Gibson. (G. D. & Co.) Price 12s. 6d. Postage 6d.

This book is obtainable from Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.

This is a long book with a stirring account of the Imperial Light Horse in the South African War, 1899-1902.

The author has gone to great trouble to give the reader a detailed story of the raising of this famous cavalry regiment at Pietermaritzburg in October, 1899, and its brilliant exploits right through that campaign.

In less than two months from the commencement of recruiting the Imperial Light Horse received its first baptism of fire at Elandslaagte, where it displayed the spirit that carried it through three-and-a-half years of fighting and great hardships. This is not so remarkable when it is realized that 45 per cent. of the men were South African born. The remainder hailed from England, Australia, New Zealand and Canada.

After Elandslaagte they took part in the fighting at Nicholson's Nek before being besieged in Ladysmith. The night Sortie on Gun Hill, by a detachment of the regiment—one of the many actions undertaken by the beleaguered garrison—is an example of a successful night operation.

"A" Squadron was detached from the unit and thus escaped being shut up in Ladysmith. It formed part of a composite regiment in a force commanded by Major-General Lord Dundonald and before relieving their comrades they were present at the battles of Colenso and Spion Kop. After the relief the regiment joined the Mafeking Relief Force commanded by Colonel Brian Mahon.

Thereafter they took part in numerous engagements in the Northern and Western Transvaal and the operations in the Orange Free State.

It is interesting to read of the early war training received by many of our Great War commanders who were attached to the regiment, including Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Briggs,

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K.C.M.G., Commander of the 16th Corps in the Great War and later the British Force in Salonika, also of Lieutenant-General Sir Tom Bridges, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., LL.D., the famous Commander of the 19th Division. The author, who was the Regimental Intelligence Officer, has compiled with great care a comprehensive account of a famous Colonial cavalry regiment which is a valuable addition to the history of the War in South Africa.

The book contains many excellent photographs and maps.

S.J.P.

"Official History of the Great War: France and Belgium, 1916." II. (Macmillan.) Text 12s. 6d.; Maps 10s.

This volume, written by Captain Miles under the direction of Brigadier-General Sir James Edmonds, carries the story of the battle of the Somme to its end in November, 1916. The first part of the story, the plans and preparations for the battle and its first day, was narrated in fuller detail than has proved possible here; but the thread of the general narrative is well maintained, and the operations of special importance have been given the fullest attention permitted by the scale and space at the author's disposal. The attempts to exploit success in the days following July 1st, the dawn attack on July 14th, the mid-September offensive, the first appearance of the tanks at Flers, and the final attack on the Ancre—these are the high-lights of the story; the rest has been ruthlessly but not unduly compressed. The general view of the whole battle is that it laid the foundations of the final Allied victory in 1918; that contrary to the widely expressed ideas of such authoritative writers as Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George, it cost the Germans appreciably more in casualties than it did the Allies; that it inflicted on the former material and moral damage from which they never fully recovered; and that our loss of life, heavy as it was, reaped by no means inadequate results. The succinct yet clear story of the operations, the valuable lessons to be deduced from them, and the full and well-drawn equipment of maps, for which, as in previous volumes, Major Becke has been responsible,

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keep the present volume well up to the high standard of those which have preceded it. So the great work which General Edmonds and his able staff—among whom, it is sad to note, death is already beginning to take toll—embarked upon nearly twenty years ago, moves steadily and surely towards its close. One cannot in these days help wondering whether another and greater Great War may not come to interrupt its progress before its appointed end is reached? E.W.S.

"Views on Air Defence." By Lieutenant-General N. N. Golovine. (Gale & Polden.) 5s.

Lieutenant-General Golovine and his technical collaborator, who three years ago published a valuable and thought-provoking little book on "Air Strategy" have now taken up the question of air defence. Contrary to the views of the continental experts Douhet and Rougeron, who maintain that active air defence must take the form of retaliatory attack, the authors aver that the attackers can and must be met in the air and further raids prevented by inflicting on them severe losses in machines and breaking the morale of their crews. They discuss the machines and equipment and tactics required to enable these ends to be fulfilled, advocating a co-ordination of specialized ground observation and aerial patrol to give early warning of attack, and a combination of "destroyer" aircraft to attack the raiding bombers from the rear, and of "interceptors" heading them off in front. The application of this doctrine to British needs is given in the latter part of the book; the conclusions and recommendations are too long and detailed to analyse briefly, but the gist of them is that not only are the principles of air defence devised and adopted by us in the Great War still valid to-day, but that the most recent developments have made it possible greatly to improve the effectiveness of their application. Fully adequate protection can be achieved, according to the authors, but only by the combined action of fighter aircraft and A.A. defence, and on these, rather than on purely passive air raid precautions, we should be wise to turn our main attention and place our main reliance for safety. E.W.S.

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" Horses and Soldiers." A Review.

I have recently obtained a copy of a fine collection of pictures by the late Gilbert Holiday in book form. The subjects are embraced by the title.

While I do not think that any words of mine can increase the popularity of the artist or of the book—I feel that I can and should be of service to cavalrymen in drawing their attention to a memento of the past which should surely not be missed.

The book is very well got up and consists of some 80 pictures of army life in the days of the horse. Horses at work, horses at play—pageantry, ceremonial and sport, it leaves no corner of our memory undisturbed. Many of the plates are in colour, and the cavalry and the R.H.A. share the leading interest in the subjects, while the " Gunner " propensities of the artist are not difficult to detect.

The book has been produced by private endeavour as a memorial to the Army Horse and I think that it will be a reminder to us all our lives of the best days of our soldiering.

The book can be obtained for the sum of £1 1s. It is a privately subscribed edition and is published for subscribers at this low price by Messrs. Gale & Polden of Aldershot, Hants., out of deference to the late artist. Orders should be sent to Messrs. Gale & Polden who, on receipt of adequate response (100 or more), are prepared to publish a second edition.

C.W.M.N.

"Stories of the Saddle." By C. R. Acton. (" Sydney The Standard " of " Horse and Hound.") Illustrated by Maurice Tulloch. (Country Life.) 5s.

This pleasantly written book consists of five stories about ponies and horses. It can be described as an earnest plea for two important needs for happiness to horse and rider, the amelioration of grievances crying out for redress—the care of worn-out horses, and a fuller understanding of equitation, horsemastership and hunting.

In the first story we read of the youngster's 14.3 pony losing its mouth and becoming too hot for its rider. Realizing his

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shortcomings the lad takes some lessons from a friend and becomes " a most sympathetic rider and horse master." This is all to the good and has moreover a well-pointed moral. This chapter also contains an instructive treatise on Stag hunting.

Story number two is about a polo pony, but as the pre-war type of pony as well as the pre-war game are discussed, this story loses some of its point.

" Boy Jim," the hunter and hero of the third story I am glad to say was a thoroughbred. In this chapter the education of the hunter and his care in the stable are dealt with very fully.

The fourth story is of a racehorse with an instructive treatise on his management from birth through his successful racing career, to an honoured old age.

The fifth story is of a charger, of his military life in peace and war and on a troopship, till finally we read of his rescue from the fate of so many worn-out horses and of a comfortable old age.

The author claims that all the stories are " founded on fact " in which category we must, one supposes, include the feat of jumping a dining table from and on to a slippery polished floor.

The author should know that sore shins is not a disease of the feet, that the curry-comb is not used on a horse's coat and that riding gear is " saddlery " and not " harness."

The eight illustrations by Maurice Tulloch are drawn in this well-known artist's delightful and inimitable manner. Altogether it is an exceedingly useful book to young and old alike and should have a large public. S.G.G.

" Equitation." By Henry Wynmalen. (London : Country Life, Ltd. ; New York : Charles Scribner's Sons.)

It is difficult to imagine a subject with a wider, more sympathetic and more instantaneous appeal to the average human being than that chosen by Mr. Wynmalen.

In almost every country the horse has been the medium of particular love and veneration for all classes from ancient times, and although, temporarily at least, eclipsed as a martial and commercial factor by the use of mechanical power, his

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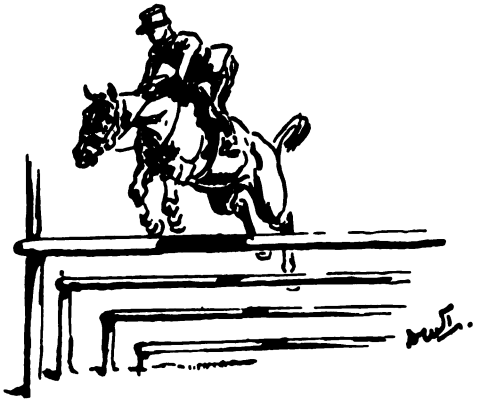
ultimate extinction as an animal useful to mankind is too depressing to contemplate with equanimity.

As to the rider, what a multitude of thrills, what a satisfaction of primitive instincts, what a discovery of weakness and strength in mind and body, what a tempering of fear and courage, hesitation and resolution, distressing impotence and delightful accomplishment—in short, what a world of novel experience and means of self-expression is revealed to him or her who perseveres in the mastery of this art, of which the author is so profound and explicit an exponent.

As an humble admirer of his aims in producing this fascinating volume it is impossible to criticize his methods of setting out the subject-matter or the clarity with which he enunciates his ideas: the general impression conveyed by reading the book is that the "Art of Riding" is now simply demonstrated and explained by a master, proficient in the finest details.

Among the numerous excellent photographs, Mr. Wynmalen includes one, opposite page 103, which displays the rider taking a stiff jump, as he notes, somewhat imperfectly; it appears that the horseman in this case is himself, so that it is an illustrative example of his obvious enthusiasm, modesty and engaging humanity.

Surely the horse shall have no qualms as to his future existence so long as we are happy to contribute in some way towards it and a ready means, as well as an adequate, and, I think, a generous return for a small investment is offered to the buyer of this book. G.W.O'B.



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SPORTING NEWS

THE INDIAN INTER-REGIMENTAL TOURNAMENT

THIS tournament was started at Meerut on 8th March. Owing to abnormally heavy rain it had been postponed from the original date, 27th February. Fortunately no teams were compelled to scratch, but one or two teams lost the services of a player. The C.I.H. were particularly unfortunate in that Major R. George, who had arrived from Kathiawar States for the original date, could not manage a second period away from duty.

The entry of only eight teams was a little disappointing, in view of the trouble which is taken to keep several grounds in first-class order at Meerut. Four of the teams were stationed in Meerut, three came from the extreme north, and the P.A.V.O. from the extreme south.

A very welcome innovation was provided by the entry of a R.A. side, who went very well indeed in the first round in spite of having to surmount considerable difficulties as to ponies, collection of players, and so on. It is to be hoped that theirs will be an annual entry after such a good start.

The general standard of play was not so high as some years ago. Apart from the lack of spare time in these days, this was largely accounted for by the fact that only the 18th Cavalry and the two British Cavalry Regiments had been able to practise together consistently. All the other teams were made up of players from one or more stations, who only met for the tournament.

By contrast, the standard of ponies was well up to average, the 17/21st Lancers' large string, mostly composed of English ponies, being outstanding. In the final, however, the P.A.V.O. ponies were little, if any, inferior to them.

Another welcome feature was the high standard of umpiring, which was most noticeable throughout the tournament. The strict interpretation of the intimidation rule has led to faster and cleaner polo in Meerut as elsewhere.

The winners are to be congratulated on a great effort, in spite of almost overwhelming obstacles in the way of distance, expense, etc.

At the same time everyone sympathises with the 17/21st Lancers who, had they won, must have had a good chance of winning both the Indian and the Home Inter-Regimentals at successive attempts. The immense amount of work which this Regiment has put in at polo while they have been in India is known to everyone. Meerut and Indian polo generally will miss them next year.

The opening day's play was spoilt by a serious accident to Major H. D. Tucker, of the 8th Cavalry, whose horse came down at full speed, throwing him on to his head. Tucker received serious head injuries, but after several very anxious days of unconsciousness was reported to be recovering slowly.

Details of Play

Four matches were played in the first round on 8th March. In the first match on the tournament ground, the P.A.V.O. Cavalry beat the 18th K.E.O. Cavalry by seven goals to one.

This was a good open game, played at a fast pace on a good ground. Up to half-time (3—1), though the P.A.V.O. were definitely on top, the game was very level ; but in the second half the 18th appeared short of ponies, and the P.A.V.O. ran out easy winners.

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The corresponding match on the Railway Ground was between the Guides Cavalry and the Royal Artillery. This proved a most exciting game. The Guides were confidently expected to win, and at half-time were leading by four goals to one. After that, however, such a change came over the game that the last chukker was started with the Gunners leading by six goals to four. This was due to really good play by the team, grandly led by Fowler. The Guides may, however, have been saving ponies, for they came again in the sixth chukker and scored three goals to win the match. For the losers Fowler was outstanding, while Roffey did a great deal of work for the winners.

The second match on the tournament ground was that between the 16/5th Lancers and the 8th K.G.V.O. Light Cavalry.

This game was spoilt by the unfortunate accident already referred to, which happened after only three minutes' play. The 8th Cavalry took some time to re-organise their team, and to get going, and at half-time the score was 4—1, in favour of the 16/5th. After the interval the 8th had rather the better of the game, and the last chukker started with the 16th/5th leading 4—3. Final score, 6—4.

At the same time as the above game the C.I.H. met the 17/21st Lancers on the Railway Ground. The first three chukkers of this game were excellent, with nothing in it. Dalrymple-Hay, for the C.I.H., was in something like his old form, and stood out, while Ridley, though not in his normal position, played well in front of him. The 17/21st team played well, both individually and as a team. After the interval, when the C.I.H. were definitely out-ponied, the 17/21st were all over them, and showed fine form, Hamilton-Russell being most conspicuous. The final score was 11—3.

Semi-Final Round

This was played on Friday, 10th March. In the first game the 17/21st Lancers beat the Guides Cavalry, 10 goals to 4. This was a very good open game, though a good deal of missing took place in the last two chukkers. Up to half-time there was nothing in it, though the 17/21st were definitely on top. Plunket, the Guides No. 3, had very much an off day, but the remainder were playing at the top of their form. After the interval the 17/21st drew away to win comfortably, though the Guides Cavalry kept up a good pace on tired ponies to the end. Walford, as always, was a tower of strength at back, and always seemed to be available to cover any mistake made by one of his team. The fourth chukker was enlivened by a very nice little "rally" when the ball was "volleyed" several times before touching the ground.

In the other semi-final the P.A.V.O. Cavalry outplayed the 16/5th Lancers, and won easily, saving ponies for the final. The Lancers, who are new to India, have a few very good ponies, Gill in particular being well mounted, but they have naturally been unable yet to mount themselves adequately for six chukkers on first-class ponies. They are obviously a side which will improve, and have had a most successful handicap season. The P.A.V.O. showed a great improvement on their Wednesday's form and played really good aggressive polo. Their ponies were fast and well-schooled, with the result that Hanmer and Sanger were usually able to ignore the efforts of the opposing forwards to mark them. Bols was very quick at one, while Gill got through an immense amount of work for the losers. Final score, 10—2.

The fact that the P.A.V.O. ponies were not really "galloped into the ground" in this game, as also the unfortunate blow on the knee which Hamilton-Russell received in the other semi-final, must have operated slightly

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in favour of the P.A.V.O. in the final. Four or five lame ponies are a great handicap to a visiting team, whereas the home team can always produce something or other, perhaps not much worse than the casualties.

The Final was played on the Ludovic Ground on Monday, 13th March. The ground was excellent, but a little soft and cut up slightly. This was a grand game for spectators, and, one imagines, a grand game to play in. The stick work was perhaps not so good as in some of the great finals of ten years or so ago, but no game could have been closer. The P.A.V.O. won by 3—2 by the last stroke of the game, the halt sounding as the teams cantered back to the centre.

From the start the P.A.V.O. were into their strides at once, and pressed hard the whole of the first chukker. They were the first to score, and were unlucky not to have a second goal to their credit. The goal was actually scored, but the umpire's whistle had gone, and the free hit was saved. The 17/21st, who were strong favourites, were never allowed to get really going. Chief credit for this must go to the P.A.V.O. Colonel, happily recovered from the lumbago which had tamed him in the earlier rounds. Playing at No. 2, he kept up such a pace and pressure on the Lancers No. 3, that Walford at back found himself entirely confined to defence. Man for man the P.A.V.O. were noticeably longer hitters than the 17/21st, for whom Walford played one of his finest games. Had it not been for him, the P.A.V.O. must have had a substantial lead by half-time.

Actually, however, the 17/21st were leading by 2—1 at half-time, and most spectators expected them to go ahead after the interval, as they had in the two earlier rounds. They could not do so, however, and the P.A.V.O. secured the equalising goal at the end of the 5th chukker from a free hit.

Both teams came out for the last chukker determined to score, with the usual result, that a large number of easy shots were missed due to pressing. Some of these successive "air-shots" seemed ludicrous to the spectators, but they served to emphasize the keenness of both sides, and the pace of the game. Bols finally scored the winning goal, not by any means the first chance available to either side.

JUMPING ABROAD

For the first time since 1927 a British Army Jumping Team left England in April to compete in the horse shows at Nice and Rome. This was made possible by the kindness of the directors of the International Horse Show, London, who paid all the expenses incurred. Many difficulties had to be overcome before horses and officers could be collected at Weedon at the beginning of March for schooling. As there was a lot of wet weather at this time and as all the officers had their own regimental work to do as well, the horses were far from being sufficiently schooled by the time they had to leave England on 6th April. Lieutenant S. M. R. Jenkins, 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards, travelled with the horses, who were in the charge of Mr. Ludford, an ex-battery sergeant-major in the Royal Horse Artillery, who is now on the civilian staff at Weedon.

The officers and horses finally chosen for the team were :—

Major R. B. Sheppard, 7th Hussars, who rode Blue Steel and Reflection.

Major J. C. Friedberger, Royal Horse Artillery, who rode Maguire and Rodeo.

Major M. P. Ansell, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, who rode Teddy and Shannon Priest.

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Lieutenant S. M. R. Jenkins, 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards, who rode Susan and Cheddar.

Of these horses Blue Steel, Reflection, Rodeo and Cheddar are on the strength of the Equitation School; Maguire comes from the Riding Establishment at Woolwich; and Teddy, Shannon Priest and Susan are regimental chargers.

Captain W. F. Butler, 13th/18th Hussars, who broke a collar-bone jumping at Islington earlier in the year, went to Nice with the team but did not go on to Rome as all the riders were still intact!

Brigadier-General T. H. S. Marchant, D.S.O., a director of the International Horse Show, without whose continued efforts the visit would never have come about, journeyed with the team to Nice and Rome, and was accompanied by his wife: his support and assistance were invaluable.

A horse show receives much more prominence abroad than in England, and both at Nice and Rome show jumping alone was done, never more than two competitions being held each day. In Nice these were exclusively for serving officers, a team of four officers competing from nine different countries; while in Rome some of the competitions were open also to civilians, and there was no limit to the number of officers or horses. The following countries competed at Nice: France, Belgium, Great Britain, Ireland, Latvia, Poland, Portugal, Roumania and Turkey; in Rome: France, Ireland and Latvia were not competing, but the addition of teams from Italy and Germany gave a total there of eight.

Show jumping on the continent is very different from that seen in England, the fences being higher, broader and more varied. A competition will consist of from fourteen to twenty-two obstacles, often with at least one bank and always with one or more double and treble jumps. The distance between the fences of these jumps varied from 7.80 to 9 metres for the former and from 11 to 12 metres for the latter. No two competitions were the same, either in the order of jumps or the shape of the course, and distances varied between 700 and 1,100 metres. Horsemanship would be tested by an upright fence being placed a few strides before or after the water-jump or bank, and, particularly in Rome, by alternating spreads and upright fences in the double and treble obstacles.

Time was an important factor in nearly all competitions in both countries, and an automatic timing device was used to check each competitor. A limit of from 300 to 440 metres a minute was always set and a penalty of ¼ mark was given for each second overtime. In some competitions the final results for all placings were judged on points and time, in some time did not count until the run-off or "barrage," and in others time alone counted, fifteen seconds being given in lieu of faults for every fence knocked down. For the English team the time factor was a difficulty which had to be overcome, and by the end of the trip all the horses were jumping very much faster than had previously been necessary for them. There was also a competition called a "Puissance," which consisted of six or seven fairly large fences with a generous time limit which did not count as long as the competitor stayed within it. All the clear rounds had to jump off until a decision was reached, the fences being reduced one in number for each

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barrage and the remainder being made higher each time. In the last competition of this kind in Rome, Major Sheppard, riding Reflection, survived until the third jump off, and in the next and final round when only two horses and three fences were left, the triple bars and a post and rail fence reached a height of 6 ft. 2 ins.

In both countries a great deal of time and trouble is taken over the lay-out of the course and the preparation of the fences. In Nice the Concours was held on a delightful ground by the sea, and the whole scene was made gay by masses of multi-coloured cinerarias in pots, which sometimes served the dual purpose of fence and decoration: on the last afternoon, for instance, one obstacle consisted largely of a mass of these flowers. Here the fences though big were generally designed with a good ground line, which brought the horses nicely into them. In Rome the "Concorso Ippico" took place in the Piazza di Sienna in the beautiful Borghese Gardens, and the lovely old trees in the surrounding park and gardens provided an unusually peaceful setting. As at Nice, the going was soft and rather sandy, but frequent rain made it heavy at times.

When the horses first arrived in Nice it took them some days to get acclimatized to their new surroundings and the different conditions, but even on the first day, when 80 horses started, Blue Steel was placed 7th on time with a clear round, and Teddy was fifteenth. It was cheering to see the horses improving daily, and each afternoon at least one horse was always "in the money." Maguire jumped a clear round in the big individual contest (La Coupe), and was placed fourth on time, the winner being Limerick Lace (Ireland) ; Teddy had only four faults in this competition. On the following afternoon Cheddar won the "Prix de la Cavalerie Suisse," a competition in which time did not count. She did one of five clear rounds, and in the barrage she was the only horse who did not knock down more than one fence, and was therefore awarded the cup.

The most important competition of the week was for the "Coupe du Ministère des Affaires Etrangères," and this was held on the last day, Sunday, 23rd April. Each team entered four horses, who had to jump twice, only the best three results in each team to count. Reflection, Maguire, Teddy and Cheddar jumped for Great Britain, and after the first round France led with 12 faults, Great Britain being third with 20. Each round was counted separately, and in the second Great Britain came first with 16 faults and France second with a total of 24 (the French horses were Honduras, Cambronne and Idylle). Under the rules of international jumping at Nice it was necessary for these two countries to jump off for the cup, and this final course consisted of six fences, the last a wide water jump of over 16 ft. Amid intense excitement the crowd witnessed a perfect display of jumping, every horse competing the course without fault with the exception of Maguire, who dropped one leg into the water. Teddy received a cup for the best two individual rounds of the afternoon, with a total of only four faults (this horse jumped very well throughout the week and was the most consistent of the team at this show). Each officer competing in this "Coupe des Nations" was given a small leather whip as a souvenir.

A great deal of entertaining was done for the teams at Nice, and as there were two free days during the show it was possible to drive to several of the neighbouring places of interest and to enjoy the wonderful scenery : the weather was good almost all the time.

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The Rome show did not start until Sunday, 30th April, and the English team much appreciated the quiet week in between. Major and Mrs. Ansell and Lieutenant Jenkins made an interesting trip down by car, while Major Sheppard and Major Friedberger and their wives travelled by train and arrived in Rome on the Wednesday evening before the show commenced. Their horses, travelling in a special train with all the others who went on to Rome from Nice, arrived before them and were met by Colonel Brocas Burrows, the military attaché at the British Embassy. They were accommodated in the lines of the Genoa Cavalry, whose officers and men gave them a great welcome and showed them and the grooms remarkable kindness throughout their stay. A special cook had been detailed for the grooms and their quarters were lavishly decorated with union jacks and Italian flags. The horses had fallen away a bit on the journey but were otherwise fit and sound : the air in Rome was very humid when they first arrived and the sirocco was blowing. However, they acclimatized themselves quite quickly, and on the first afternoon of the show Maguire was second in a competition for horses who had not jumped there the previous year, Reflection being sixth and Rodeo eighth.

Italy won the "Coppa d'Oro Mussolini," the big team event of the show, and Germany were the runners-up. Il Duce was present that afternoon, and after giving away his cup he presented personally a silver medal to each competitor. On the following afternoon Reflection was placed third in the "Premio Campidoglio," a "puissance" competition. Various prizes were won by the team during the week, and on the last afternoon, Sunday 7th May, the twenty-five best horses in the show, including Reflection and Maguire, were eligible to enter for the King's Cup. The King of Italy was present to witness this event. Maguire, jumping sixteenth, scored the first clear round and received a great ovation from the large crowd. Two rounds later an aged Italian horse, who was an universal favourite, Nasello Italico, ridden by Magg. Filipponi, also did a clear round, and it was an exciting moment for the spectators when the board showed that he had beaten Maguire by one-fifth of a second. As there were no other clear rounds he was the winner, and Major Friedberger also received a cup from the King for being the runner-up.

The English team were extremely sorry when the time came for them to leave Rome. During their fortnight's stay in that beautiful and most interesting city they had made many friends and been most hospitably welcomed and entertained. They were overwhelmed by the warmth of the reception given them in France and Italy, and this made them feel that, in spite of their lack of preparation and training, their mission had been entirely successful in both countries. They brought back with them not only a memory of the strength of their welcome, but also a most vivid impression of the efficient technique by which foreign teams are schooled and their horses prepared for the exacting events of the Concours. To ride a horse successfully over a score of variegated obstacles in 140 seconds, the distance being over 1,000 metres and the height of the fences seldom less than 5 ft., requires a perfection of schooling which can only be reached under conditions which do not obtain in this country.

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INDIAN OFFICER, THE VICEROY'S BODY-GUARD

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THE

CAVALRY JOURNAL

HORSED AND MECHANIZED

OCTOBER, 1939

EDITORIAL

It is hoped to publish the January number of The Cavalry Journal, although the Editor is also otherwise engaged. Rather than articles about "The Cavalry of Frederick the Great" at this time, "Trout Fishing in Kashmir" will probably appeal more to most readers. This Editorial is being written as the declaration of war is announced at 11 a.m., 3–9–39.

The last guns sounded in the last war at 11 a.m., 11–11–18. Right must in the end prevail.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editor, The Cavalry Journal.

Dear Sir,—In the July number of The Cavalry Journal Lieutenant-Colonel E. Ryan confirms a mistake in my communication regarding the former Hanoverian Cavalry Regiments.

I regret that there must have been either a written or printed mistake in the second sentence of my letter, dated January 23rd, mentioning the 13th Hussar Regiment, since the "Kurhes-

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sisches" Regiment was quite out of the question. Again, "Barossa" is mentioned concerning the 15th Hussar Regiment. Dragoons and Lancers had the names of the battles on a band of the Eaglehelmet; on the other hand the Hussars on a motto band on the fur cap, on which there was no eagle. The band of the Eaglehelmet of the 2nd Hanoverian Dragoon Regiment, Number 16, bore the word "Waterloo." The original cadre of the Regiment was founded on March 24th, 1813, by Albrecht von Estorff, one of the former officers of the British-German Legion, with English regimental badges, as a Hussar Regiment, and was accepted by the Hanoverian Military Service in 1814. Soon after the accession of King Ernst August it was transformed into a Dragoon Regiment, and received in 1838 the name "Kronprinz-Dragoner."

The derivation of both Hanoverian Dragoon Regiments (CAVALRY JOURNAL, p. 181) is hence the following:—

Dragoon-Regiment King Charles of Rumania (1. Hanoverian) Nr. 9.

Descended from 1866 Duke of Cambridge's Dragoons.

2nd Hanoverian Dragoon-Regiment Nr. 16.

Descended from 1866 Crown Prince Dragoons.

The 1st Battalion of the Regiment did not belong to the King's German Legion.

Yours faithfully,

JANSSEN,
Major-General.

THE EDITOR, THE CAVALRY JOURNAL.

Sir,—I have read with great interest Invicta's article "Cavalry Pipers and their Regiments," but would point out that he is wrong in stating that two regiments of Scottish Horse "took part in the last desperate effort to capture Scimitar Hill."

About 6 p.m. on August 21st, 1915, the 2nd Mounted Brigade (Berks, Bucks and Dorset Yeomanries) led by Brigadier-General the Earl of Longford, K.P., M.V.O., in person, stormed and captured the crest of Scimitar Hill, but

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they were driven off the top by enfilade fire after extremely heavy losses; Lord Longford and his staff were all killed.

This was the last attempt to capture the hill, *vide* Military Operations, Gallipoli, Vol. II. The Scottish Horse Brigade did not arrive on the Peninsula until September, and therefore, with five other Yeomanry Brigades, only received the Battle Honour: "Gallipoli, 1915." The twelve units which constituted the 2nd Mounted Division (*vide* CAVALRY JOURNAL, Vol. XXIV, pages 586 and 597), with the Herts and Westminsters attached, were the *only* Yeomanry regiments to win the Battle Honours: "Suvla," "Scimitar Hill," in addition to "Gallipoli, 1915."

Yours faithfully,
OSKAR TEICHMAN.

ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION

The Members' side of the Royal United Service Institution is open as usual and the Journal will continue to be published and distributed. The Lecture Theatre can be made available for Service meetings on due notice being given to the Secretary.

The Royal United Service Museum is closed for the duration of the war.

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INDIA'S HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY
"THE BODY-GUARDS"

By "INVICTA"

THE Body-Guards of India are now the only bodies of select cavalry maintained in the armies of the Commonwealth for the purpose of escorting and guarding the person and establishments of the personal representatives of the King. The three Governors of the old Presidencies—Madras, Bombay, and Bengal—each have such units as part of their household establishments, the other Governors having to be content with escorts from Indian cavalry on occasions of state. Above all, the Viceroy and Governor-General has his own separate corps, which has enjoyed an unbroken existence for nearly 170 years and which are household troops of picked men in every sense of those words.

The first body-guard raised in India was composed of Europeans recruited in 1762 from the East India Company's Infantry. There being no cavalry then with the army, two troops of Dragoons and one of Hussars were formed, the latter becoming the personal guard of the Governor.

Great difficulty appears to have been experienced in procuring suitable horses, while the men having been trained to fight on foot, did not take kindly to an equestrian career. The troops were perfectly useless cavalry, as well as being very expensive; in consequence their disbandment was ordered, one troop of sixty alone being retained for the duties of reconnaissance and patrol, in addition to providing the necessary escorts for the head of the Company's government.

Clive, on his return in 1765, re-organized the army, with the result that the European troop of horse was further reduced to one subaltern and twenty-four other ranks, purely for the

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personal use of the head of the Presidency. All the three Hindustani cavalry regiments were similarly treated and by the end of 1772 no mounted force remained in the Army of Bengal.

The depredations of the Senaissies—bandits who, in the garb of gipsies or religious mendicants, roamed the then North-West Frontier, plundering and destroying—led Warren Hastings, when in Benares in 1773, to raise, in conjunction with Raja Cheyt Singh, a body of Indian horse for the purpose of keeping the raiders in check. Of this unit, fifty were to be used by Hastings as his personal guard in peace and to accompany the Commander-in-Chief when campaigning.

The records show that Hastings advised the Court of Directors he desired in no way to be ostentatious but he considered a guard necessary for the dignity and safety of the Governor, as during his journey from Calcutta to Benares not more than eight horsemen could be raised to escort him.

As a result of Hastings's decisions, in September, 1773, the present Governor-General's Body-Guard came into being. The first commandant was one Captain Sweeny Toone, whose successful leading of the new corps in the guerrilla operations against the Senaissies resulted in the raiders being driven from the Company's territory and the cessation of their depredations for many years.

Under Toone, the Body-Guard saw service in the Rohilla War (1774), but it is not definite as to whether they were present at the then much-talked-of battle of St. George, so called because it was fought on 23rd April, St. George's Day.

The official designation of the Corps at this time was "The Governor's Troop of Moghuls," Hastings then being merely Governor of Bengal, the title "Governor-General" not being conferred until the 20th October, 1774. Subsequent titles during the first decade were "The Troop of Body-Guards," "The Troop of Horse Guards," "The Troop of Black Cavalry," "The Body Troop," and lastly, "The Governor-General's Body-Guard," by which title it now takes its place in the Army List as the senior corps of the Indian Army. The title was, curiously

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never officially conferred, and the corps to-day is more often than not authoritatively styled "The Viceroy's Body-Guard."

The Corps was the only mounted unit of the Bengal forces until 1777, when two regiments of cavalry raised in the preceding year by the Nawab of Oudh passed into the "John Company's" service—neither of these units survive to-day.

In January, 1777, Toone, on proceeding to furlough, was succeeded by a Captain Briscoe, a nominee of Hastings. Briscoe being an infantryman, great concern was shown by the General Clavering who could not reconcile himself to the idea of a select body of cavalry being commanded by such a person of little consequence as an infantry officer; the polite, but corrosive, minutes upon the subject make amusing reading to-day. Hastings, of course, won; but Briscoe had to give up the command in the following April for, having been promoted Major in the February, the Honourable Directors decided that his appointment to the Body-Guard was incompatible with field officer's rank.

The internal economy of the Corps must have been somewhat loose at this time, for we find entries in December, 1784, to the effect that the pay of "The Governor-General's Detachment" was Rs. 42,000 in arrear (the trooper's pay was then Rs. 10 per mensum, Captain Rs. 124, Subaltern Rs. 62). Toone also appears to have been a careless book-keeper, for, on his return to India, he was presented with a bill for Rs. 18,190 by the Military Paymaster-General. Toone's explanations were apparently eminently satisfactory, for he was subsequently promoted to Lieut.-Colonel for his services. He was held in great esteem by Hastings and accompanied the Governor-General to England as one of his personal staff in 1785.

With Hastings's departure, his temporary successor—McPherson—wishing doubtless to ingratiate himself with the authorities at home, at once started to make sweeping economies, and as a result reduced the Body-Guard to fifty men. Here it may be mentioned that in 1782 an infantry section of the Body-Guard, 600 strong, had been formed, also from a regiment in Oudh's service. These McPherson also disbanded.

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But let us return to 1790, when Lord Cornwallis, who had relieved McPherson four years previously, decided that war upon Tippoo Sahib, Sultan of Mysore, was necessary for the safety of the Honourable Company's territories. The operations were in the first instance entrusted to General Medows, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Madras, but so dissatisfied was the Governor-General with the conduct of the operations, that he himself proceeded to the field and assumed the command in person. The Body-Guard were ordered on active service. Embarking at Calcutta on Christmas Eve, 1790, they took twenty days on the passage to Madras. Before Bangalore, in the March of the following year, they were instrumental in preventing an attempted assassination of the Governor-General. By the July, the cavalry of the line with the Company's forces in the field had become completely *hors de combat*, due in no small measure to inefficient horse-management, in complete contrast to that of the Body-Guard, that the latter, together with the small Body-Guard of the Governor of Madras, were for some time the only effective cavalry in the field.

As is usual after any successful war, demands for reductions in the armed forces are always to the fore. And in 1796, the Court of Directors ordered the complete disbandment of the Body-Guard and directed that its duties be performed by ordinary cavalry. The order was, however, never carried out, and 1801 saw the acquisition of the land at Ballygunge, Calcutta, which became the normal winter station of the household troops of the Governor-General for over one hundred years.

1801 is also important to the Indian Army, for that year saw a force of Indian troops despatched overseas for the first time. Wellesley, the Governor-General, sent 5,000 men under General Baird to assist Abercromby in expelling the French from Egypt. With this force went an experimental troop of six guns of horse artillery (which is now " F " (" The Sphinx ") Battery, R.H.A.), but the horses, drivers, and other non-gunner personnel were provided by the Governor-General's Body-Guard. Baird, unable to reach Suez owing to the monsoon, landed at Kosseir on the Egyptian coast, and marched, in the height of summer, across

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the intervening 120 miles of desert to the Nile. All the horses died on the march and the guns had to be placed on camels. Alexandria had capitulated when the Indian troops arrived but their conduct while with the army of occupation, together with their smartness and discipline, brought forth great praise and admiration. On their return in 1802 they were publicly received by the Governor-General at Fort William, each man being presented with a medal. Why the honour of "The Sphinx superscribed Egypt" was not awarded as was done to other Regiments of the forces who took part in that campaign is a mystery; similarly, the Corps do not bear the honours " Seringapatam " or " Carnatic," although they took part in the campaign for which these honours were awarded. The authorities at this time, be it noted, were pleased to record that the Body-Guard was not kept for mere show, but is capable of rendering useful service in the field, so much so, that in 1803 they were again on service against the Rajah of Berar and the reduction of his stronghold at Cuttack.

1804 brought the establishment for a time of a mounted band —the first ever formed in India. The same year the Mahratta War developed, which resulted in the Corps' departure for service under Lord Lake against Scindia. On their return, pistols were introduced as a side arm for the first time.

As a result of the appearance of French men-of-war in the Bay of Bengal in 1809, the Corps were embarked as Marines in the Company's ships, and they thus share with the British 17th Lancers the distinction of being the only cavalry of the King-Emperor ever to perform that duty.

The continued interference with the Indian trade by the French, which was facilitated by their bases in the Dutch East Indies, led to the necessity for an oversea expedition against the island of Java. The forces were led in person by Lord Minto, the then Governor-General, and were formed from the Madras and Bengal armies. Assembling at Malacca they landed on the Western coast of Java in July, 1811, and on the 8th August His Majesty's 22nd Dragoons and the Governor-General's Body-Guard captured Batavia. The Body-Guard took part in

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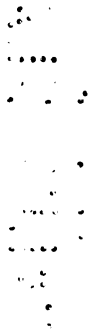

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THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S BODY-GUARD, 1815

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all the subsequent actions against the French and Dutch, thus earning the first battle honour on their standards and appointments of " Java."

Lake's operations against the Mahrattas having had little lasting effect, further sustained efforts to break the power of the Pindaris were considered necessary, and from 1817 to 1818 the Body-Guard were on active service against the Mahratta States. They suffered severely in this campaign from cholera, and at one time had half their number down.

Minor activities between 1818 and 1824 ranged from an expedition against the Larka Kols—a fearless war-like tribe armed with bows, arrows and battle-axes—inhabitants of Orissa which no Raja had been able to subdue, but against which a successful cavalry charge was made ; to the suppression of a mutiny at Barrackpore in the 47th Native Infantry who had refused to embark for Burma.

Owing to the unprovoked aggressions by the Burmese Governors of Arracan, and the silence of the Burmese King of Ava to the British representations, Lord Amherst, the then Governor-General, declared war ; and an attack on Rangoon was ordered. No cavalry at first went with the expedition, but the advisability of attaching some mounted men soon became evident. The campaign necessitated an oversea journey then difficult to get Indian troops to undertake, but the Body-Guard volunteered their services and were duly embarked. One of the transports was completely wrecked *en voyage*, resulting in the loss of brave men and many valuable horses. It is recorded that the gallantry of the troopers, both Brahmins and Mohammedans who had never before seen the sea, was superb. The Corps took part in all the important actions of the first Burmese War, one squadron successfully charging a column of seventeen war elephants supported by infantry columns, a feat requiring great courage and perfect horse control. On another occasion their prompt action resulted in the capture of several guns. The war ended in 1826, after which the honour "Ava " was granted. It is noteworthy that the Commandant of the Corps returned from Rangoon to Calcutta in the " Enterprize," the first steam-ship to reach India from England.

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Between 1826-1845 the Corps was employed in escorting the Governors-General of the time in the lengthy tours they made through India ; tours which sometimes lasted two to three years. Lord Amherst to Oudh, Agra, and Bhurtpore. Lord William Bentinck to Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Meerut, Mussoorie, Saharanpur, Rupar, Karnal, Ajmere, Delhi, and Gwalior—Lord Bentinck was actually away from his capital at Calcutta for a little over three years. Remember there were no railways or other modern conveyances, nor were there telegraphs or wireless. Lord Auckland, the next Governor-General, made a similar tour lasting two years as far as Lahore. Lord Ellenborough, his successor, to Ferozepore, where he reviewed the troops on their return from the first Afghan War. Here it was ordered that admission to the Body-Guard in future was to be an honourable reward for good service in the regiments of the regular cavalry. Whilst at Ferozepore Lord Ellenborough's notice was attracted by the record for valour during the war of a young officer, so much so, that as a mark of appreciation he appointed him to the Body-Guard. The officer afterwards became a well-known figure in the person of Field Marshal Sir Neville Chamberlain. Lord Ellenborough subsequently said at a public dinner: "With Mayne and Chamberlain in the Body-Guard, I would face the devil"—Mayne was the Commandant.

The death of the Maharajah of Gwalior and the consequent troubles over the succession resulted in intervention by the paramount power, and Lord Ellenborough—still on his tour—ordered a force into Gwalior which he himself joined with the Body-Guard in December, 1843. The Maharani's forces opposed the British entry, and battle was offered at Maharajpore and Punniar. The Body-Guard took part in the former and earned the honour bearing that name, each man receiving a reward of Rs. 18.

Lord Ellenborough returned to Calcutta in January, 1844, but it having long been realised that a trial of strength between the British and the Sikhs could not much longer be delayed, only two troops returned with him, the remainder of the Corps being left to watch the frontier.

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Hostilities broke out in the December of 1845 and the Body-Guard was soon in the thick, taking part in the cavalry charges at Moodkee, Ferozeshah, Aliwal, Sobraon, for all of which honours are borne. The Body-Guard subsequently escorted the Governor-General to Lahore where peace was signed with the Khalsa.

After the first Sikh war the Corps occupied for the first time its present summer quarters at Dehra Dun, and that war was the last major campaign in which the Corps as such took a part. They were, however, employed in putting down the Santhal Rebellion in 1855, when they were ably commanded by one Captain Rattray, an infantry officer, and later the founder of the battalion of famous Sikh infantry which still bears his name.

During 1857 the Corps were employed in disarming the mutinous native infantry at Barrackpore, and from then on until the end of the troubles in 1858 in training and taking up remounts for British Cavalry employed in suppressing the mutiny; a duty, no light task, as the marches were long and through disaffected districts.

The Body-Guard escorted Lord Canning to the grand Durbar at Allahabad, where, on the 1st November, 1858, it was proclaimed that the future government of India would be by the Queen, the title of Viceroy being conferred on the Governor-General. The Viceroy returned to his capital by road, and for the first time in their history the Corps were entrained at Raneegunj and brought into Calcutta by rail.

At the outbreak of the Great War Lord Hardinge, the then Viceroy, offered his Body-Guard as Divisional Cavalry for the Meerut Division, then under orders for France. But the proposal fell through as it was considered that better use could be made of the Corps as a remount training centre. Their standard of equitation being of the highest class, they would have been wasted as divisional cavalry in continental warfare, and so they remained throughout the war as trainers of raw remounts for the cavalry and artillery. A detachment of men were, however, sent to Skinner's Horse and served with distinction in that regiment in France from 1914 until 1916.

Recruitment to the Corps has varied. Originally Bengalis,

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then Madrasis, while later nearly all the martial classes were at one time enlisted. Transference to the Corps as a reward for good service from other cavalry units was not successful, as the men were either reluctant to leave the regiments, or the regiments loath to let their best men go. To-day, men are directly enrolled for the whole of their service. The establishment is one squadron of four troops, two being of Sikhs (first enlisted in 1884) and two of Punjabi Musalmans (enlisted since 1887). The Commandant and Adjutant are seconded from the Indian cavalry.

The present uniform of scarlet frock coat with blue facings, plain lancer girdle of yellow and red, white breeches, long Napoleon boots, and white gauntlet gloves, with a dark blue and gold pagri has not always been worn. The first uniforms were on the style of that of the European cavalry then in general use: tight fitting hussar tunics, shakoes, leather stocks; uniforms not only unserviceable for India, but detested by the wearers. White frock-coats with blue piping are worn in the summer; and when on dismounted duty inside the Viceregal establishments white *chust pyjamas* with brass-buckled shoes. British officers wear a scarlet tunic with blue facings embroidered with lotus leaves in gold, gold-laced pouch belt, aiguillette, with breeches, Napoleon boots, and a white helmet. The officers still wear the sabretache on their swords—an article of equipment after the style of the sachel introduced into the British Army during the Peninsular War for the purpose of carrying documents. The sabretache is heavily embroidered in gold with the regimental crest and battle honours, and they are the only corps in the armed forces of the Crown who still wear this ancient accoutrement.

The horse furniture of the Corps is striking, they still retaining the old Hanoverian bossed bit, while the British officers have a blue cloth shabraque—a saddle and wallet cloth—edged with gold lace bearing the crest and battle honours, with a panther skin as a holster flounce. The other ranks have a blue cloth shabraque edged with yellow lace, and a saddle cover of white sheepskin after the pattern of the Life Guards. The Viceroy's

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Body-Guard is the only Corps in the army where the shabraque is used by the other ranks.

The lance was introduced in 1865 and this, with a curved sabre of Indian pattern, completes the arms worn in ceremonial dress. Contrary to popular thought, the Body-Guard undergo regular training and are armed and equipped for field service on the same basis as the cavalry of the line. They are, however, primarily for the duty of guarding the Viceroy, and as their motto "Auspicio Regis et Senatus Angliæ" implies, do so by authority of the King and Parliament.

The Corps has no standard to-day but on State occasions silver clarion trumpets presented by Lord Reading are carried. The trumpet banners are light blue, one bears the device of the Star of India, the other the coat-of-arms of the ruling Viceroy—each Viceroy presents his own. The Trumpeters mount white horses, the remainder of the Corps, bays with black points.

Many distinguished officers have served in the Viceroy's Body-Guard, two reaching Field Marshal's rank: Sir Neville Chamberlain already referred to, and Lord Birdwood, who was Adjutant of the Corps from 1893 to 1898.

The Body-Guards of the Governors of Madras and Bombay were originally raised for the protection of the Governors of these Presidencies. Madras is the oldest, having been founded in 1778, and, like the Viceroy's Body-Guard, were originally a small body of European troopers. This Corps saw service on escort duty in Persia and in the Mysore War, though like the senior Body-Guard they bear no honours for that campaign. They fought with distinction in the Mahratta War, their charge with that of the Bengal Cavalry being the decisive factor in the battle of Seetabuldee, in relief of the Naypur Residency (26th and 27th November, 1817). This is the only honour borne on their appointments.

Ten years later when on tour, Sir Thomas Munro, then Governor of Madras, died from cholera, and on the infantry of his escort refusing to carry his remains to the grave on the grounds of caste, the troopers of the Body-Guard, men of the highest caste, volunteered to do so, they claiming it a privilege. The

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Madras Body-Guard was also a remount training centre in the Great War, and on several occasions were called out to control local disturbances ; while the unit has the distinction of having been under German fire in India during the Great War, they patrolling the Madras beaches during the bombardment by the "Emden." Their ranks are composed of Rajputana Rajputs, and Jats from the United Provinces and the Punjab.

The Bombay Body-Guard was raised from men of the old Southern Mahratta Horse, when that famous body was disbanded. To-day the unit consists of Ranghars and Sikhs. The junior corps of all, that of the Governor of Bengal, comprised of Punjabi Musalmans and Rajputs, was formed of volunteers from Indian cavalry regiments in 1912 consequent upon the transfer of the capital of India to Delhi and the elevation of the Bengal to a Presidency Governorship. Both these units were remount centres in the Great War, as well as suppliers of drafts of men to cavalry regiments on service, an honour also shared by Madras. All the Provincial Body-Guards follow the Viceroy's in the matter of uniform, though none achieve the plain simplicity of the senior, they all wearing additional articles of dress, such as cummarbands and plastrons.

The Presidency Governors' Body-Guards have a smaller establishment than the senior corps ; they are, however all trained cavalrymen and form part of the military internal defence forces, and rank senior to the cavalry of the line.

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THE ODYSSEY OF A CAVALRY OFFICER

By Lieutenant-Colonel Ardern Beaman, D.S.O.

CHAPTER XIII.

Chaos.

On the platform at Waterloo, I found to my delight, an old friend from Risalpur, Archdale of the Horse Gunners. We used to say that we should be the only two men left in the world who had not been to the War, and affected a rivalry as to which should be Mayor of Risalpur. He had recently arrived home around the Cape, and now, at last, by a strange coincidence we were going out to the front by the same train; while, by an even stranger coincidence, we were to meet again on the Hohenzollern Bridge, when our troops first marched over the Rhine. The genuine good spirits of us two, perhaps a little hysterical and out of date, made a contrast with the sombre gloom which hung over the numerous other officers in the train to Southampton, and on the boat—many of them Americans in their ugly unpractical gaiters. But these other men knew; they had been before; and the Passchendaele offensive was going on.

In the night we crossed over by the lane between torpedo nets to Havre.

As, in common with other of the more notorious of our countrymen, I have written a book showing very plainly how I won the War, and how everybody else did their best to lose it, I need not dwell now on that historic achievement.

The system, however, by which I was conveyed by slow degrees from the Curragh to a regiment at the front, gave me at once the idea that a people capable of such a piece of organization, could not fail to win in the end. One among hundreds, perhaps thousands, of individuals moving on the same day, I

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presented myself at the pigeon-hole of the R.T.O's office on the station. A clerk ran his finger down the file of cards till he came to one marked with my name, which he gave me, and which told me the time, platform, etc., the train would start from, the number and time of the tram from the station at the next stage to an officers' club, the price of meals, means of entertainment, number of my bed, the time and number of the tram next morning to the quay, and the number of my bunk on board. At a similar pigeon-hole there, I received another card which carried me forward, with the same exactness of detail, to the next stage, and so on and so on, across Ireland, over the channel, to London, from London, via Southampton, to Havre, Rouen, St. Pol, and on by lorry to the rail-head—supplied so fully by these cards with every needful kind of information that I could have made the long and very complicated journey in complete comfort almost without ever having to use my brain or tongue. It worked without a flaw. "What about my valise?" I asked at the first pigeon-hole. "Leave it on the platform," said the voice. I did so, not without reluctance and misgivings, but through some means of magical transit, it aways reappeared by my bedside for the night.

In Rouen I had to wait some days in a base camp, to undergo further gas and other tests—and incidentally, to take a number of funerals of officers who had died in the hospitals there. All night long the hospital trains arrived from Passchendaele, and the long procession of motor ambulances glided silently through the streets. In the base camp were a number of young officers more or less permanently settled there. Their regiments having no use for them for one reason or another, they lived out the war in idleness, while normal young men were being slaughtered up the line by the hundred thousand.

In these pacifistic days it may sound an odd thing to say, but the year and half which I spent in France with the IV Hussars was, up till that time, the happiest of my life. I was often frightened; before going into some of the great battles, my knees used literally to knock together, and my teeth to rattle so that I could hardly speak. I received one slight wound, and was

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once buried in a trench by a shell-burst, and had numerous hair-breadth escapes, as did everybody who came through a few weeks in the line. These parts of it I did not enjoy.

Nevertheless, there was an awful glamour and fascination about the line, an elemental immensity in its vastness of sights and sounds and completeness of ruin, which invested it with the quality of a natural phenomenon rather than the work of man.

There was, as I have said, an awful glamour, an elemental and appalling grandeur over all that vast infernal scene, of which the best impression can be gained from the picture of Chaos in the *Paradise Lost*. No writer less than Milton has approached a description of its whole essence—although Barbusse has made a mighty attempt.

But the real glamour of the war, the thing which made it unique among human experiences, and might have proved a justification for it, lay inside each individual. Formerly we knew very little, and cared very little, about each other; we lived in little groups separated from each other by rigid divisions of caste, and even within those little groups, our relationships were mostly superficial, our contacts slight, rarely going far below the depth of selfish interests. Out there, it was different. In that region of Chaos, where everyone shared the same dangers, discomforts, toils, shared the same rations, or the absence of them —in that region, rank, wealth, birth, social standing, meant nothing. Everyone had to stand on his own feet. It was the revelation of unity and fineness in common man evoked by this hard test, a comradeship which more than made up for all the sacrifice of self required to reach it, which shed an unparalleled radiance over the war—which made us think, so fondly, that for those who survived, a new and better world would be waiting.

Aftermath.

On November 9th, 1918, a Saturday, I crossed over from Boulogne on ten days' leave. A sense of dramatic expectation filled the air. As the boat approached Folkestone, we heard joy-bells ringing; we broke into cheers, and, I remember, I felt a

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lump in my throat. It proved, however, only to be some civic function. Late that night I was having supper at the Savoy with a party of friends, when a man at the next table, a dark oily little man in a dinner jacket, who spoke with a foreign accent, leaned over and touched my shoulder. "Excuse me," he said, "the Armistice has been signed." A moment later the band began to play "Tipperary"—which had scarcely been heard for over four years. In a manner as solemn as if it had been the National Anthem, everybody stood up to sing the words; but almost before it was over, the rumour of peace had been contradicted. Oddly, I have no recollection of the Sunday, but, having heard that the Prime Minister would make an announcement at eleven o'clock on Monday morning, I walked over to Downing Street a few minutes before. The street, as I remember it, was empty except for myself, and perhaps two, or at most three people. Mr. Lloyd George came to a window and said a few words to the effect that the War was over. Maroons started to go off on all sides. In a moment immense crowds appeared, as it were, out of the ground; a voice shouted, "Let's go to the Palace!" and I was swept along in the fast swelling multitude.

Outside the Palace gates, we broke into "God Save the King"—and then we began shouting, "We want the King!" On every side was an endless sea of up-turned faces. A tremendous shouting arose when one of the double windows opened, and some figures appeared; but they were maids, come to lay red carpet on the balcony. Then the King came out, and the shouting spread all over London. He spoke, I think, a few words, but they could not be heard amid the uproar. The Queen joined him, and other members of the Royal Family, each greeted with outbursts of tumultuous shouting.

Somehow I managed to jostle my way to a club in Pall Mall, where I was due to lunch with James Muirhead, of my old Indian regiment. The noise of that riot of excitement, which would go on increasing in extravagance for the next five or six days and nights, already filled the stately room. Through the windows we saw a crazy surge of faces, moving like a flood.

When I went out into it after lunch, I suppose I must have

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been looking sad. A few days before, in following up the German rearguards, we had had a sharp engagement, in which I had lost some friends, and I was thinking what hard luck for them to have been killed so near the end. A munition girl, standing on a balustrade near the club, caught me a crack over the head with a flag. "Now then, get excited!" she screamed. So I joined in the fun. It was certainly no time to show a doleful face.

While that notorious orgy was still going on, I returned to a different scene. The German armies were withdrawing homeward; ours were following them step by step, the cavalry often separated only by a few yards from the rearmost parties of the former enemy. During the last weeks, our advance had been so far and so rapid that we had very nearly outrun the almost miraculous capacity of our supply service. The huge craters in every cross-roads where the Germans had exploded mines to hinder us during their retirement, the broken bridges, the appalling state of the highways, the congestion of traffic resulting from these causes, and the great length of our daily advances, made it almost impossible to get the ration lorries up to us. And we were now in a land which, having been occupied by the Germans for over four years, was as bare of food as if it had been harbouring a swarm of locusts. To this I returned straight from the riotous revelry of the Armistice week in London. Although I had the good luck, by means of some judicious car-jumping, to get to my regiment in a day and a half from Boulogne, I could not fail on the way to feel a change in the atmosphere. A sense of unrest and impending crisis filled the air. Already the bonds of discipline had loosened or snapped; there was a feeling that the props of civilization might at any moment be swept away. People whom I fell in with on the long journey, spoke spontaneously to this effect. "It's touch and go whether we go the way of Russia," they said.

The incomparable team spirit which had unified the whole fighting brotherhood through the tremendous years, had evaporated in a few days. Every man was now for himself again.

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With the Armistice a breath of greatness had gone out of the world.

War-fretted men, who had no liquor to drink, and scarcely anything to eat, read in the papers about the immense jollification at home. A certain section of the press raised an outcry against the slowness and the method of demobilization. Men were classified according to their industries, key-men, and men belonging to essential industries, going first. Thus it happened that men, perhaps conscripts, who had only been out a few weeks, often were the first to go home, while volunteers and veterans of years found themselves, because of their civil occupations, condemned to remain out there till the last. Nor did the military authorities (not always quite so foolish as the public is apt to imagine) wish to pour masses of men on to the labour market before industry could re-adjust itself to absorb them.

The men, in the strong reaction of peace, and inflamed by these papers, could not, or would not, see the logic of this. They were indignant because the miners, classified as No. 1 essential industries, were among the first category to go, although at the time the miners were on strike. During the early weeks of the Armistice we went through anxious times. At night, from every village around the countryside where troops were billeted, the Verey lights soared up, as of old in the line; only now they were fired out of devilment, disgruntlement, as a portent. Rumours came to us of sinister happenings; of officers' clubs being burned and sacked; of regiments breaking into mutiny and shooting their superiors; of the Guards Division being hastily entrained to quell a serious outbreak somewhere near the sea. What truth there was, if any, in these whispers, I cannot say; but I do know that we did not get the food parcels sent out to us from home, because troops near the base, who had got out of hand, looted the trains. Even in our brigade, the happiest family that could have been imagined, there were cases of individual men, formerly of sober and steady conduct, behaving with unaccountable queerness.

After a little while, however, this uneasy phase passed, and

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we settled fairly normally into winter quarters among the villages of the Ardennes.

We spent the early winter busied chiefly in these demobilization problems. For recreation, we shot wild boar in the forests, and, having made rough louges and bob-sleighs, enjoyed some winter sport on the snow-clad hills.

Soon after our troops had marched into it, I went on a few days' visit to Cologne. The Town-Major sent me to a room in a poor sort of hotel near the railway station. I noticed at once that, although our bulletins had frequently mentioned severe damage inflicted on Cologne from the air, there were no signs of it to be seen anywhere. Fortunately the Cathedral had not been touched. It ought to have felt very strange to be saluted in the streets by German officers of high rank; to see our British authorities controlling the administration of a German city; to see English officers in field service uniform occupying all the boxes at the opera, rendered by German actors, in the German language; and above all, after the hopes and despairs of four and a half years, to find oneself actually across the Rhine. One would have expected to feel elation. But I went, I remember, about my shopping and sight-seeing with not much more emotion than an ordinary tourist. Already an incalculable shadow, darker than that of the War itself, seemed to be gathering over the world, which took away from our victory any sense of jubilation. Nor would it have been easy to parade the streets with a conqueror's pomp, since swarms of ragged children clamoured at our heels, tugged at our coats, for chocolate. Indeed, I should say the most remarkable thing about Cologne in those first days of our occupation was this universal cry for chocolate—the people having been starved of sugar. We came, it might have been thought, not as dreaded avenging conquerors, but as Santa Claus, good-humouredly dispensing an inexhaustible manna of canteen chocolate. So ravenous were the poorer people for it, that the maids in the hotel flung themselves at us in the hope of getting some; we had, literally, to barricade our bedroom doors.

There were, of course, bad incidents. I saw a party of

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young officers in a restaurant flipping the waiters in the face with their napkins, insulting them with cowardly abuse, and making the German officers in the room stand up and salute at intervals. Later, there were some conflicts, resulting in bloodshed. But on the whole, from what I saw, it seemed that our troops, in the first flush of their victory, behaved with their usual solid and imperturbable good humour.

I did receive a thrill of emotion when I walked over the Hohenzollern Bridge, and a sentry of the Guards presented arms to me with the same exact mechanical precision as if he had been on duty outside Buckingham Palace. And while I was returning the salute with a feeling which I cannot describe, my eyes fell on Archie, my old friend from Risalpur, with whom I had crossed over to France.

Although we were forbidden by orders to speak to the inhabitants, I had a few words with the head waiter in the hotel, a decent man who had been in a London West End restaurant. I asked him how they felt about the Kaiser. He answered with genuine sadness, "Ah, we thought the world of him. He was—how you say it?—every inch a king. But he run away—and now—" he made a mournfully expressive gesture.

Hindenburg, the old Marshal, who had steadfastly led the broken armies home, was their hero. From every hoarding, every poster, appeal, proclamation, his massive countenance stared out at you; the place was plastered with him.

Unrest.

My health, which had been failing through the winter, broke down early in the year, and I was invalided home.

Few among my adventures were more sad than the journey to Boulogne.

After some days in the clearing station at Huy, I was put on to a hospital train. Normally, the run would only have taken a few hours, but, there being some unrest at the time among the railway men, we were days on the way. The train came in very late, and wherever we stopped, there arose doubt and discussion as to whether it would go on.

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The train itself was the last word in comfort and equipment. But the great influenza epidemic had begun to rage, and nearly all the berths were filled with victims in a serious state. The medical staff was altogether too small to cope with this unforeseen influx; those of us who could get about, or even stand up, were made to help in the emergency. I sat beside a delirious man (he was a boy, really, but appeared old, as they all did, on account of the unshaved hair all over their faces), restraining him, or fetching an orderly if he became violent, and at regular intervals putting a little jelly out of a tin between his lips on the tip of a spoon. After a while, although I had never seen him before, did not know who he was, or even his name, I had a strong wish to save him, feeling, as the doctors do, that he was *my* patient; that it was a matter touching my personal pride. The doctors themselves and the orderlies, overwhelmed as they were, worked like slaves. Night in that train filled with delirious and dying men, was worse in a way than the candle-lit scenes in an advanced dressing station close behind the battle line where the surgeons are busy. For, I think, it seems more sad for youth to be cut off by disease than to fall in battle.

When we reached Mons, the engine driver walked off, leaving us to our fate. He had, I believe, been on the footplate for an excessive number of hours, and was quite incapable of going on without rest. A heavy snow was falling, it was bitterly cold, and as the heating system of the carriages began to fail, we shivered and suffered. How long we lay marooned at Mons, I cannot now remember; nor, when we did begin to move again, whether it was under our old driver, rested and refreshed, or under a new one. Eventually we reached Wimereux.

My patient seemed much about the same; the doctor spoke quite hopefully; but as he went to one hospital, and I to another, I do not know whether he lived or died. It was like that in the War, where you were moving always among great numbers of ever-moving men; where, under the stress of a peril or a frolic or a journey shared, you formed in a few hours, maybe, contacts more close and intimate than those of ordinary life; and then, going your separate ways, were lost to each other for ever among

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the shifting multitudes and scenes. Amid those transient episodes, many stories, like this one, remain unfinished.

There was further trouble at the station. The ambulance and lorry drivers had gone on strike. But somehow, as usual, we managed to get to our destinations.

After a little while I found myself back in London; this time, in Sister Agnes's hospital. Wherever she moved, that wonderful old lady, who must have been about seventy at the time, radiated vitality and charm. Who can forget the perennial youth and freshness of her, as she came into the room at seven in the morning in her nurse's uniform, or the smile with which she roused us, "Good morning, children!" It did us more good, I think, than any of the medicines.

I soon began to pick up in the comfort and cheerfulness of the house (one could never quite feel that it was a hospital, although the most eminent doctors and surgeons came every day). When I imagined the time had come to discharge me, I was told, instead, I should be sent for a while to a private hospital in Belgrave Square.

Sister Agnes was nothing if not thorough. The patients were gradually being cleared because the present buildings were being closed in about ten days' time, partly to give the long overworked staff a holiday, and partly to make some extensions. And Sister Agnes was giving dances on the last two nights, one for the medical and nursing staff, and one for the servants. Young men were very scarce in England just then, with the armies still abroad, and she meant to take no risk about a supply of partners. One or two of us, in possession of some of our limbs, and with nothing very serious the matter with us, instead of being let go, were sent over to this other hospital to be detained there as dance-fodder.

Although not much of a dancing man, I was naturally only too pleased to be able to help—and, if the truth were known, a little flattered. Meanwhile I much enjoyed my stay in the Belgrave Square hospital. It was the private house of a very wealthy peer, who, on the outbreak of the War had turned it into a hospital, and had maintained it as one ever since. Our ward

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was the drawing room or ballroom, a spacious light and airy room of many windows, extending the whole depth from front to back of the house. The moulded ceiling, the chandeliers, and the pictures on the walls, some modern, some by the old masters, were all that remained to show the room's former character.

Lady Aberconway, a little gracious silver-haired figure, visited each bed every morning and evening. Lord Aberconway, distinguished-looking, silver-haired, came around as often as his many public activities would allow. Both of them, I think, in the middle of their busy, dutiful lives, regarded this hospital as their first and deepest interest.

We made a very cheerful party, for, at this time, there were no bad cases—all, I think, convalescents sent on by Sister Agnes. I felt a regular fraud, merely having my meals in, and being free to go out and come in as I pleased—using it, in fact, like a hotel. In the next room those of us who were not in bed used to lunch and dine with Lord and Lady Aberconway, in the natural, unrestrained air of a family party. A good many of the patients, who had come through the ranks, and belonged to very humble walks of life, had probably never been inside a house of anythink like this opulence before, or sat down to meals in such a circumstance of plate and service; yet there was a gentleness about our host and hostess which at once put the roughest of us serenely at our ease. They conveyed to us, not in words, but by their attitude, that they were humbly conscious of a debt which could never be repaid. They surrounded each one of their patients with a little glamour of importance; they delighted, with exquisite unostentation, to lavish on us all kinds of luxuries, which, they knew, many of us would never see again. They poured out these things on the most obscure young soldiers in the spirit of a libation.

The dances were a huge success.

On the morning after the second one, I was summoned to Sister Agnes's office. The super-nurse, I already knew; now I saw the master-mind of organization at work. Our talk was interrupted every few moments by the ringing of the telephone. She kept her finger on a net-work of privately maintained

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hospitals and convalescent homes all over the country and on the continent. She asked me, between the interminable ringings, if I had anywhere to go. I said I had. She asked a few questions, and did not seem very favourably impressed; suggested, until the warm summer weather came, a few months in one of the homes on the Riviera—or in Cornwall, or Devon.

Having thanked her very gratefully for all her kindness, I assured her I would rather go to my uncle than anywhere else.

"Very well then," she said, rising and holding out her hand, "have it your own way. And remember, my family come to see me when they are in London."

Her family! Of how many thousands, I wonder, does it not consist, spread about every corner of the earth.

While I was mildly occupied playing golf at Brighton, another wave of the influenza epidemic swept over the country. The proportions of ordinary life had been so distorted by the measureless calamity of the war, that events such as the sinking of a great ship, which in normal times would have staggered humanity, passed by with little notice. So with this plague, this unparalleled visitation which swept away a very considerable percentage of the earth's population. Following, as it did, under the shadow of the more noisy and dramatic man-made catastrophe, coming in the nature of an anti-climax, it made at the time, I think, no great impression on us who imagined we were coming home at last to the pleasures of peace.

I got a telegram, one day, from friends in the country whose daughter was doing some war-work in London, asking me to go and see her at once, as she had gone down with the sickness. Although I caught the next train, I found on reaching her lodgings that she had died early in the morning, and that the people who owned the house, not wishing to embarrass or frighten away the other lodgers, had already contrived to have her body removed by a firm of undertakers who made it their business discreetly to manage these things. I hastened to the office of this firm. There I found much confusion. The great number of deaths, and the quickness with which these occurred, outside the bounds of all their previous experience, were proving too

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much for the firm's capacity. They could not tell me for certain in the office where the girl's body was. I was directed to a large empty house near Paddington Station, which the firm were using in the emergency as what I can only call a warehouse. The house was furnished; a few very harassed and overworked men, who could give me no information, tramped and carried to and fro; and in all the rooms, on sofas, across chairs, on beds, on the floor, were open coffins and coffin shells, with corpses in them. I cannot say how many there were in that house; but it took me a long time to look at each one, and in the end, having drawn blank, I was sent on to another similar house, where eventually I did find the body of the girl I was searching for.

A few days later, after Uncle John and I had firmly tapped the ultimate lamp-post at Hove with our sticks, I trudged along beside him on the sea-front at our usual snail's pace in a keen north-east wind, shivering, having foolishly neglected to put on an overcoat. By the time we got home, I had a high temperature, and retired to bed with the plague for the best part of a month.

My illness was cheered by the quantities of undertakers' cards which appeared every morning and afternoon in the letter box, by hand and by post, tendering at competitive rates for the disposal of my carcase.

On my recovery, I went to stay with my old friend, General Blomfield, who had commanded our first unsuccessful little expedition on the Indian frontier. He had settled in a village, one of the most delightful in England, still Saxon in form with its thatched and timbered cottages clustering round an immemorial green nearly three-quarters of a mile long. After so long in India, and after the filth of war, I was enchanted by it. As we walked up the green after church, I said, "I've been looking for this village for thirty-two years."

"Why don't you take that house?" said the General's wife, pointing to an attractive, stone-tiled little house with big windows looking down the green "It's to let."

"I will," I said on the spur of the moment. And I did.

Although on sick-leave, I was still a soldier; there seemed

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little sense or reason in my impulsive venture; and of this I was painfully conscious when I broke the news to Uncle John.

"It's very cheap," I added quickly by way of excuse, "only £36 a year."

"It's cheap if you need a house," he grunted. 'It's damned dear if you don't."

When our regiment had been annihilated during the great German offiensive of March, 1918, a yeomanry regiment, which had just been dismounted to be turned into a machine-gun battalion, was hurriedly remounted and sent to us to fill up the gaps. With it came Harold, a stalwart yeoman, who, as my batman had been killed, took his place. All that he did for me, even if I were capable of telling it, comes outside the scope of this book; and at the time when I went for my visit to the country, Harold had been demobilized, and was trying in vain to get a job. I arranged that, as soon as the house had been furnished, he and his wife should take charge of it, and "do for me," if, and when, I managed to get down there.

Meanwhile, I went to live in London, having been put to a job in one of the numerous annexes into which the War Office had overflowed at that time. I spent the evenings and nights in a slum at Rugby House. The little group of five or six of us who lived there, all went to work at our respective jobs during the day, except Charles Donald, the manager, who had about three men's work to get through at Rugby House. We arrived back for a sort of high tea at about seven, at which there would probably be some non-resident helpers, men and women; and before this meal was over, a kind of continuous muffled roar, like waves thundering on a distant surf, told us that the nightly crowd was gathering outside the club, a few hundred yards away, down another street. At eight o'clock to the second, the great double doors of the club were thrown open, and a surge of tumultuous energy swept in, to remain more or less in a state of perpetual motion and raucous husky shouting, till it was swept out again at eleven. I speak, of course, of the boys' club, where I had some games and activities to see to; the men's and women's clubs comported themselves with the decorum of Pall Mall. After closing

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time, we strolled back to tea in the common room at Rugby House, and there we would talk till twelve or one, or even later. We sat at the feet of the manager, as, all through time, young men have sat at the feet of the sages.

Charles Donald was a singularly attractive and remarkable personality. He had been among the pioneers of Oxford House, and had put aside prospects of high preferment to give his life in working among the poorest of the poor, always taking as his privilege the most menial and laborious tasks. Like all the great sweet people whom I have known, he derived his beauty from faith in the Eternal Power.

All of us, just back from the War, were there, I think, for the same reason. The externals of slum life, its sometimes incredible beastliness, had made a sharp impact on our conscience. Fresh from the comradeship of the War, we saw the kind of men, with whom we had been so closely joined, now left to rot in this squalor—most of them without a place in the state, subsisting on its begrudged alms. They had come back to the homeland in which a little while before they had been acclaimed as heroes, but which, now, had small welcome for their return; which did not seem able to give most of them a means of living, and which, already, was beginning to look on the occasional disturbances arising out of their disappointment, with aversion, mixed with fear—the immemorial attitude towards disbanding armies, as soon as the external danger has passed. It is curious to compare the tenderness of the social conscience towards the unemployed to-day, when all sections of the people spare no pains to better their lot, with that hard outlook just after the War. The hatred and contempt with which well-to-do people then spoke of the "dole"! At nights, in the common room, we used to try to examine these problems in a dispassionate manner. After the huge upheaval of the War, none of us expected, or, I think, at that time wished, the social order to fall back into its old grooves. Something better, we thought, must surely come out of all that sacrifice.

It is said that we came very near to a revolution in the winter of 1919. Certainly in London and the big cities a spirit of in-

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tense bitterness was abroad among the men who had come home from overseas. At my work in Whitehall I came into contact with numbers of demobilized temporary officers, who, from a moderate social and monetary status, now found themselves tramping the streets unemployed. They burned with resentment against the staff, the "Heads," and the Government. And in our clubs at night, the men, assuming our outlook to be in sympathy with theirs, spoke freely to us in terms of approaching violent change. They, too, were intensely bitter against the "Heads," war-profiteers, generals, and the Government. Revolutionary organizations of ex-service men were forming, and there was much talk of Russia and "the Red Flag waving over Westminster"—but without, it seemed to me, the coherence of any definite plan or aim.

At the time I was sorely preplexed what to think. My human and sentimental sympathies were entirely with the men. Yet my own reason showed me very clearly that many of their suspicions and hostilities, natural though they were in the circumstances, were founded in untruth. The ex-soldiers complained that while they had been risking their lives for the country in the line, the generals, staff, and departmental people, had been having a pleasant and profitable joy-ride. These, they said, had drawn big pay, had had motor cars at their disposal, had lived in safety far behind the danger zone, and had covered themselves all over with decorations and medals. They had *wanted* (the ex-service men said) the war, which was such a good job for them, to go on. They, the ex-service men, complained that the Honours List was filled with peerages and knighthoods for war-profiteers. They blamed the war on "the old gang," the statesmen and profiteers who had feathered their nests at home.

In all these accusations there was undeniably a sufficient element of truth to render them serious in the minds of disgruntled men. On the other hand, aversion and fear of the disbanded soldiers grew and hardened among the better-to-do classes.

I found it difficult to see a clear proportion through this

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tangled web of uninformed suspicion and prejudice. I could only try to gauge matters on the evidence of my own experience. I had, personally, met a very large number of generals, staff, and departmental officers, of all grades. Almost without exception, I had seen them as hard-working, conscientious humane men, doing their duty to the best of their ability. After all, that form of work, with its associations of comfort and safety, had to be done—if not by them, then by somebody else. It certainly was unfortunate and tactless that they should have annexed all the distinctions which an ordinary soldier could only win by exceptional gallantry—thus debasing these honours; there should have been a special staff decoration. (In the last months of the war, I believe, an order did come out to that effect, but by that time pretty well all staff officers had already acquired the D.S.O. and M.C.—so it only meant adding yet another ribbon to them.)

Having, as it were, a foot in both worlds, I found tragic this mutual misunderstanding and hostility between men who were intrinsically sound. I used to read the *Daily Herald* (it was hot stuff then) and the *Morning Post*, and wonder which was the worse. On the whole, I thought the *Morning Post*, because it ought to have known better.

A small incident during these weeks showed how difficult it was to measure exactly the depth or direction of feeling in men's minds. Walking through the park, I saw a more than usually large crowd around one of the orators. I stopped on the outskirts to listen. The speaker was urging his hearers to revolution in red hot accents. "We'll string up Lloyd George, and that snivelling, drivelling, King George on the nearest lamp-post," he fervently informed the audience, who gazed at him with impassive faces. And just as he said this, a party of the Guards came swinging by with fifes and drums going—and with one accord the whole crowd turned away from the Reformer, and slouched along behind the military and the insistent drums. Nevertheless, the unrest which stirred somewhat vaguely through the masses, presently rose to a crisis. Trouble broke out among the railwaymen. They threatened a strike on an un-

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precedented scale, which would paralyse the country; and there was wild and violent talk of the other great essential services joining with them, to ensure the overthrow of the capitalist system.

While the negotiations rested at a deadlock, we went through considerable heart-searchings at Rugby House. We saw the issues from an intimately personal point of view. A lot of our lads were van boys on the railway, and therefore involved in the dispute. They were our friends, we knew exactly the conditions in their homes, and we felt very strongly against any reduction in their wages. We hoped against hope that a satisfactory compromise might be reached in time.

But the strike was declared. On the day before it took effect, a mild degree of panic passed over London, large numbers of people making an exodus by car, or by the last trains to run before the stoppage. On its eve, the railwaymen held an enormous mass meeting in the Albert Hall. Eager to get to know the rights and wrongs of the case, I decided to be present at the meeting.

I stood for a while in a shabby old suit on the pavement near by, watching the endless detachments marching to the Hall; marching in fours, in a steady, orderly manner, as a little while ago they had marched in the theatres of the war, only now with mounted policemen at their head, and under the banners of their various lodges. Presently I slipped into the rear file of one of these detachments, and after some delay at one of the entrances, found myself jostling up the stairs to an excellent place in the front of the balcony, looking down on the right-hand side of the stage.

I sat next to a decent young man and his wife, with whom I got into conversation. There could be no doubt that they believed, quietly and sincerely, that their cause was just; they enlarged on the details of their weekly house-keeping budget, without any reference to political or social issues beyond. More and more thousands poured in through all the entrances, soon crowding the spacious accommodation. I had last been in the Albert Hall in the rarified atmosphere of a Sunday Concert.

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It seemed strange, now, to see the expensive seats thronged by rough figures in mufflers and caps—strange and a little sinister, suggesting pictures of the French Terror.

At intervals, as fresh detachments arrived, the organist played "The Red Flag," whereupon the whole assembly stood up and sang the words, as though it were the National Anthem. Bursts of cheering broke out as well-known figures in the Trades Union world began to appear on the platform, and there was a lot of shouting and cat-calling, and waving of red flags, which many of the men had brought with them.

In due course the chairman, a prominent officer in the N.U.R., stood up to open the meeting. I cannot recall now in detail what he said; he had a fine mellifluous voice, a slightly flamboyant style, and although his accent was calculated to appeal to the emotions rather than to the reason, the tone of his speech was on the whole restrained. He counselled the men to hold out to the bitter end, and meanwhile, to occupy their leisure by digging in their gardens or helping the missis about the house.

The leader of a powerful and associated Union followed him. This man had the manner and the appearance of the type of the one-time notorious Indian Commissariat Subordinates. I felt I had met him scores of times at Masonic dinners. His whole tone was pseudo-servile; he kept assuring the audience in unctuous accents that he was merely their servant; that he and his colleagues were there to carry out their sovereign wishes. No waft of sincerity or manliness came out from him. While I listened to his fly-blown passages, I thought with dejection how tragic it was for England that a man of that quality should now be playing—should be able to play—so serious a part in her destiny.

My dejection deepened when, after, him, a young conscientious objector got up, who made no attempt to deal with the matters in dispute, but merely whined and moaned in a dreary sing-song to his "fellow wage-slaves" about the miseries of their existence.

His dirge was suddenly interrupted by a great shouting from the crowd outside, for whom there had not been room in the

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Hall. The noise swelled through the entrance lobbies and rose into a tumultuous uproar as a small figure appeared on the platform. Again the whole assembly stood up and sang the "Red Flag"; and again the tumultuous welcome broke out amid wild clamour, women waving handkerchiefs and men waving flags and roaring "Good old Jimmie! Good old Jimmie boy!"

The din must have gone on for ten or fifteen minutes before Mr. Thomas could attempt to speak. When at last he came to the front of the stage, there was a renewed outburst, and cries of "Three cheers for the Revolution!"

I can see, now, that homely, rather bald and insignificant working-class figure (he looked very small and pale from the height where I sat)—how he took two or three short quick steps forward, and said, with an imperious little flutter of the hand, "None of that! None of that! We want no revolution here. The British constitution is big enough for the British working man, if he'll use it."

Here, at any rate, was a man—a man conscious, as his pale moist face showed, of the tremendous responsibility which rested on his shoulders. He had some unpalatable things to say to the excited multitude, and he did not shrink from saying them, plainly and bluntly. He used, if I remember rightly, none of the cheap effects and artifices of the demagogue; he spoke in homely accents, simply and sincerely, expounding, with an unrelenting grip on the realities, the points in dispute. From the first word, he dominated the massive audience. While listening to the previous speakers, I had begun to regret the four and a half years of discomfort which I had just come through, but now I felt reassured. Here, whatever the differences in direction, was breadth and bigness—something British. When he had gone, amid the tumult of an even greater ovation, although other men spoke, few remained to hear them; the great audience began to melt away very rapidly, including the young couple next to me. Soon I looked down on, except for the few people on the platform, a vast vacancy of red-covered seats.

Although, as has been said, our sympathies at Rugby House were with the railwaymen, and all the more so after Mr.

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Thomas's exposition (his speech was misrepresented in even the most reputable papers), yet we felt that one section of the people had no right to inflict suffering on the remainder of the community, which had no part in their dispute, and against which that section had no grievance. Early in the morning we went to enrol as volunteers for the maintenance of the essential services.

At Paddington the men had walked out of the stables, leaving the horses uncared for, without food or water. To begin with, we were given a number of horses to look after, but when the whole of the stables were shortly taken over by the Cavalry Club, we were transferred as porters to the goods yard.

I remember nearly breaking my back humping a great packing case down the platform, and when, pausing for a breather, I looked at the label, I saw:

THIS SIDE UP
CHAMPAGNE
WITH GREAT CARE.

It was addressed to the late Colonel of my regiment. I nearly sabotaged it on the spot; then, reflecting that I should probably have some of it someday, I bent my back again to the toil.

After a couple of days of this portering, I was put—with mixed feelings on my part—to drive a two-horse van. This van-driving, especially for anyone who did not know his way at all well about London, was an unpleasant business. The working class people in the city, as well as that rough element which seizes on any occasion to make trouble, were heart and soul for the strikers. They resented bitterly the volunteer "black-legs" and "strike breakers"; if they found us in a back street, they showed their hostility in degrees varying from obscene abuse to violence. Bus drivers, taxi drivers, the trade traffic, tried to ride us off the roads. Urchins shouted shrill filth at us, labourers walking miles home from their work, reviled us. A number of the van-drivers were seriously injured in scuffles and by missiles.

We were told that we must rely entirely on the police for our

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protection; that if we were attacked, it would be wiser to put up no resistence of any kind, even with our fists, and on no account whatever to carry or use fire-arms. If anybody fired on a hostile mob, although he might disable a few, and keep the mass at bay for a little while, it would certainly end in his being battered to death; and further, there would probably be mass-reactions which nobody could foresee.

This atmosphere was hateful to me. I did genuinely like and sympathize with the people whom I was now working against; but I had become an object of hatred to them, jeered at and insulted at every turn, and occasionally assaulted. My hand was turned against the very men whose comradeship had drawn me to Rugby House.

The sight of the emergency dump near Hyde Park Corner made a sinister impression in the night. By the light of lamps here and there, you could see, dimly, long columns of lorries, and glimpses of troops marching, and sentries with bayonets fixed. And there was the feeling abroad just like before "going over the top" in the war. That armed camp in the heart of London, proclaiming that the comradeship of the war days had split so soon, that our people, who had endured together so steadfastly, were now divided against one another, appeared to me the saddest thing I had ever seen.

The common bond of inconvenience drew all the other classes together. Everybody who had a car, a taxi, or even a van like me, helped people to get to and from their work. But since the enemy was inside our gates, there was no glamour about this new bond. I remember how hungry and exhausted the girl workers, shop girls and clerks from the city, used to be while they were struggling to get back to their homes—and how bitter against the strikers.

It was, however, not only from the working classes that we met with hostility. I tried on one occasion to take a short cut down a private road from the Bayswater Road to Kensington High Street, whereupon an old flunkey with a broad gold band on his top hat and broad gold stripes down his trousers, rushed out and told me to go back. I asked him politely if he wouldn't

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let me go on, as the times were exceptional and I had a long way to go to deliver the load. For answer, he dashed at the horses' heads and yanked them round so suddenly that I should have fallen out of the driver's seat but for the chain round my middle. While I struggled to regain my balance, a profiteer-looking sort of a man came out of the houses, called me a bloody swine, and said I knew jolly well I couldn't use that private road for van traffic.

A crowd, of course, having sprung up, an embarrassing diversion occurred. My van boy, a young volunteer clerk, stood up on the tailboard and began to harangue the multitude. We were only volunteers, he said, ignorant about the etiquette of private roads like this, just doing our best, often at the risk of our lives, to deliver the goods, so that they, his fellow countrymen, might not die of starvation. And what was more, he went on, at a time like that, when the essential services were being carried on with such difficulty, he suggested that there should be *no* private roads!

Moved by my young colleague's eloquence, angry murmurs rose from the crowd, whereupon the gentleman who had abused me vanished, and, mercifully, before the young man could say much more, the inevitable policeman arrived, quietly took the horses' heads, and led us out on to the Bayswater Road again.

Every morning a number of vans used to leave the goods yard in more or less the form of a convoy, until, having got through the rough quarters in the vicinity of the station, we diverged to our various destinations. We ran the gauntlet of a good deal of sniping during this sortie. Heads popped up over walls, out of windows; bottles, stones, brickbats, old tins, etc., sailed about us from the hands of invisible marksmen. The pickets which the strikers had posted to prevent any of their own men from going to work, sometimes abused us in filthy language, sometimes stared at us silently, with sullen bitterness; but they never tried to interfere with us.

As most of my work consisted in carrying goods to the big stores around about Kensington High Street, I did not come in for much conflict with the rabble, which, naturally, lay in

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wait for volunteers in the meaner streets. Once an empty jam jar hit me on the funny bone, and once, when we had gone down a little narrow alley to some shop's warehouse, a sudden hostile crowd tried to stop us. An evil-faced youth sprang up on the van and aimed a blow at the back of my head with his kosh, but lost his footing from the motion of the van, and fell over backwards on to the curb, giving his skull a satisfactory crack. My van boy began to blow a police whistle very vigorously, whereupon the mob vanished as quickly and mysteriously as it had appeared.

There was a suggestion of the old Indian Frontier comedy about these skirmishes. A number of our club men and boys, as has already been said, were railway employees. They were, of course, on strike, and occasionally there would be one of them in the pickets outside the station; but in the evenings we met as usual in the clubs. They chaffed us good-humouredly for being "strike-breakers", and some of the brighter sparks used to tell me how they made a point of having shots at me as I drove out of the yard, while I, in return, told them I didn't think much of their marksmanship. But, I think, they understood, even respected, the reason why we worked against them on this occasion. The fact that Donald himself, whom the whole quarter literally worshipped, was working as a porter, brought it home to them, as nothing else could have done, that other people had to be considered, too.

On the evening when the dispute had been settled, I went again to a mass meeting at the Albert Hall, to hear Mr. Thomas explain the terms. These were not altogether satisfactory to the men; in particular they strongly resented the proviso that there should be no victimization of the men who, remaining loyal to the railways, had refused to strike. I admired the courage and firmness with which the little leader faced, and eventually dominated, his disgruntled followers.

When my temporary job at the War Office came to an end, I was able to relieve Donald of the accounts and housekeeping, and to help him in a small way with his school and welfare work during the day. How he got through so much, has always been a mystery. He fitted out the whole quarter with football and

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cricket kit, which the school sent down in noble quantities as boys grew out of them or left. There would generally be a long queue outside Rugby House clamouring for football boots. Donald, too, painted all the scenery, made most of the costumes, for the plays which were frequently and enthusiastically acted by the clubs. Many of the men were fine actors, and their taste in drama was, to me, surprising. At that time Shakespeare would not run for five nights in the West End, while "Chu Chin Chow" ran for five years, but these elemental slum dwellers preferred Shakespeare and the great classics to anything else.

When Donald walked through those mean streets, everybody in sight greeted him, "Mister Don-al!"—women came out on to the doorstep to give the greeting, and children followed him in swarms, shouting "Mister Don-al!" If he happened to be about while the children were pouring out of the schools, this crowd of followers would swell to an enormous and embarrassing size. He knew them all; and one and all were devoted to him.

Sometimes, in the evenings, we used to sup with friends on fish and chips wrapped in newspaper, sitting on their doorsteps in a street where the police could only venture four at a time. If a drunken brawl ended in bloodshed, if a man stabbed his wife, or coming home drunk, knocked the children about, or if one of the frequent and frightful rows over sex jealousy resulted in murder or injury, if someone was taken horribly ill, it was always for "Mister Don-al" they came running.

As to the wretched material condition of these people, there could be no question; yet, judged by the standard of happiness, I sometimes used to think that they were enviable. Saturday and Sunday nights in the streets provided a scene of spontaneous, light-hearted merriment not to be met with elsewhere—and not the result of drink. Beyond the one anxiety of food and clothes, they were free from many of those cares which harass the better-to-do classes. They had no "appearances" to keep up, no doctors' and dentists' bills to provide for, no worry about their children's education, no provision to make for marriage—all

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these things, which weigh down the middle classes, were done for them by the state. For the most part their careless spirits and gaiety were wonderful.

One constant difficulty faced Charles Donald. His policy had been to get the roughest girls and men into the club, and there put them in the way of a decent life. As time went on, many of these, having become respectable citizens and members of the club committees, looked self-righteously down their noses at their out-and-out neighbours, they did all they could to prevent the wild characters, the very people whom Donald wanted, from being admitted to the clubs. Situations arose out of this very human attitude which tested Donald's tact and patience.

My work at night was chiefly in the boys' club. I helped with the boxing, gymnastics, and various games, and also had charge of the miniature rifle range, which was up in a sort of loft over the club. We used a fairly powerful airgun, and this pastime, I think, gave me more anxiety than anything else to do with the young barbarians. If not under an unrelenting supervision, they would take pot shots at each other. Nothing more tickled their elemental sense of humour than to get the chance of slyly shooting a red-plumed dart into the bottom of another urchin. And it was not easy to keep strict order among that insurgent raucous huskily-shouting mob of youths. All their voices were husky, and they always shouted. If they did not shout, I suppose, they could never hope to get a hearing in their overcrowded homes.

On one occasion a well-known lady interested in rescue work, brought down some friends to act a morality play for us. Donald felt rather apprehensive, for although our people could be very generous with their applause for stuff which they liked, they could be equally frank in showing their disapproval or derision of what they did not like. On this occasion they suffered their boredom with restraint, except that the boys along the benches where I was sitting, kept making signals to catch my eye, and then exclaiming in husky penetrating whispers which drowned the voices on the stage, "Sir! Sir! ain't it dry!"

One could not have many dull moments in the company of

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those boys. I started out one afternoon with a party of them for the Zoo—but we got no further than Baker Street. Seeing an escalator for the first time, they remained there, joy-riding up and down. The porters, at once grasping the situation, good-humouredly let them do it for as long as they liked.

The men's and bigger boys' teams had regular matches in the Clubs' League, but we smaller fry made an early start for Wormword Scrubs on Saturday afternoons in the hope of being able to secure a "pitch." Literally hundreds of games would be going on, and you staked out your claim to as much space as you could get by putting a pile of coats at each end for goal posts. The congestion was incredible. Games swept across each other's pitches, so that you often found yourselves mixed up in another game altogether, and during the cricket season the air hummed with a nerve-shattering barrage of balls at point-blank range. It is the memory of those desperate scrambles of ours for a little space of ground that impells me, every now and then, to make a long journey to the county town for meetings of the Playing Fields Association.

On a night during that winter, scientists predicted the end of the world—or at best, the tearing off of a large piece of the earth. For the first time within the knowledge of man, all the planets would be on the same plane with Earth and the full moon. This alignment of the spheres, it was believed, must cause unprecedented phenomena; some people thought that the earth would be wrenched out of its orbit and go plunging through space. The people in our quarter, seeing the sensational headlines and posters about it, became very nervous, as they always were of anything to do with the supernatural. I came back late on the fateful night, having been out to a theatre in the West End, and saw anxious crowds standing about in the streets, and around the coffee stalls, unwontedly subdued. But breakfast arrived as usual.

Towards the end of the winter, my wretched carcase went back on me again. Ordered a complete rest, I went down to my new house in the country.

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HUNGARY OF TO-DAY

By Captain F.C. Hitchcock, M.C., F.R.Hist.S.

The sixth session of the International Congress for Bloodstock Breeding and Racing which was held in Budapest from the 18th to 21st May, in order to synchronize with the principal race meeting of the year when the King's Prize is contested, was an overwhelming success.

The following countries were represented as a study of the flags flying at the Congress headquarters denoted—France, Germany, Great Britain and Ireland, Hungary, Italy, Poland, Rumania, Switzerland, and Yugo-Slavia.

Many well-known personalities on the Turf in Europe attended: the Earl of Fingall, the Senior Steward of the Irish National Hunt Committee, who steered Sir Lindsay to victory in the National Hunt Steeplechase, Cheltenham, in 1930; the President of the Italian Jockey Club, the Marchese Incisa Rocchetta; the President of the Royal Hungarian Jockey Club, Count Rudolph Erdödy; the President of the International Congress and the Munich Race Committee, Herr Christian Weber, at whose inspiration this admirable organization was founded, for apart from its main objective for the advantage of bloodstock breeding and racing, this Congress is now exercising a far-reaching effect and influence for the benefit of international relations, as everthing centred around the horse, whether it be racing or in the horse shows, goes to prove to an almost inconceivable degree.

Countries which sent a number of delegates to the Congress included France, Germany, Rumania and Poland.

The writer will now endeavour to convey his impressions of Hungary which he gleaned in an all too short sojourn in this enchanting city by the Danube.

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Crossing the former Austrian frontier at Hegyeshalom under the shadow of the Czecho-Slovakian mountains, one is instantly conscious of the fact that one is in another country, not only from the change of scenery to wide expanses associated with Hungarian terrain, but from the great contrast in the type of horseflesh. The draught horse type seen in the plough, harrows, and farm cart immediately gives way to the breedy-looking Hungarian type. Horses in the plough or farm waggon are all of this standard type and they all look to have the essentials for an ideal saddle-horse but not as weight carriers.

Nowhere did one see an animal which would come into the category of a weight-carrying hunter. But for any deficiency in weight they answer their purpose and as the Director of Horse-breeding, Prince Odescalchi, pointed out, they find it better to ride a horse which does not appear to look quite up to the rider's weight than to ride imported types which have neither got the characteristics nor the stamina of the Hungarian bred horse which in Hungary is indisputable. The ideal Hungarian horse boasts a nice lean head with a bold eye, nice length of rein let into good sloping shoulders. To criticise perhaps a bit on the leg. The stamina comes from the original infusion of Arab blood. We have the record of the forced march made by the 19th Hussars in the Nile Campaign of 1884. Mounted on 360 Syrian Arabs (the average weight of each trooper being 14 stone including saddle and accoutrements) the regiment covered 336 miles in 13 days as a flying column from Korte to Metamruch, which averaged 26 miles a day. On the return march from Dongola to Wady Halfa they covered 250 miles at the rate of 16 miles per diem. The quality of the forage was poor, the quantity meagre, and there was little water.

The inhabitants of Hungary take great care of their horses and one noticed that in the fields the horses backs were carefully covered with sheets or rugs to protect them from the rays of the sun which blisters and cracks the skin, further the hot sun on the exposed spine fatigues horses considerably.

The country reminded one of Ireland in pre-motor days, all Hungary is in the fields toiling diligently at their crops or guard-

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ing their herds of horses and cattle. Vast stretches of wheat, oats, and first-crop hay brightened by the acres of forget-me-nots meet the gaze; there are no fences, red-roofed farm houses are studded about surrounded by poplars or pollarded willows. The ribbon-like dusty roads are belted by the evenly-spaced acacia trees.

Above everything seems to rise the giant levers of the wells which stand out in gaunt sinister fashion like very gallows beside the wooden troughs and which are a characteristic feature of the countryside.

The State Studs.

At the Bábolna Stud the delegates and their friends were received by the Commandant—Colonel Petietko-Satner, a most delightful personality of at least 6 feet 2 inches in height. It should be stated that the Royal Hungarian State Studs are a military establishment and that all the personnel are found from the army. Cavalry officers are transferred to the studs for permanent duty and for training men in stud duties who have already carried out regimental service. Further there is an equitation wing as the large riding school bears witness.

Bábolna boasts a mounted boy's band which must be quite unique in the whole world, no member being over 16 and a number considerably under this age. They are mounted on arabs and are exceptionally smart and well drilled, and furnish a most spectacular appearance in their russet coloured tunics, and play and ride like seasoned veterans.

The band was originally founded for boys whose fathers had been killed in the Great War, to-day they must be the sons of soldiers.

This band would indeed prove to be a tremendous attraction and an ideal feature for the International Horse Show, Olympia, if the directors obtained permission for it to perform in London.

The boys continue their education and are taught riding, drill, and stable management, and feed and groom under the direction of the permanent staff. Driving, particularly four-in-hands is a feature of Bábolna, and the numerous teams strike a

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THE MOUNTED BOYS BAND OF THE ROYAL HUNGARIAN STATE STUD, BÁBOLNA

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picturesque note with their coachmen garbed in traditional Hungarian costume.

The Bábolna Stud was founded by King Joseph in 1789, and is entirely devoted to the breeding of Arabs.

Thoughtfully before leaving, a beautiful wreath bearing the flags of all the countries represented on the Congress, was placed on the War Memorial by the President, Herr Weber.

The Kisber Stud.

The Kisbér State Stud in contrast to that of Bábolna which specialises in the Arabs, exists for the breeding of the English thoroughbred as well as the English half-bred stallions for country stock. It caters for the breeding of bloodstock for racing, and in the paddocks one saw purchases made at the last Newmarket December sales. The Kisbér stud gave the name to one of the pillars of the stud in the famous Kisbér, the Hungarian winner of the Derby and Grand Prix de Paris. Here one saw Santorb, the 1925 winner of Ascot Gold Cup, and D'Orsay by Son-in-Law, and amongst the matrons, Record Flight by Hurry On, which one could identify instantly from the almost identical markings and coat colour of her sire; one saw mares with foals or "chicós" by Sansavino and by other well-known classical winners running in the high grassed paddocks. A feature of these paddocks was that instead of wooden palings heavy cables of wire rope painted white are stretched from post to post—this method is said to cause less injury to the mares than wooden rails.

The half-bred mares and foals of the State studs are turned out to graze in large herds from spring until the autumn, should the mares prove to be barren they are returned to the stables for saddle and harness duties.

In the colossal meadows which stretch for miles the mares are guarded by mounted sentinels in the livery of the stud—a feathered hat, loose-sleeved tunic kept in place by a coloured waistcoat, voluminous trousers which reach midway down the leg of riding boots. They keep the mares together by aid of their stock whips, in their task they are assisted by a donkey

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whose rôle it is to act as a rallying point, it was curious to see how the mares always came back to the donkey after careering about.

Another interesting fact was that each herd had allotted to it a donkey and cart in charge of one of the boys in his picturesque kit, his duty being to collect all fresh droppings which have a injurious effect on the pasture in Hungary and in fact on all pasture for horses.

The grazing soil is ideally suited to horse-breeding and in this respect it appeared to be similar to another great horse-breeding country—Ireland. It is obviously natural horse pasturage and one noted the bone of some of the thoroughbred yearlings, a colt by Easton appeared to have seven inches in circumference below the knee.

Captain Keresztes who acted as a most interesting and entertaining pilot to the writer and his wife stated that no artificial manure was used on the pasture.

Kisbér is a beautifully laid out establishment with its riding school, stables, and loose boxes which are exceptionally fine. The extended pedigrees of all the horses are attached to the doors of each box in frames surmounted with the crest of the Kisbér Stud.

In the square opposite a striking equestrian statue, the officers' mess is situated. Here members of the Congress were most hospitably entertained to dinner. Race trophies and cups presented by Kings and Emperors adorned the tables which were set in the midst of a veritable art gallery of equestrian paintings of well-known personalities in the history of the turf and sport in Hungary, including, of course, the immortal Graf Moritz Sándor whose name is a household word when daring feats of horsemanship are referred to in Hungary.

H.S.H. The Regent.

Admiral Horthy is at once a most striking and decorative figure in naval uniform in keeping with his career and background, and with his position as Regent and Governor of an old-world country which justly treasures its traditions. Belonging to a family of Hungarian landed gentry, the Regent entered the

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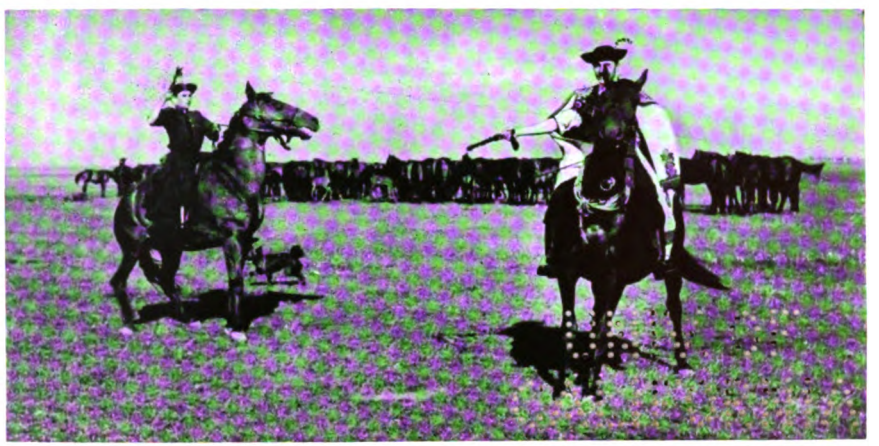
H.S.H. THE REGENT, ADMIRAL HORTHY, entering KASSA, SLOVAKIA, on the occupation of pre-war Hungarian Territory, 11th November, 1938

After their advance through the Carpatho-Ukraine, Hungarian Troops establish a common frontier with Poland. BRIGADIER BELDI (Hungary) inspecting a Polish Guard of Honour, 17th March, 1939



CSIKÓS OF THE HORTOBAGY-PUSZTA in their decorative national costume (note absence of girths)

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Royal Hungarian Navy as a cadet. Prior to the Great War he was A.D.C. to the late Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, Francis Joseph. On the outbreak of hostilities he rejoined the fleet and was in Command at the Battle of Otranto, at the mouth of the Adriatic, between the Austro-Hungarian and British and Italian cruisers in May, 1917. Here he received a severe foot wound in his flagship the *Novara*, the result of a direct hit by one of H.M.S. *Dartmouth's* six-inch shells on the *Novara's* fo'c'sle which killed his second-in-command, Commander Szuborics. Undaunted by the pain from his wound Admiral Horthy insisted, after it had been dressed, that he should be carried on a stretcher in front of the turret in order to direct operations. The Regent is a remarkable linguist and at the reception to the members of the Congress, spoke seven different languages. To the British representatives he recalled the fact that H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor, had stayed in Budapest when he was King Edward VIII, and that he had expressed his desire to return to the city where everyone was smiling and gay. His Serene Highness also referred to the number of English jockeys who rode in Hungary before the War, and to the fact that Frank Butters had commenced his career as trainer on the Hungarian turf.

The Regent has a charm of manner reminiscent of the late Lord Ypres and he passed on leaving behind the feeling that one had been afforded a very great privilege in being addressed by such an arresting personality, indeed the black shadow of the Treaty of Trianon, loomed before one as this gallant Admiral, deprived of his fleet by its iniquities, with a farewell wave of his hand strode out of the reception room in the Royal Palace.

The Regent is a keen horseman and is depicted invariably by artists riding one of his grey chargers. There are numerous portraits of him in the saddle at the time of the Communistic troubles in 1919, and again in the Hungarian occupation of its old territory at Kassa, Slovakia, last November.

He is a shrewd judge of racing and is keenly interested in bloodstock breeding. At the Budapest meetings he will be seen with his very elegant consort taking stock of the horses underneath the peak of his naval cap.

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At the Royal Palace the participants in the Congress witnessed a special performance of the Royal Hungarian Horse Guards in the Riding School. The Spanish School has been revived during the past eighteen months; the riders, unlike those of the celebrated Viennese establishment, wear Hussar uniform with a pelisse similar to that portrayed by Meissonier— blue busbies, light blue shell jackets heavily braided, with scarlet shabraques, they perform the various movements of the "haute école" on grey horses, these horses are not of the same heavy conformation as those of the Spanish School of Vienna which readers may recall performing in Olympia a few years ago. The revival of this riding school is indeed in keeping with the regal atmosphere which pervades throughout all the Budapest ceremonies, for although Hungary has no king it is monarchial to a degree and can boast aristocracy living in a veritable feudal system unlike other countries to-day.

The Army.

Hungarian officers instantly convey the impression of being most efficient and particularly keen soldiers. The cavalry officer is noted for his prowess in the saddle and is justly proud of the traditions of the *arme blanche* which he upholds. Today he has established a fine reputation in the jumping arenas of the various continental Concours-Hippique. What a welcome a team of Hungarian officers would receive under the ever hospitable roof of Olympia should they compete, as one sincerely hopes, at the International Horse Show next year.

The army uniform is decorative and well-cut, which exemplifies the fact that the Hungarians have good figures for uniform and the saddle.

Khaki is the universal colour for service dress with which officers wear a particularly smart high-crowned black képi which matches black boots and spurs. The jacket is worn with a high collar and with cord-like shoulder straps in gold braid; a knot is worn on the left shoulder strap to denote mounted branches, infantry wearing it on the right. The jacket is cut on similar lines to the British jacket prior to 1909.

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Rank is denoted by stars on tabs on the collar, the number of stars up to the rank of captain being equivalent to our army; the colour of the tabs on which the stars appear indicate the branch of the service to which the wearer belongs. Cavalry is indicated by light blue, artillery and the state studs by red, infantry emerald green, sappers rifle green, transport corps brown, tanks dark blue.

From the rank of Major upwards the coloured background is partially substituted by silver and gold. The Air Force rank appears on the shoulder straps. At official functions and race meetings cavalry officers appeared in a blue tunic braided in Hussar fashion, artillery officers wore brown, and infantry green, whilst the staff wore a light, or horizon, blue tunic and overalls to match with a broad red stripe. Cavalry officers all carried a sword of sabre pattern dangling from slings. Hussar officers wore overalls of a particularly smart fawn colour, which is known as the Pejacsevich colour, a name which was derived from the following quaint circumstances. An officer called Pejacsevich, having revolutionary ideas on dress regulations decided that the overalls of his regiment were too sombre a colour and appeared on parade in a pair of his own selection. To his C.O. who demanded his reasons for appearing in overalls of a colour contrary to his regiment's regulation pattern, he replied that he considered it an excellent colour and that the colonel should adopt it for the regiment. The C.O. was so taken aback by the reply that words failed him, but later he confessed that it was a good colour and forthwith gave the order for following the example set by this insurgent to the regimental dress. Thus it came to pass that his surname was adopted for the designation of this colour.

The device on all the regimental buttons appeared to be universal in being embossed with the Royal Hungarian crown. For service dress the khaki " fore and aft " cap is used for all branches and the steel helmet is of Germanic pattern. Infantry do not wear puttees, but breeches cut in jodhpur fashion, but with buttons down the sides, these meet the ankle boots, the junction of which is concealed by leather anklets. In contrast

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the sappers wear a boot, similar to that worn in the German regular army, in view of their pontoon duties.

Similar to all European armies, particularly those belonging to countries which suffered a loss of territory after the 1914-18 clash of arms, the establishment of the Hungarian Army was considerably reduced and some 27 cavalry regiments were melted down to four, which are Hussars and which bear the following names:—

The Francis Joseph No. 1.
Arpád Hussars No. 2.
Nadasdy Hussars No. 3.
Hadik Hussars No. 4.

Hungary has not as yet rushed into mechanization and the recent operations in the Slovakian terrain where much mud was encountered, and the snowdrifts in the Carpatho-Ukraine ruled out the employment of tanks. In fact it would appear that Hungary, like East Prussia, is not a suitable country for exploiting the limited characteristics of a mechanized force and also owing to the surface of the roads. The recent operations produced a demand for horseflesh, and owing to the sales to foreign countries, horses belonging to private individuals had to be requisitioned for military service.

Lieutenant-Colonel Binder of Hussars, once a celebrated G.R. in Hungary, now commands the Cavalry School at Orkney.

There is the Ludouika Akademia for officers at Budapest, and there is the equivalent of a Sandhurst or a St. Cyr.

Military service is based on the conscript system, but men can re-engage for long service with the colours. A medal called the Szólgálati-Jel is awarded for 10 years' good service and conduct, and the reverse of the medal bears the Roman figure X; this seems an admirable method for fostering efficiency in soldiering.

A new medal struck for the recent operations in the Carpatho-Ukraine was pointed out to the writer. Medal ribbons are worn much broader than in the British Army and when wearing the actual medals, they are hung in German fashion, i.e., the length of the ribbon being as it were turned over in

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triangular fashion. The Vitezsegi Ereim is a medal for gallantry which is awarded in silver and gold according to the act of gallantry performed, one noted several officers wearing both medals. Some of the Hungarian decorations date from the time of the halcyon days of the famous Queen Maria Theresa, who, owing to her charming personality caused many soldiers of fortune to flock to her standard during the war of the Austrian Succession. Admiral Horthy wears the Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa, which was instituted by the Empress in recognition of valour during the 7 years' war. It is of interest to note that some of the original recipients of this order were Irish soldiers, who entered the service of Austria at the same time as the Irish Brigade entered the French service after Limerick.

Field-Marshal Brown who left Limerick to join his uncle's infantry regiment in Hungary afterwards became the Emperor's Generalissimo. Amongst other Irish knights of the same order were Field-Marshal Lacy and General Plunkett.

The changing of the Guard at the Royal Palace is a very spectacular ceremony, one witnessed the mounting of the guard of the Sacred Crown and the State Parliamentary Guard. Armed with halberds and arranged in picturesque uniform they adopt a peculiar slow march, it was carried out with an exacting military precision. Afterwards the changing of the Palace guard took place, a guard furnished by Sappers relieving one found by a line infantry regiment. The guard was played on by a band of the Hungarian Navy which wear khaki with a white naval collar; to-day their navy is limited to the Danube which it patrols.

Mounted Police.

The mounted police of Budapest muster between 300 to 400, and perform duties equivalent to our own Metropolitan Mounted Police.

The writer saw some 60 members on duty marshalling the crowds at the recent election meetings, on returning from the

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races where some half dozen had been employed clearing the course.

They are well mounted on breedy-looking Hungarian horses which are trained to control crowds in the same manner as our own. On duty at the races the mounted police wore the typical Hungarian high-crowned képi in dark blue with dark blue uniform, black riding boots, and were armed with swords of sabre pattern which clanked by the side from slings. A saddle of British army pattern with a high cantle is placed across brown folded blankets. One noticed that the police on duty at the political meetings wore helmets with a spike of unique calibre.

Racing.

Budapest boasts two racecourses, one for flat racing and one for steeplechasing. Magyar Lovaregylet is an ideal course.

The original Budapest racecourse was destroyed and the tribunes burnt by the Communists during their short-lived diabolical occupation in 1919. Having experienced with bitterness the Communistic régime Royal Hungary will never tolerate any kind of relationship with the country which gave birth to, and is founded on, the festering sores of Bolshevism. The Hungarians were indeed fortunate in having such an inspiring and gallant leader in Admiral Horthy who routed the reds and established law and order, dignity, and decorum. Traces can still be seen from the Red terror; the doors of the house of Count Andrassy bear the marks of bullets fired by the reds, and by an odd coincidence the Swiss delegate on the Congress, Colonel Fehr, had when in charge of the Red Cross in Budapest prevented this house of priceless art treasures from being destroyed when its owner was with his regiment.

It is always of interest to note the different ways which are adopted on continental racecourses in contrast to our own methods. One of the customs at Budapest is the employment of a "schoolmaster" for all starts. A dun-coloured horse appeared under the starting gate for every race and the competitors ranged themselves alongside him—if youngsters became fractious he is used to coax them up into position. Leaving the paddock

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horses cantered down to the start in a most leisurely fashion. Neck straps are used in all races whether a running martingale is worn or not. Horses are not plated on the hind feet for the flat or for hurdle races. Bookies are not allowed to " shout the odds " and they have to remain segregated in a special enclosure.

Trainers have their horses with engagements stabled at the racecourse for the whole meeting, a special track alongside the course providing ample space for morning gallops.

Major Von Issekuts, one of the leading owner-trainers showed the writer over his stable which was compact and self-contained and quite detached from other stables.

One noticed that the jockeys adopted a pronounced crouch seat and rode with their leathers about two holes shorter than in England. The paddocks and enclosures at Budapest are beautifully laid out and well shaded by trees.

All the names of the winners of the Budapest classics are carved on the walls of the Jockey Club premises; it was interesting to note the number of English jockeys who rode the winners of the respective races prior to 1914—since then the English jockeys names are few and far between, but that of Carslake was of a more recent date.

At Alag, the Newmarket of Hungary, where according to the Hungarian Racing Calendar some 443 horses are in training, Mons. Eugene de Horthy, brother to the Regent, showed one over his stables. Some inches taller than the Regent whom he resembles, he speaks English with remarkable fluency; a well-known big game hunter, the verandah of his house which overlooks the stable yard is festooned with heads and some record horns which have fallen to his rifle. Here Mons. de Horthy has a number of 3- and 4-year old horses in training under the charge of Vitez Pinter, the stables would do credit to any Newmarket establishment. Some half dozen horses were by Caissot, son of Gay Crusader, others by D'Orsay, Santorb, and the German sire Weissdorn, they were all beautifully dressed over.

Other big strings at the Hungarian Turf headquarters are trained by Count John Pejacsevich, who has some 38 horses in

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his charge, whilst Herr Csernovits has about the same number.

The Jockey Club stud was next visited and owing to a veritable monsoon which broke and which is a characteristic feature of the Danubian basin at this time of year the delegates were afforded a lengthy inspection of the inmates.

Here, the stallion Mannamede was to be seen and a number of visiting mares, including Rhoda with a foal by Ut Majeur, who won the Cesarewitch for his former owner the Aga Khan in 1930, also Lady Phalaris and Cagnottee by Winalot.

After this all-interesting tour the members of the Congress were entertained by the members of the Royal Hungarian Jockey Club.

Herr Ladislaus Von Liptay, the Hungarian Vice-President of the Congress, has indeed proved himself to be an ambassador of a high order for having organized this very successful session of such a particular international character in the capital of Hungary and in spite of the political tension in Europe.

As one returned back across the old Austrian frontier one appeared to cross a very threshold dividing the old world from the new.

Gazing in admiration at a battery of Hungarian Horse Artillery on the line of march with their beautifully matched teams one suddenly became aware of the age of mechanization in a contingent of German motorized troops halted at the level crossing.

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A TANK FOR THE MARINES

By 1st Lieutenant J. D. Wilmeth. U.S. Infantry.

The United States Marine Corps has been using tanks for nearly a decade. Considering the Marines operating problems I believe a discussion of findings and tank requirements for Marine use is of interest to the other Services.

A Marine tank, of course, must first be landed before it can be used. For this purpose a self-propelled lighter is used, manned by Navy personnel. When first created for such a purpose the type of lighter adopted carried but five tons, thus considerably restricting the class of tank to be transported. To conform to this limitation the Marines standardized the Marmon-Herrington 5-ton tank.

With the later creation of a lighter of 10 ton capacity opinion is now divided as to whether it should be used to transport two of the Marmon-Herringtons, or if a heavier tank should be sought. Many proponents of this latter measure favour the procurement of the Army light M2 tank for Marine use, and they have many good points in their argument, foremost of which is the added power of the M2, driven by an air-cooled engine developing 250 horse-power. This is 25 horse-power per ton weight, as compared to 17 horse-power per ton for the Marmon-Herrington. This power increase gives much better performance in climb, span, and speed, enabling a tank to negotiate greater obstacles, and rendering it less vulnerable. The M2 tank can climb angles of thirty-five degrees, can span from a stand-still a width of four feet, and can jump fissures six feet in width. It has the comfortable protection of seven-eighths inch armour, a quarter of an inch thicker than the plates of the Marmon-Herrington.

But it has many disadvantages, as compared to the 5-ton tank. Its silhouette exceeds the height of the Marine tank by nearly three feet, a very undesirable amount of increased target

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area, and its fording ability is no better than that of the small tank. Its engine is delicate, requires highly specialized mechanics, expensive parts, and has a short life. The reaction on the engine of operations in an environment of salt air is not known, but because of the much finer tolerances than the Ford requires, such use is sure to bring additional maintenance problems.

If neither the present Marine tank nor the present Army tank can be considered as meeting Marine requirements, what *would* be a good tank for Marine use?

In 1931 the Marines tested a Christie amphibian. Unfortunately the tank possessed so many undesirable features that its one redeeming characteristic, self-navigability, was not of sufficient weight to balance the scales in favour of adoption. But the test was prophetic of a tank that I am sure will some day be Marine standard, for amphibious ability is a much desired quality.

Because the silhouette of an amphibian in water is about one-third as tall as its land height. If the present Marine tank were self-navigating only two feet would be exposed above the water. Still its guns could be used. In comparison with the present height of nearly ten feet for tank and lighter it is apparent that amphibians effect a considerable target reduction. But the contrast is even more pronounced when the overall exposed surface of a tank-bearing lighter of 760 square feet is considered against the 36 square feet of a semi-submerged tank. The probability of a hit has been reduced 95 per cent.

Along with this decrease in the probability of loss, loss itself becomes less serious in the case of a lighterless tank. The 5-tons are relatively inexpensive, and occupy small space aboard ship. Extras could be carried to effect immediate replacement of those sunk before landing, or of others damaged on land and incapable of being towed back to the ship. But when a lighter goes down, not only are two tanks lost, but an expensive piece of equipment is gone for which no replacement can be furnished, perhaps, until the end of operations.

With an amphibian, landings may be made at stretches of beach which the lighter crew would never attempt. Hidden or

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exposed reefs are not obstacles, nor are rocky shores. Once overboard the Marines would be free to land where they chose, free from the touchiness of a crew that is, quite understandably, interested principally in the safety of the lighter. With this extension of the number of likely places where tanks might come ashore the enemy could not concentrate on the beaches, but would be forced to spread his guns thinly, or else to keep them all in mobile reserve—plans which must sacrifice either power or time.

But unfortunately, the present tanks will not float. They weigh more than does the water they displace. In order for the Marmon-Herrington to float each square foot of armour of the thickness used must encompass one and one-third cubic feet of air space, but actually it encompasses less than one cubic foot. The Marine tank can not be made to float unless its armour is reduced, or all dimensions increased.

Reducing the armour would leave but three-eighths of an inch on the front slope plate with the rest of the hull covered by one-eighth. Such an egg shell might make a good boat, but it would make a poor tank. This loss of protection is too great a sacrifice. As it is changes in the armour should be toward increased thickness, for already the tank is vulnerable to .50 calibre fire within 500 yards.

Retaining the present armour thickness but increasing the cubic dimensions so as to give flotation would result in a tank of nearly fifteen tons—considered too heavy for Corps use.

And so, after the advantages of a swimming tank have been delineated, it appears that one embodying all the desired characteristics is impossible of creation. A Jules Verneian brain might conceive a submarine tank, with auxiliary electric motor, crawling along the ocean floor quietly and undisclosed until it waddles up on a beach and induces hysteria.

But even in the realm of present day capabilities the problem might be solved by the construction of a motorless lighter designed to sink under the weight of a tank until only a few feet of the vehicle is exposed. Bolted to this lighter the tank, using

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its own motive power translated to a propeller, will drive the entire assembly.

Such a creation would leave much to be desired. The landing of the tank, as at present, would be restricted to favourable beaches, the draw of the assembly would render difficult operations in shallow water out of the question, and navigable speed would be very slow. But the great reduction of target, one of the principal advantages of the amphibian, would be realized, the expense of the present lighters with their motors would be obviated, and tank armour could be thickened with no appreciable increase in the size of the tank, for the added weight can be counteracted by increasing the buoyancy of the lighter. Necessary changes in material can be effected without expensive modifications.

Though this is not an ideal solution, it does offer greatly increased protection to the Marine tank during the most critical period—the trip from boat to beach.

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SOME THOUGHTS ON LEADERSHIP

By "Zor Kishau"

History shows that, so far as mobile war is concerned, an army of "stags" commanded by a "lion" is worth more than an army of "lions" commanded by a "stag." It is related that the seventy-year-old Blücher was, at Ligny, ridden over by a French Cavalry charge—yet, that night lying on a stretcher in the pouring rain, in the face of defeat—when his generals advised a retreat on Liège—he had the *will* to march northwards and to keep in touch with his allies, and so reached Waterloo. It is the wise tenacity of purpose of a Leader that counts so much.

In selecting leaders obviously the first thing to be done is to find the right material, and then to train it adequately. What then are the qualities required for leadership? An examination of the characters of the Great Captains shows that Poise, Wisdom and Suppleness of Mind, combined with Courage, Energy and Determination are, perhaps, some of the most important. Let us attempt then to define these:—

Poise and Wisdom give sound judgment, and the faculty of being able to see his own and the enemy commander's anxieties in proper perspective.

Suppleness of Mind: to be able to avoid the *idée fixe*, and to maintain a true perspective in complex situations which combine both well-known and new and doubtful elements.

Courage: to maintain confidence and calm judgment in danger or threat of disaster.

Energy: to have the mental and physical stamina to stand up to strain, and the enthusiasm to inspire in times of crisis.

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Determination: to be inflexible in carrying through a decision once made, and the drive to overcome difficulties.

Some few great men may be born with most of these characteristics—but it will be necessary for the majority to endeavour to acquire and develop them. The effort cannot be started too early, and to be successful must be continued unremittingly.

The psychologist divides men into two main categories of mental tendency: the "stable-minded"—who are apt to be set in their ways, somewhat prone to be narrow-minded, with a liking for detail—probably have firm character; and the "unstable-minded"—who are a bit inclined to vacillate and may see so many sides to a question that a decision is difficult, probably have keen perceptions and wide ideas. How necessary it is that each of these types should be taken in hand early and be taught to acquire something of the other—if they would aspire to Leadership!

Life in a Fighting Service is an admirable environment in which to develop the essential characteristics, involving, as it does, the care, training and control of large numbers of diverse human entities—provided that the aspirant acquires a sound all-round military culture, and is inspired as he progresses by the personal example of leaders above him—for Leadership is every bit as infectious as sloth and self-indulgence.

History seems to show that for the leadership of Mobile Forces something more than personality and general military culture is required. What are the particularly "Cavalry" characteristics that are necessary—supplementary to those already mentioned? Perhaps quickness and daring? Both of these require imagination as an ingredient and are worth consideration.

Quickness: by quickness in decision and quickness in action the best use is made of mobility, and only by such use can surprise, "the King of Battles," be brought about. What does quickness really mean, from a leadership point of view?—and how can it be acquired? Napoleon, perhaps the greatest example of this quality, said: "It is not genius that reveals to me suddenly and secretly what I have to do, in circumstances

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unexpected by other people: it is reflection: it is meditation." Does not this mean imaginative anticipation, and a continual study of the ground and of the map in relation to the existing circumstances?

Daring: the audacity to be able to visualise the feasibility of bold and unexpected action, both in taking advantage of and in creating opportunities, and the self-confidence and energy to seize the initiative.

The greater the mobility of a Force the wider are the possibilities open to it, and the greater is the necessity that the Leader should have clear, farseeing Judgment, Quickness, and Daring. It is imperative that this should be continually borne in mind in peace-time, as potential leaders are sometimes apt to become too much immersed in "garage work," which does not require the same amount of mental energy, and so may tend to become "garage-minded"—than which, from a Leadership point of view, there is no worse form of "stag"-nation.

In addition to these mental habits of the leader, the key to the quick and efficient carrying out of a plan must lie in previous, farsighted, and complete administrative arrangements.

An officer selected as having suitable qualities for command will require regular training and regular practice in the Art of Leadership—for Art it is. Only by *continual* practice can the habit of making rapid and sound appreciations be developed: only by *continual* study of the methods employed by the Great Captains, and of the principles underlying them, can dynamic and sound decisions be made rapidly—exploiting Opportunity to the fullest extent. To miss opportunities is as bad in War as it is in Bridge—where faults of omission are rightly recognised as faults of commission, so far as success in winning the rubber is concerned.

If *judgment*, *quickness*, and *daring* are the "seed" then Surprise is the "fruit," and in order to win valuable prizes the "fruit" must be as large and perfect as possible. To gain the fullest possible results from the employment of Mobile Forces is largely a matter of achieving Surprise. Xenophon said: "Whatever a thing may be—be it pleasant or terrible—the less

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it is foreseen, the more it pleases or frightens. This is seen nowhere better than in war—where surprise strikes with terror even those who are much the stronger party." Education and discipline can do much—but human nature has not greatly changed.

If the value of Surprise is admitted, then the plan must utilize Deception and Rapidity to the fullest possible extent; Deception to prepare the ground, that is, to confuse the judgment of the opposing commander, whether by cunningly misleading him or by the mere boldness of the plan and resolution in carrying it through, creating anxiety and producing doubt; Rapidity, so that the rats may not get at the seed, or the rabbits at the young plant.

First, the most careful tactical and administrative planning is required, and then drive and resolute Leadership so that the greatest possible use is made of mobility: many details, and even major matters, will go wrong—it is the repeated impetus given by the Leader that will produce results.

Mobile Forces of considerable size are being created, and these will probably operate on a wide front and also in considerable depth—possibly in self-contained "blobs" at wide intervals, where suitable routes exist in the desired direction; it is essential for the efficient employment of such forces that the widely-separated parts should be kept under control so that they may be directed effectively towards a common purpose. Efficient methods of communication are therefore of great importance.

Wireless and message-carrying aircraft may do much in this respect, but the development of a well-understood technique for co-operation in carrying out a simple plan, with such mutual understanding between commanders as there was between Nelson and his Captains, will make the task much easier. Perhaps a method may be evolved of replacing cumbersome Operation Orders by a statement of an area in enemy control on which pressure is to be brought, and sending to each "blob" a general instruction as to the time at which and the angle from which this pressure is to be exerted—followed, as the situation develops, by further instructions of a similar nature. All details of route

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and method being decided by " blob " commanders who would use their own initiative and drive to the fullest extent in furthering the general purpose.

Technical improvements in modern armaments are many, but it must still be the Leader and his men who will decide the issue ; " garage " efficiency and petrol help to fashion a weapon of great potential power, but it is by skill in wielding that weapon that only Leadership can achieve success.

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THE PASSING OF THE CAVALRY, 1939.

No more the dung pit's reek perfumes the Breeze,
No more the Squadron-Leader shouts out " March at Ease,"
No more the Troop horse searches in his manger
Oblivious to any thought of danger.

Gone are those chestnuts, browns and bays
From all except those lucky "Royals" and "Greys";
And Household Cavalry, who when at home
Still use the hoof-pick and the curry comb.

Hussars, Dragoons, and Lancers still bear ancient names,
The men content to play dismounted games
While Tanks and Lorries grimly thunder past,
Replacing those dear Gees that have been cast.

Of petrol now they draw a daily ration
Instead of oats and hay which were in fashion.
Gone is the Farrier and the skilful Vet.;
Who knows but we may want them badly yet?

CYRIL STACEY, Major.
Formerly 14th King's Hussars.

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MOUNTED GUNMEN

By Brig.-General W. D. Croft

Raised in 1839, by 1840 the Scinde Irregular Horse would appear to have become a most efficient instrument for the maintenance of law and order on the Scinde Frontier, under that wonderful trainer and leader of men, John Jacob.

All those with experience will agree that the climate of Scinde from May to October is about the hottest as well as the most unpleasant in the world; yet this amazing regiment had the majority of its men out on constant and unremitting patrol —watch and ward on the Frontier.

Even at Khanghur, the regimental Headquarters, afterwards re-named Jacobabad, water had to be brought in pakhals from a distance, arriving brackish and barely sufficient for the men's needs in a temperate climate, let alone the middle of the hot weather.

It was at the end of September, 1847, when the hot weather was drawing to its close, and when the European officers would be feeling the strain of extra hard work in such a climate without a single day's leave, that one of Jacob's lieutenants, William Merewether, commanding the detachment at Shahpoor, received good intelligence that the whole of the Boogtee force, a formidable body of robbers and freebooters, were about to make an inroad into British territory.

Starting from Shahpoor at 1.30 a.m. with a party of the Scinde Irregular Horse, amounting to 133 men of all ranks, he arrived at the Zeemanee river just as it became light enough to see clearly the tracks of the enemy. At a spot in the river bed he found a place where they had halted for a short time, from this Merewether gathered that the strength of the party was between 600 and 700 footmen with a sprinkling of horse.

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Acting on Jacob's instructions he thence proceeded along the base of the foothills, intending to take post in the Teywaugh, as he thought the enemy would certainly return that way, and also "the ground being favourable for cavalry to act on."

Merewether's report of the subsequent action to Jacob is quoted in full:—

"Mahomed Khyeeree who was a short distance in advance, came back and informed me that he heard loud shouting and much noise in the direction of Koonree.

"My detachment was marching in column of troops; I wheeled them into line and proceeded in the direction of Koonree; when near the jungle of that place I saw the enemy formed in a deep and long line to my left.

"They appeared to be making a side movement towards the jungle; I therefore passed rapidly along their front, to cut them off from the jungle and drive them to the open plain.

"They were at this time posted in some rough, broken ground with sand hillocks and bushes, but apparently fancying from my galloping along their front that I did not intend to attack them, they left their vantage ground and rushed forward to attack me with much firing, loud shouts and howls; this at once gave me all I wished for, namely a fair field.

"I immediately changed front to the left, which the men did most steadily, as if on parade. When my change of position was executed I charged.

"The charge was made steadily and *rapidly* with irresistible effect. The Boogtees had formed a solid mass to receive us, but were overthrown at the first onset with terrible loss.

"They then moved off towards the hills, distant about three miles, in disorder, but shouldering together as closely as they could.

"We continued our attacks, killing numbers, until, on re-crossing the Zeemanee river, they made another short stand. They were again overthrown and driven into the open plain.

"They were now approaching the low hills, when Risaldar Sheik Ali, very judiciously getting some men in advance, cut

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them off from that place of refuge, and they turned back towards Koonree.

"Their numbers were now getting small; but though repeated offers were made to them they obstinately continued to fight until the destruction was so great that their numbers were reduced to 120, many of whom were wounded.

"At last, seeing resistance utterly hopeless, they were induced to throw down they arms and surrender; not a single footman escaped capture or death.

"Two horsemen alone out of the whole force of the enemy, stated by them to have been full 700 in all, including 25 horsemen, returned to the hills; among the slain were several leaders of note, in fact practically all the leaders of the tribe.

"The undermentioned were recognised among the dead: (Here follows a long list). There were also many others esteemed as warlike characters, but of less note, killed.

"Our own loss has, I am thankful to say, been trifling compared to the result: nine of our horses were killed and ten wounded, seven of them mortally so; amongst the wounded is your own horse, which I was riding at the time (refers to Jacob's horse), he has received two sword cuts, one on the loins close behind the saddle, and the other on the heel.

"After all was over I returned to Shahpoor via Chutter, to which latter place I had sent all the prisoners able to march, under the custody of Naib Risalder Azim Khan. Risalder Sheikh Ali with the remainder of my detachment, I left at Koonree to take care of the wounded till I could send out assistance and carriage from this place. All returned to Shahpoor this morning.

"Before I fell in with the enemy they attempted to capture and plunder the village of Kandranee, whence they were beaten off by the headman in splendid style. Three determined attacks were made by the Boogtees on the fort, and at one time the assailants had actually reached the top of the wall, but were thrown back by the defenders.

"All my native officers and men behaved well in this affair; nothing could be more perfect than the quickness, steadiness and resolution they showed throughout; but I beg particularly

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to bring to your notice the excellent conduct of (Names):

"I saw these four sowars each kill several of the enemy in fair, stand-up fight hand to hand, but nearly all must have done equally well, although it be not possible for me to specify every man's deeds individually.

I beg leave also to remark that the destructive effect of our *little carbines, used in one hand at close quarters, was quite terrible to behold.* Every shot appeared to kill or disable an enemy, who were often, by reason of the bushes and broken ground, enabled to keep just out of sword's reach.

"I must not omit to mention that Jan Mahomed Khyeeree, with four of his followers, was close to me during the whole of the action and behaved exceedingly well. Jan Mahomed fought stoutly, killing several of the enemy before his sword broke over the head of another.

"I have made the best provision I can for the wounded prisoners who are being carefully attended by Asst. Surgeon J. Pirie.

"I have, etc.,
"W. MEREWETHER, Lieutenant,
"2nd Command Scinde Horse, Commanding Outposts,
"Shahpoor."

The despatch was addressed to Major Jacob, Commanding Frontier. "Commanding Frontier!" And that is precisely what Jacob did, ably assisted by his picked officers, so successfully and well.

In forwarding Merewether's despatch Jacob's observations are worthy of note: ". . . Lieutenant Merewether's letter requires no comment; it sets forth distinctly and fully the most successful affair of this kind I have ever witnessed or heard of: 133 men killed nearly 600 enemies, and made prisoner 120, in two hours fighting, the enemy resisting manfully the whole time and obstinately refusing quarter; 560 dead bodies have been counted, and there are probably more lying about in the jungle.

"The conduct of Lieutenant Merewether himself has been beyond praise, and shows a rare and most excellent union of

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implicit obedience and great military skill, of cool and careful prudence with the most daring courage."

High praise indeed from one who was reputed a hard task-master. Yet, when once his subordinates had gained his confidence there would seem to have been real affection between them—there is a letter in the Records some years later in which Merewether ends " Yours very affectionately."

In a *Gazette Extraordinary* the Honourable the Governor in Council is pleased to direct . . . " The skilful arrangements of Major Jacob, and the admirable conduct and daring spirit of Lieut. Merewether, and the party of the Scinde Horse under his command, have combined to achieve a signal and most important service. By the destruction of this large body of marauders assembled on the Frontier, the peace of the British Territories has, it may be hoped, been effectually secured, and the Governor in Council feels that the highest praise is due to all who have borne any part in the gallant and successful exploit. The Scinde Horse has added another to the many recorded instances of valour and devotion to its duty which have always been conspicuous in the short but brilliant career of this distinguished corps."

In his despatch the Adjutant General emphasises " the decisive success . . . which has ended in the total destruction of the most notorious freebooters in Cutchee."

There are numerous other despatches of the most flattering nature which, owing to lack of space, it is impossible to quote. But, as in the case of those already mentioned, it is sufficiently apparent that all India was ringing with the news of the affair, and that all were unanimous in praise of it.

To the military student the most outstanding feature of this extraordinary affair is the remarkable skill at arms possessed by all ranks, which must have been displayed throughout, in addition to the perfect timing of that charge after changing front.

For 133 men to ride through a close-packed horde of armed men who, for their part, were also charging home, would appear to be possible only with perfect discipline.

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With their sabres alone it would seem impossible for them to hack their way through a solid mass of warriors, tight packed as they were reported to be, without becoming immobilized through casualties to their horses—yet they only lost seventeen horses killed.

But Merewether shows how it was done by mentioning "the destructive effect of our little carbines, used in one hand at close quarters." As a gunman would use his weapon: to make siccar.

One wonders if Jacob had altered these weapons in any way ; had he succeeded in effecting improvements in the army pattern ? Were they breechloaders for taking a cartridge ?

It is well known that Jacob was constantly carrying out experiments in ballistics—it should be remembered that he was a highly scientific gunner—and what more likely than that he should turn that wonderful brain of his on to devising some sort of improvement in the armament of his command. Everyone knows that a clever mistri can turn out anything, if he is shown how.

But whatever improvements he succeeded in effecting in the "little carbines" it is not unreasonable to assume that when this action was fought the sowars could and did load from the saddle, and that implies a breechloader.

Having produced a weapon to his liking the next thing would be to train his men in its use. For, whatever its nature, to teach men to shoot to kill with one hand at full gallop without risk to their horses or neighbours would require a most long and arduous course of training.

It is well known that the calibre of the carbine of those days was somewhere in the region of .577", and it would probably kick like a mule—unless Jacob had devised something different. A long and careful perusal of the Records during the whole period of his command discloses no hint of such training—but Jacob may have kept such trade secrets to himself.

In any case it would require a long course of most painstaking training to make them sufficiently proficient to be able to fire it with one hand, so that one could make certain of hitting the target even a few yards away.

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"Every shot appeared to kill or disable an enemy" says Merewether. It is more than probable, therefore, that they fired just before reaching the solid mass, thus giving them an opportunity to ride through or over them.

Again, it must be assumed that the squadron had an opportunity to reload their carbines before charging again, otherwise such casualties could not have been inflicted, and this seems to indicate breechloaders.

A personal letter to Jacob from Malcolm, commanding the detachment of Scinde Irregular Horse at the battle of Goojerat, dated 22nd February, 1849, shows clearly that shooting during mounted action was their normal method of fighting

"Our men behaved splendidly; were ordered by Sir Joseph Thackwell, in person, to charge and turn the enemy's right flank, who was then attempting to turn our left, with some 4,000 horse and some guns.

"We did this with our 240 *men*, and I assure you that their conduct was the admiration of all. They sent the Afghans to the devil—cutting them down and *potting them with their carbines*."

Here again it is obvious that the Scinde Horse had some definite drill which enabled them to fire their carbines at the gallop just before closing with the enemy. For 240 men to ride through 4,000 Afghan cavalry who, for their part, had assumed the offensive in aid of their allies the Sikh infantry, would appear to be an even greater feat of arms than that of Merewether's encounter with the Boogtee raiders.

Malcolm goes on to say: "We were, about an hour after the charge, complimented by Sir J. Thackwell in person, and Lord Gough is in raptures . . ." And no wonder!

Excerpts from the Annual Inspection Report of the Scinde Horse, by Major General Auchmuty, Commanding in Scinde, give some idea of the efficiency of the regiment, especially when it is apparent that he and Jacob were frequently at loggerheads. This is made clear by the Records, from a study of the correspondence that passed between them.

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" I have the satisfaction to report that I found that corps in the highest state of efficiency. The merits of Major Jacob are so well known to His Excellency that it is not necessary for me to enlarge on them here ; the perfection to which he has brought the Scinde Horse is sufficient proof of them.

" The native officers and non-commissioned officers appear to be well acquainted with their duties in the field ; the words of command are given with precision, and, consequently, the movements are rapidly and accurately performed ; and this has been effected without in the least *impairing their efficiency* for partisan war. The men are remarkably healthy ; their clothing, arms and equipment could not well be improved . . . Their conduct in quarters is very good, and there is rarely necessity for punishment ; there is an appearance of cheerfulness and contentment among the men, which speaks highly for Major Jacob's mode of managing them. The horses are of serviceable class, and in excellent condition."

It would be difficult indeed to get a better inspection report than that.

From reading the quoted accounts of the above exploits of the regiment it must not be taken to imply that the men never fought dismounted. Actually there is more than one instance in the Records of their fighting dismounted against vastly superior numbers. It is significant that in such cases the toll of their casualties was a high one.

A firearm is only really efficient when it shoots to kill, and shooting to kill *with certainty* can only be effected at the range of a few yards ; for instance, a round from a rifle just before crossing bayonets is a practical certainty to kill or disable—the result of a bayonet encounter is not so.

In a certain unit during the Great War bombs were abolished, since the C.O. found that more casualties were inflicted by our bombs among our own people than were ever inflicted upon the enemy. This applied especially to that suicidal habit of throwing bombs in the open.

The men were taught to fire as many as 150 rounds in a day, thereby becoming expert at snap shooting. They were taught

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unremittingly to take quick snap shots just beyond bayonet range.

In conclusion it should be mentioned that Merewether's action was fought in intense heat, for in those sandy deserts the air does not become appreciably cooler during the hot weather. Consequently 133 men using their sabres alone, and also with a horse to manage, would soon be completely exhausted if they relied on sabres alone. They must have made frequent use of the "little carbines" at close range.

In fact they were mounted gunmen.

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THE CAVALRY OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

By H. S. Stewart.

Frederick the Great of Prussia came to the throne, at the age of twenty-eight, after unkind treatment by his father had prematurely soured him and had made him a very unpleasant but determined character. Opinions may differ as to Frederick's merits as a general, but as a cavalry reformer his fame is undisputed.

Prussia was a dynastic, not a national state; and its army was an extraordinarily well drilled and disciplined collection of mercenaries. Only part of the rank and file were Prussians, the balance were recruited in any country from which the recruiting agents could entice them. The officers, who were regarded with consideration in the State, were Prussians of noble birth.

When Frederick became King, the cavalry was the least efficient part of the Army, and was not trained to move at faster paces than the trot, even during the charge. It had in former days been in the habit of charging at a gallop, but this had been given up. The troopers were carefully trained in fighting on foot, and were taught firing from horseback at the halt, but do not appear to have paraded mounted more than twice a week. The system of drill was based on that of the infantry, and was complicated and without value for the manœuvre of horsemen in war. Norwood Young in "Life of Frederick the Great" says: "The cavalry were treated as mounted infantry, most of the corps being officially designated 'Regiments on Horseback.' They were taught to regard the carbine as their chief weapon. The horses, being regarded merely as carriers of men trained in musketry, were given little care and did not last long. There

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were twelve regiments of cuirassiers, six of dragoons and two of hussars; a total of some one hundred and fourteen squadrons.

Frederick expressed the following opinions about the cavalry of his father's army. He says:

> "The heavy cavalry consisted, like the infantry, of very big men who were mounted on monstrous horses. These giants on elephants could, however, neither manœuvre nor fight. No parade went by without some of them falling off. They could not control their horses and were far more drilled on foot than on horseback."
>
> "They manœuvre with the precision of my grenadiers, but they are as slow, and before the enemy are of no use, and are always too late."
>
> "The officers had no conception of cavalry service, least of all their duties in war."

Frederick, by intense individual training of man and horse gradually remedied these defects; and eventually Prussian cavalry masses, like those of Alexander and Hannibal, became able to manœuvre harmoniously in battle.

Frederick became involved in the First Silesian War shortly after succeeding to the throne. Here his cavalry displayed its inefficiency. In the opening engagement at Mollwitz in 1741 the Austrians had superiority in cavalry, and the Prussians in artillery; but the opposing forces were nearly equal in numbers. There was no attempt at manœuvre; the two armies merely formed up parallel to each other and fought it out.

Little or no information was collected by either side, but not only did the Prussian cavalry fail in reconnaissance and light cavalry duties prior to the engagement, but it was defeated in battle. It was lucky for Frederick that the infantry of the Prussian army was of better quality than the cavalry; it saved the day, by its superior discipline, after the King himself had taken to flight. Although the Austrian cavalry drove the Prussian cavalry from the field, the Austrian commander failed to exploit his success, and his cavalry was not utilized to achieve decisive victory.

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As yet Frederick had shown neither military knowledge nor talent. He was however quick to learn and, realizing that his cavalry was ill-trained and inefficient, immediately turned his attention towards its improvement. He ordered that any cavalry officer who allowed himself to be attacked at the halt was to be cashiered. He absolutely forbade the use of firearms in shock action, and gave orders that the charge was to be executed at the gallop, sword in hand. Squadron commanders were made personally responsible for the strict observance of these orders.

Cavalry attacks were to be directed against the enemy's flanks and rear. Specifying flanks and rear the objectives of mounted attacks was not a new idea, even savages have ever appreciated the advantages of these tactics; Frederick's innovation was to teach his squadrons to manœuvre faster and more accurately than his enemies, so as to minimize the considerable practical difficulties in carrying these attacks out.

In 1742, although it had greatly improved, the cavalry was unsuccessful at Chotusitz. Once more no real reconnaissance was carried out by either cavalry, and when the two armies were within about fifteen miles of each other neither knew the other's whereabouts. In the battle the Prussian right wing cavalry was at first successful; but, becoming disordered after victory, it was checked by the Austrian supports, and at this critical juncture, the Prussian supports (wearing new unfamiliar hussar uniforms) were mistaken for Austrian reinforcements. The Prussian cavalry fled, shouting "the enemy is behind us." The Prussian left wing cavalry was out-manœuvred in the rough ground by the Austrians but the latter, instead of charging the Prussians in flank and rear, went off to plunder the camp! Truly the cavalry on both sides had much to learn.

In the end the Prussian infantry and artillery won the battle, but pursuit was neglected and consequently the real results were small. Frederick was probably afraid to trust his cavalry away from infantry support. The Prussians incurred about twelve hundred cavalry casualties in the action.

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The King now commenced to supervise personally the training of the Prussian cavalry, and this naturally increased its efficiency. Three lines (i.e., the attacking line, a supporting line and a reserve) were to be used in the attack, and stress was laid on "line" being formed by the quickest method possible, without regard to the relative positions that troops originally held in the squadron, or whether, in the case of a rally, the rear rank happened to come in front.

Before this, the general system of deployment had been to advance in column, then change direction of the head of the column to bring it at right angles to the direction of the proposed attack, when this was effected it was wheeled into line to the flank. Frederick introduced a new system of "forming line to the front" by a diagonal movement of the rear units, to bring these into line with the leading unit. This was a more difficult movement, but it enabled line to be formed more quickly. There was great opposition to this proposal, and one general said that such a thing had previously never even been thought of, and that it could not be carried out. Frederick's reply was: "It has now been thought of, and it will be carried out!" He was in the fortunate position of being able to carry out his ideas unhampered by fossils.

The King also insisted on the "knee-to-knee" charge, and ordered that the intervals between squadrons in the attack were to be closed. This is not possible except with highly-trained men and horses. Realizing that the efficiency of a squadron depends primarily on the standard of the individual training of its horses and men, and that a cavalry mass can only manœuvre as well as its worst squadron, he ordered intensive Individual Training. He reduced the number of ranks from three to two, and divided squadrons into four troops, instead of the former two. According to Colonel Maude, however, he did fail in his attempt to introduce "dressing by the centre" according to modern practice. This failure only goes to show how far ahead of the age Frederick's ideas were. He insisted that every trooper should ride his horse every day. The practical difficulties and inconveniences of carrying out such an order would

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be considered insuperable these days. It certainly requires an autocrat to ensure that all "employed men" should parade mounted every day! However, it was by the enforcement of such arbitrary orders that the efficiency which the Prussian cavalry was brought to the level it eventually attained, its success demonstrates that such systems lead to decisive cavalry victories.

The King attached the greatest importance to horses being thoroughly "in hand," and able to carry their riders so safely across country that the troopers would think only of the enemy. Too often badly trained troops have to worry mainly about controlling their horses and negotiating obstacles.

Frederick insisted on his cavalry moving across rough ground in masses, and expressed severe displeasure if formations thereby became disordered, yet even he, on one occasion, remonstrated about the number of casualties in Seidlitz's regiment, which was made to move over the most difficult and dangerous obstacles. But Seidlitz replied that, if His Majesty gave the order there would be no more accidents, but that he could not then be held responsible if his regiment did not acquit itself with credit before the enemy. The King accepted this explanation and made no more objections. Hussars at that time were supposed to use firearms rather than cold steel in the attack, nor were they expected to charge in ordered lines. Frederick ordered that hussars were to be drilled like dragoons, and were to charge sword in hand with the same cohesion as heavy cavalry. The heavy cavalry was directed to make itself proficient in light cavalry work.

Frederick's whole efforts were primarily directed to creating a highly-disciplined shock-action cavalry for use in pitched battles; and it is little to be wondered at that the Prussian cavalry training subsequently became the standard that every nation aimed at. The King's labours finally produced a cavalry trained to manœuvre with cohesion and uniformity of pace that had not previously been achieved, and has since seldom been equalled. Such a standard of efficiency is unlikely to come about again until conditions repeat themselves; namely a long

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service army containing a high proportion of cavalry commanded and controlled by a soldier autocrat with a belief in himself and a knowledge of cavalry.

The battles of Hohenfriedburg and Sohr (where Frederick commanded himself) and of Kesseldorf (where the Prince of Dessau commanded), showed the great improvement that the Prussian cavalry was continuing to make. It had already become the best shock cavalry in Europe. In these battles, by driving the Austrian cavalry from the field, it materially contributed to the success.

At Hohenfriedburg, Zeithen with the left wing Prussian cavalry completely defeated the Austrian cavalry. Zeithen's victory was partly due to the fact that morasses (which the Austrians considered could not be crossed) separated the two cavalries. The Prussians, now trained to cross all sorts of ground, dashed across the morasses and charged before the Austrians thoroughly realized what was happening. The Baireuth Dragoons, who were in the centre, by another opportune charge ensured the victory. At Sohr the charge of Buddenbrock's cuirassiers turned the scale in Frederick's favour.

At both Hohenfriedburg and Sohr, Frederick abandoned the normal parallel order of battle and made use of an oblique order which subsequently was extensively imitated. The high standard of the drill of his army enabled him to carry out successfully the somewhat hazardous manœuvres preliminary to this attack. The tactical superiority of his cavalry enabled it to protect the infantry during its movement to position. If his cavalry had not possessed tactical superiority, these manœuvres would have been impossible to execute on a battlefield without the risk of disaster. The fact that his infantry, like his cavalry, could afford to delay deployment later than the enemy gave him the tactical initiative. His own tactical knowledge was fast improving, but he was still backward in the tactical use of artillery.

Despite the growth of his military knowledge the King however had not as yet realized the absolute necessity of an energetic

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pursuit of a beaten enemy. The cavalry was not so used for pursuit after these battles, therefore no decisive victory resulted.

The opportunity afforded by the peace following the Second Silesian War (which lasted from 1745-1756) was taken the fullest advantage of to carry out the training methods prescribed by the King. Regiments were now able to devote their attention to the perfection of individual training of horse and man. Riding schools were established in each regiment, and an instructional staff was appointed to supervise the training of men and horses. Frederick was fortunate in having Seidlitz and Zeithen.

Lobozitz in 1757 was more or less a drawn fight. Frederick however, did crush the Saxon army, which was left unsupported.

At the battle of Prague which followed, Frederick, by a manœuvre carried out in full view of the enemy, turned the Austrian right flank; but the victory was gained by the hard fighting of all three arms rather than by manœuvre. The enemy formed a new line facing Frederick, and massed one hundred and four squadrons in three lines on their left. Sixty-five Prussian squadrons charged the one hundred and four Austrians. The Austrian cavalry, remaining at the halt, received the Prussians with carbine fire at fifty paces, and then began an advance. Zeithen had inferior numbers, was out-flanked, and checked in two attacks, but finally drove the Austrian cavalry from the field by a third attack. The Prussian cavalry became drunk with looted liquor after the battle and failed in the pursuit.

Kolin was a Prussian defeat. Frederick's attempt to execute a flank march was checked, and he became committed to a frontal attack against superior forces. Zeithen's cavalry chased the Austrian horse from the field, but it was held up by Austrian artillery sheltered in a wood. Horse artillery with cavalry had not then been thought of, so Zeithen had not the fire support necessary to drive the enemy artillery from the wood. Without doing this no further advance was possible.

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The battle of Rosbach, which shows Frederick's cavalry at its zenith, will make it famous for all time. Only seven battalions of the Prussian infantry were engaged in the battle, and these battalions fired very few rounds. The cavalry defeated the French Army practically without the assistance of the infantry.

The Prussian army was much smaller than that of the French, but the ground was favourable for concealed cavalry movement. The French commander attempted a lateral movement to strike the Prussian left flank and to cut off their retreat. The French line of march was some four miles from the Prussian position, but the movement of the French army could be observed from a windmill that was situated near to the Prussian headquarters.

Frederick waited some time before finally issuing orders. On a hill (some two and a half miles to his left rear), called Janus, he established a battery of eighteen guns.

Seidlitz who was given command of the whole of the Prussian cavalry, formed it in two parallel columns of squadrons; fifteen squadrons in one column, and eighteen in the other. The squadrons followed one another at wheeling distance. Seidlitz used Janus Hill to cover his movements and its battery as his fire pivot. The French could see that the Prussian cavalry was in movement, but thought that this indicated that Frederick was trying to escape.

The French cavalry (drawn up in three parallel columns in a form of "mass") was covering the advance of their army. Seidlitz, under cover of the undulating ground, moved to a position from which he could attack it in flank. Halting, he wheeled his two columns into two lines, and the twelve squadrons of hussars (which had been covering his right flank during the movement) became his third line. He completely surprised the French cavalry which was driven from the field and pursued.

Seidlitz quickly rallied under cover and wheeled into line again. Still supported by the battery on Janus Hill, he now attacked the French infantry in flank. The French army was

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routed. The victory was complete; guns, standards, and thousands of prisoners, were captured.

The preliminary movement of the Prussian cavalry entailed an advance of two and a half miles at the trot. Modern cavalry divisions (each of Seidlitz's lines was about the strength of a division) with the advantage of being organized in brigades and equipped with the latest means of communication, might find considerable difficulty in carrying out a similar manœuvre equally well. But in Seidlitz's command the highest organization was the regiment, and preserving cohesion, dressing and distance in a fast flank march of two and a half miles in column, with two changes of direction and a final wheel into line, was a remarkable achievement for a cavalry force of the strength of a small "Corps" unorganized in either brigades or divisions. Of course from double column of squadrons, two lines are automatically formed by a wheel of squadrons, and this movement was actually done at the halt; nevertheless the march in column across the battlefield evinced a standard of training which modern cavalry divisions might find hard to equal in war. Certainly there had been nothing to equal it in modern Europe previously.

The great battle of Leuthen followed. This is considered the outstanding example of Frederick's oblique order of battle, but it is doubtful how far this idea was a premeditated plan, but in any case the victory was not entirely due to this tactical innovation. Driesen with the Prussian cavalry of the left wing, and Zeithen with that of the right wing, materially contributed to the victory. The Prussian cavalry was reasonably well led during this action, and the Austrians were unable to stand up against it. The cavalry of the Prussian right wing was supported by four battalions of infantry, who on one occasion appear to have saved them from defeat, but this arrangement, of mixing cavalry and infantry, does not altogether seem to fit in with Frederick's ideas about the employment of cavalry. The left wing Prussian cavalry was well hidden from view. The Austrian cavalry boldly advanced on the

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Prussian infantry, but just as it was attacking, it was taken in flank and rear by the concealed Prussian cavalry.

Zorndorf was a glorious day for the Prussian cavalry. It saved Frederick from defeat. The attacking infantry of the Prussian left flank was successfully counter-attacked by the Russian cavalry, which began to exploit this advantage, and a disaster was well in sight. Seidlitz, on the Prussian left (with thirty-three squadrons about five thousand strong), was on the wrong side of a boggy stream which protected the Russian right, but managed with the aid of pioneers to improvise various crossings. His regiment crossing the stream in column, formed a "line to the front" at a gallop, and restored the battle by striking the victorious Russian advance in flank just in its moment of victory. The Russian cavalry on this flank was driven from the field, and their infantry defeated and routed. Seidlitz's attack was made in two lines: the second broke down such resistance as continued after the first line had spent its force. Seidlitz quickly rallied and re-formed his command, which was now reinforced by the cavalry of the Prussian right wing. This had co-operated by attacking the Russians in front as Seidlitz took them in flank. Seidlitz now carried out a second charge on the Russian right; he moved past their right flank in column of squadrons, wheeled into line and charged again, practically destroying the Russian right wing. A fresh disaster (this time however at the Prussian centre) called for further cavalry action, and Seidlitz, who has now collected sixty-one squadrons, made another attack; this time in three lines. He was successful, but his horses and men were now fairly tired, so such Russian units as remained unbroken, managed to withdraw iutact from the field. There were no fresh troops left to pursue.

This battle, even if the results were somewhat indecisive, saved Frederick from being crushed by the Russians. The credit for the victory is due to Seidlitz and the Prussian cavalry; it was its ability to manœuvre in masses at fast paces, which gave it the victory. Seidlitz in this battle showed not only his

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great genius as a cavalry leader, but determination and personality as well. Despite the King's orders, he delayed his attack until he considered the moment for cavalry action had arrived, and when it threatened the loss of his head, replied that 'the King could have it after the battle but in the meantime he required it himself for His Majesty's service. Captain Nolan considers that the victory at Zorndorf was the one most glorious to the Prussian horsemen, he says:

> "Thirty-six squadrons under Seidlitz not only turned the fortune of the day, saved the infantry and artillery of their own army, but checked the advance, overthrew the victorious Russian cavalry, driving it from the field, then returned to fall on the Russian infantry which, prepared to receive the Prussians, fought with determined bravery, and when their masses were broken by the furious horsemen, those who escaped the sword threw themselves again into masses, and had to be charged again and again. In no modern battle did so many men fall as at Zorndorf, though the Prussians had been twelve hours on horseback before advancing to the charge."

The battle of Hochkirch (1758) was a defeat for Frederick. The Austrian dispositions in this battle were unusually good, but the Prussian cavalry under Zeithen took a distinguished part in the action. The main body of the Prussian army was surprised: not so Zeithen and his hussars, they were dressed and ready for the fray. This readiness of the cavalry largely contributed to saving the Prussian army from destruction.

Frederick now formed an experimental artillery battery of four guns with mounted gunners. This was the germ of Horse Artillery.

Kunnersdorf was a bad defeat for Frederick; the cavalry failed, partly because they were set a task beyond their powers. Leignitz was a Prussian victory won by the steadiness of the infantry and the support of the artillery, not by cavalry action. Here again the Prussians allowed themselves to be surprised.

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The battle of Torgan followed. This again, although claimed as a Prussian victory, was an indecisive action. The cavalry although late in arriving, charged the Austrian right, and had some successes. The war finally fizzled out.

Frederick laid the greatest stress on training his cavalry in shock action. He considered by doing so it would establish superiority in those preliminary cavalry combats that usually preceded general engagements during the personal reconnaissances, and be more formidable in action generally.

The amount of time devoted to the training for shock action was so considerable, the available remaining period was insufficient for instruction in light cavalry duties. As a result the Prussian cavalry never became really efficient in the performance (of those equally if not more important duties) of reconnaissance, protection, and pursuit.

Actually Frederick incurred several defeats through the enemy surprising his army, and at Sohr he was successful in spite of being surprised. These disasters were really due to the inefficiency of his cavalry in reconnaissance. He would have suffered far greater disasters had the Austrian generals been more capable.

Colonel Denison in his " History of Cavalry " says :—

> " In September and October, 1744, Frederick was placed in great straits through this superiority of the enemy's light cavalry. They lurked in busy wilderness, in rocky valleys, in scraggy woods. Driving them off or defeating them was all in vain, for they fled rapidly and returned promptly on the cessation of pursuit. Foraging was almost impossible and only to be accomplished by sending out whole regiments together to perform the service. Letters and orders could not be carried from point to point without being intercepted. Carlyle states that at this date the irregular horse shut out the light of day, that as many as six orderlies were despatched to an outlying General and not one of them could get through to him. Three letter bags destined for the King were taken, so that for four weeks he was cut off from the rest

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of Europe and knew not in the least what the Emperor, the King of France, or any other King was doing.

"In October, 1744, when Frederick took up his position in the Camp of Konopischt, he foresaw that his garrisons in Budweis, Tabor, and Frauenberg, would run risk of capture. He sent therefore eight successive messengers with orders for them to rejoin him. The whole eight were captured by Austrian parties of light horse, so that no order arriving, all three garrisons, containing three thousand men were taken prisoners. The campaign of 1744 was unfortunate to Frederick and his ill-success seems more attributable to the cavalry of the Austrians as outposts than to any other cause."

It should not be thought that Frederick did not himself come to realize the importance of light cavalry work, because we find him continually complaining that his cavalry was not as good as the Austrian hussars. But, quite apart from the factor of the time available, the officers of the Prussian army (on whom instruction devolved) were not themselves well acquainted with light cavalry duties. Zeithen learnt " Hussar duties " from the Austrian Hussar Barony. The dissemination throughout the cavalry of such knowledge was a task that required both time and expert instruction.

The length of the war seriously impaired, instead of increasing the general efficiency of the whole Prussian cavalry. Mercenary armies feel the effect of continuous fighting more than national ones, but the cavalry arm always suffers most. As the trained horses and men in the squadrons become fewer and fewer, so the efficiency in shock action becomes less and less. War, although it demoralizes drill and individual training, improves light cavalry work, and war experience did somewhat improve the Prussian hussars, and taught many lessons. At Hohenkirch, where the army was surprised, it was the readiness of Zeithen's hussars which saved it.

In the peace that now came about, the cavalry was re-trained to an even higher standard than it had previously attained. The officers had now all seen war. The casualties had been

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heavy and the men in the ranks were young, keen, but had lived near enough to the time of the great Prussian cavalry victories to realise the importance of highest standards of training.

However, when some fifteen or twenty years had gone by, conditions changed ; the Prussian army being a long service one, promotion was slow ; officers and soldiers became old together, the experienced officers died off or became senile, and the new officers had no one to teach them, war experience was forgotten. One can see the condition to which years of peace had reduced the Prussian army, from the remarks made by Frederick on his military inspections in Silesia in 1784–85. Amongst other things he said :—

> " If I were to make shoemakers and tailors into generals, the regiments could not be worse than they are."

At one of his last inspections held at Potsdam, he said :—

> " Gentlemen,—I am entirely dissatisfied with the cavalry. The regiments are completely out of hand, there is no accuracy in the movements, no solidarity, no order. The men ride like tailors. I beg that this may not occur again and that each of you will pay more attention to his duty, most particularly to the horsemanship."

The block in promotion in the Prussian Army is illustrated by an anecdote about Marshal Augereau. He had served in the ranks of the Prussian army many years prior to the French Revolution. He deserted from the Prussian service and after many adventures became a marshal of France. At Jena he captured the remains of his old company. It still had the same captain, the same officers, and the same sergeant-major as when he belonged to it.

The Prussian cavalry, however, lived on its high reputation till Jena. There it was shown that the teaching of Frederick and Seidlitz had long since been forgotten.

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A RECORD RIDE.

By E. A. Stotherd.

At Durban, Natal, on the quay at the top end of the harbour, is an equestrian statue which should interest all cavalrymen. It is a fine work representing a very exhausted rider and horse, and is erected in honour of Dick King.

Natal in its early days was in constant danger of attacks from both the Dutch and the Zulus. In 1842 the Dutch beleaguered Durban in such overwhelming numbers that in spite of a most gallant defence, it appeared impossible to hold out any longer unless a relieving force arrived. The nearest British military post whence help could come was Grahamstown in Cape Colony, 600 miles distant. To reach it seemed a hopeless task, as the despatch rider carrying the information of the desperate plight of the garrison would have to pass through the cordon of keen-sighted Boers; and then traverse a very rough savage country with hostile inhabitants, swarming with wild animals and in addition many natural obstacles.

Dick King volunteered to attempt it, and succeeded, for he struggled into Grahamstown on the tenth day after leaving Durban.

H.M.S. *Southampton* and the schooner *Conch* were dispatched with reinforcements, and the Dutch raised the siege and retired.

The fort at Durban can still be seen; it is merely a weak earthwork, very small and confined. It is now planted with trees and laid out in gardens. It looks quite indefensible although they had one or two guns.

Dick King's ride must rank as one of the finest on record, and deserves more than a passing mention. He was a very gallant

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man, and a great hunter, so knew all the by-paths in the country around, thus a most suitable man for the undertaking.

His first difficulty was to pass through the Boers' cordon, so he and his Zulu servant were taken across the harbour in rowing boats, with their horses swimming behind, from a point where the mail steamers now berth, passing the end of King Island and landing on Salisbury Island. They ascended and crossed the Bluff about 2 a.m., and calling at a native kraal arranged to have their spoor obliterated; then started on their perilous ride south, travelling at first only by night as there were Boer patrols everywhere. Seven large rivers and many smaller ones had to be crossed, and, as the Boers were guarding all the fords, these had all to be swum. In addition to the raging current there were crocodile and hippopotami to be feared, and also the Zulu boy could not swim and had to cross on the back of one of the horses. Parts of the country were infested by lions and other dangerous beasts and uninhabited; in others the natives were violently hostile.

For two days King was too ill and exhausted to travel, while his native attendant, who had been riding without stirrups, was on the verge of collapse. Less than halfway he managed to get a fresh horse at a trading store. At the Cape borders the Zulu boy gave up and King went on alone, the country here also was inhabited by unfriendly natives. When he finally reached Grahamstown he and his horse were so exhausted that they could barely crawl along. In seven days riding he had covered 600 miles. People who saw him arrive said they could only just make out that the animal he was riding was a horse, it was absolutely dead-beat.

The people of Natal are justly very proud of Dick King's ride and maintain that it surpasses all other famous rides. Eight years previously, in 1834, Colonel Smith, known later as Sir Harry Smith, had made a remarkable 600 miles ride, also to Grahamstown, but from Cape Town. The north-east of Cape Colony was being ravaged by natives and Grahamstown itself was in great danger. Colonel Smith rode there to take

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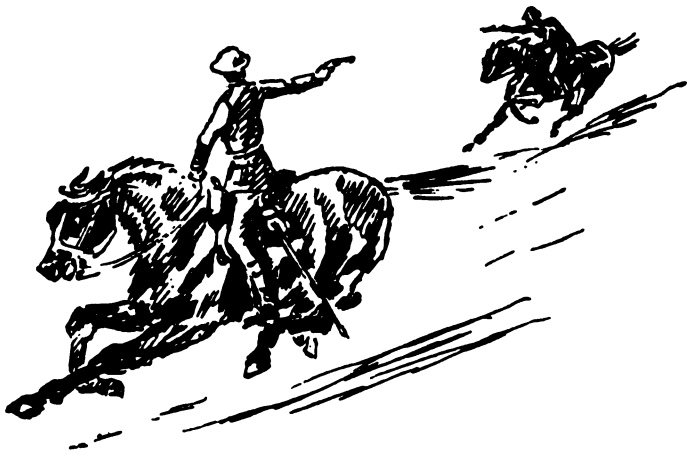
command, organize the defence and restore order in the district. He rode 100 miles a day, averaging fourteen miles an hour, for six days. A fine performance but not nearly equal to that of Dick King, for he had relays of horses the whole way, and the country traversed was more or less civilized.

Roger Pocock rode 3,600 miles from Fort MacLeod in British Columbia to Mexico. Kit Carson did 2,200 miles from the Mississippi to California through very hostile Indian territory, and Cossack Pesskoff 5,000 miles from Vladivostock across Siberia. The last-mentioned was a simple test of endurance, but Kit Carson's ride most resembled that of Dick King as being extremely perilous.



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CENTENARY OF A GREAT HORSEWOMAN.

By F. F. Smith.

On July 7th, 1739, Mrs. Christian Davies, alias Mother Ross, died at the Pensioners' College, Chelsea, aged 72, and was given a military funeral..

Before marriage she was Christian Cavenaugh, of Dublin, Ireland. J. Peter Obrian, who wrote the preface to her life says of her, "perhaps the most remarkable person this or any other nation ever produced." Her claim for posterity's remembrance, especially on the second centenary of her death, rests on her reputation as a female soldier. Our "Dictionary of National Biography" devotes a page and a half to this wonderful Irishwoman.

J. Wilson, formerly surgeon in the army, is the author of "The British Heroine, Mrs. Christian Davies." Some credit the work to Defoe and there is some reason for that, the style having close resemblance.

The title-page of the volume reads, "Who in the habit of a man, served as a foot-soldier and dragoon in several campaigns under King William and the Duke of Marlborough and gave such signal proofs of her courage, strength and dexterity as surprised the whole army, for which she was often honoured with presents from the general officers."

Why did this woman of yeoman stock embark on this enterprise? To discover a husband who had left her in circumstances not discreditable. He suddenly lighted on an old schoolfellow about to sail for the Wars. They renewed old acquaintanceship unwisely and too well, continued this on board the ship. Like one shanghaied, Richard Welsh came to himself when on

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the coast of France. With no means to effect a homecoming he was induced to enlist. He wrote to his wife and told his story. She set out in search of her husband and enlisted in Captain Tichborne's Company of Foot giving the name as Christopher Welsh.

The female soldier was wounded but escaped detection, she was taken prisoner to be exchanged and at her own request was transferred to the Second Dragoons (Scots Greys). The horse-woman desired to be among the mounted soldiery.

The love of a horse is with the Irish and had ever been with Christian Cavenaugh.

Her biographer tells us that Christian Cavenaugh when eighteen would often mount astride on horseback, without bridle and saddle and leap over hedges and ditches. No expense had been spared on her education but books and needlework proved irksome and she abandoned these to hold plough or wield flail on her father's farm.

When a young woman she knew warfare and not from afar off. When James II fled from England to rally what support he could in Ireland, Christian Cavenaugh's father raised a troop of horse to help him. The animal Mr. Cavenaugh rode was so fiery and mettlesome none of the troop dare mount him, yet Christian could feed him, take him up from grass, bestride him in the open field, after she had saddled, would mount him and draw and snap pistols to the terror and amazement of her friends.

Such an accomplished equestrienne and otherwise desirable maid, naturally had many admirers. Her choice fell on Richard Welsh, a labourer, who was much taken aback when he knew he was so favoured. But for Richard Welsh it is doubtful if the British army would have had one soldier so bold who suffered wounds and inspired the troops on many occasions. But for information she gave the British army might have had a severe reverse.

When " The British Heroine " had discovered her husband and compelled him to acknowledge her a brother-in-arms she

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received a wound which revealed the female and she was compelled to give up soldiering. Camp life and desire to be near her husband kept her in the Wars and she became cook. Marauding after a battle she had an uncanny instinct in discovering where the enemy had hidden the treasure. On one of these expeditions after loot she got where some of the enemy were and overheard plans for a surprise attack. For revealing this the commanding general thanked her.

" The Pretty Dragoon " as she had been called before her sex was discovered, was a great favourite and was freely toasted by the officers when she left the ranks. There was a mock marriage ceremony giving opportunities of kissing the bride.

When deprived of her place in the ranks, Mrs. Welsh still had her mount, a beast of burden being necessary when she went purchasing, or after loot. Dressed in a habit convenient to her vocation as cook, Mr. Montgomery, captain of the Grenadiers in Lord Orkney's Regiment, began to ridicule her habit and make a jest of her beast. She offered to run hers against his horse for a pistole, both of them to ride. Brigadier Godfrey, who was by, laid another pistole on her side. They both started at the beat of the drum placed to give the signal and they kept pace together for some time. The lady finding the captain was going to leave her, made a furious push at him, flung man and horse into the ditch, and " so won the race," the army surgeon who gave us " The British Heroine" tells us. He adds " the brigadier laughed heartily at the stratagem, but the captain was half angry, which however, gave ' The British Heroine ' no uneasiness, for she had as little fear about her as any man in the army."

It was grief for her first husband earned for her the name " Mother Ross." She seemed inconsolable and there was fear she would die of grief by her soldier husband's grave. A Captain Ross took compassion on her and endeavoured to console, hence " Mother Ross."

Mrs. Welsh when she became reconciled to the loss of her husband, married again, a grenadier, Hugh Jones, who found

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death fighting in the ranks. Now did "The British Heroine" tire of the Wars and desired to return home and see her children whom she had left in safe keeping. She returned to London, waited about Court that she might be in the way of who might be her benefactors. When she became an army pensioner of Queen Anne she set out for the north of England to embark for Ireland.

In England she showed in an affair with a highwayman the courage she had exhibited on the battlefields of Flanders. The highways of coaching days have been dealt with fairly fully, and the noted drivers, guards and highwaymen duly chronicled. Has any writer, who has made coaching days and coaching ways a study, told the romance of the road that befell "Mother Ross" on the West Chester Road?

Her means compelled the journey by waggon not by the coach. With seven or eight other women they travelled north beguiling the time telling stories. Widow Jones, as she now was, related her experiences in the Wars still being fought. None of the occupants of the waggon, least of all the waggoner, would believe her story. At a stopping-place they fell in with one returned from the campaigns who convinced all the company what one of their number had related was true. The least element of doubt, which existed, went with an opportunity the woman warrior had to show the mettle was in her. In the custom of the time when a number of women formed the passengers, one of them pretended she was a man, to create diversion. Naturally, "The British Heroine" was the male of that company and she proved her title to it.

Two miles outside Coventry a well-mounted highwayman ordered the waggoner to stop that moment or he was a dead man. The frightened waggoner obeyed. When his horses stood still the highwayman presented a pistol and in a hasty tone demanded their money. All the women but one fell a-squealing. She advised the highwayman to put up his pistol and not frighten the women, telling him, "they'll give you what they can spare immediately." "What they can spare," replied the highway-

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man, " I'll have all and this moment too." While the women were rummaging their pockets, Mother Ross observed the highwayman had a brace of pistols in a belt round his waist which she did not perceive at first as they were covered with his great coat.

She watched the opportunity and while he was stooping forward with his hat to receive his contributions, she snatched a pistol from his girdle, cocked it at him and shot him in the breast. Then with a vigorous blow of the butt of the pistol fetched him off his horse. The highwayman expired soon after falling. All was so quickly done the waggoner and the women in the waggon could hardly believe their eyes for some time, till they saw their champion like an old campaigner seize his horse and begin to rifle his pockets. On this occasion however, she was disappointed of her booty, for all that was there were some bullets and a small horn of powder.

When the company reached Coventry, the intrepid one riding a most notorious highwayman's horse, and the adventure told, the Mayor of Coventry appeared and publicly thanked the woman who had ridded them of this troublesome infester of their roads. The Mayor allowed her to keep the highwayman's horse. This Madam Ross sold for eleven guineas, Coventry citizens bidding freely for the animal known to all as the beast of the man who had made the entrance to their city so dangerous to travellers.

At the inn where the women put up, the inhabitants gathered in crowds to see the woman who had done them this signal service. The narrator of " The Life of Mrs. Christian Davies, otherwise " Mother Ross," tells us, this ovation from Coventry gave her little satisfaction till a worthy burgher proposed a collection for her. This met with a noble response, upwards of £16 being gathered from grateful citizens.

Lest there should be another of these gentry on the road before their destination reached, the female soldier armed herself with the brace of pistols from the dead highwayman's belt, and told the waggoner to stop if he saw anyone who looked like a highwayman.

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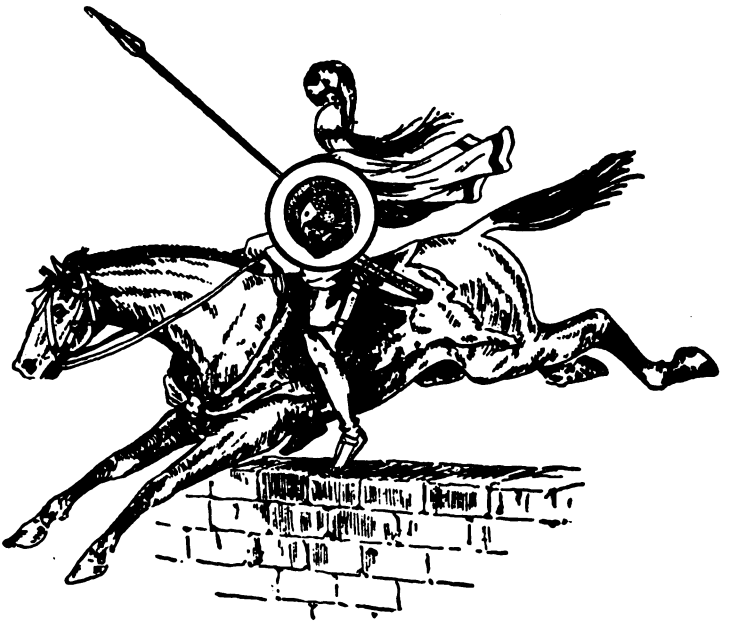
The waggon arrived at Chester without molestation. The story of the woman's exploit had gone before, and Chester added their tribute of praise and thanksgiving by handing her a purse of £11 14s. 0d. The female soldier of renown in acknowledging said, she wished she could meet a highwayman every week.

Arriving at Dublin Mother Ross became a local wonder, soon to succumb to her love of travel and adventure. She married a third time, again a soldier who saw service when he followed the Young Pretender in the Forty-Five rising, came south. His name was Davies.

With her third husband "The British Heroine" spent a quarter of a century, poverty and sickness accompanying. Eventually, for the woman's sake, both were admitted to the Pensioners' Hospital, Chelsea. At her request she was given a military funeral at her death on July 7th, 1739. Three grand volleys were fired over her grave.

This remarkable woman deserves remembrance in her centenary year, not least for being a remarkable horsewoman.



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". . . *AND COFFEE FOR ONE*"

By Reginald Hargreaves

". . . . . Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee."—
SHAKESPEARE.

I.

DESPITE the sulphurous quality of the language employed by certain M.F.H. to the neophyte who has been guilty of "blotting his copy-book" with hounds, the general run of horsemen are not prone to bickering or violence. Possibly the consideration and patience necessary of cultivation for the successful handling of " the friend of man " tends to inculcate an exceptional degree of good-humour and forbearance when it comes to contact with the human being.

Thus, in the long and ensanguined history of the duel—the most pitiful and senseless manifestation of human nature's fundamental touchiness and irascibility—the rarity with which the genuine, essential, dyed-in-the-wool horseman makes his appearance is truly remarkable. Equally noteworthy is the brisk, thoroughgoing manner in which he set about the business on the infrequent occasions when, momentarily abrogating his usual "horse-sense", he consented to make his appearance upon the fantastically-entitled "Field of Honour."

Nothing, for instance, could have been more crisp and businesslike, in a rather detached and lofty way, than the demeanour of the Duke of Wellington—on the occasion of his one and only "meeting"—*vis-à-vis* the 10th Earl of Winchelsea. The causes which led to the encounter have been described and dissected a thousand times; suffice it to say that, as a self-constituted champion of Protestantism, his Grace of Winchelsea

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elected, on very small evidence, to detect about his noble contemporary something more than the impersonal tolerance of a statesman towards the dreaded "Scarlet Woman." What is more, he said so—in the cold print of the *Standard's* pontifical columns.

This was a little more than the Hero of Waterloo could be expected to tolerate; and, after providing his caluminator with an opportunity to apologise and withdraw—which opportunity was declined—nothing was left for it but for each party to the dispute to demonstrate his integrity and honesty of purpose by attempting to blow out the brains of the other.

The "meeting" ultimately took place in Battersea Fields* and, despite the fact that, a mere four years previously, the Duke had signified his approval of the contents of a certain volume entitled "The British Code of Duel," it was found that England's premier soldier had come entirely unprovided with any lethal means of exacting vengeance upon his traducer. It was a situation which placed Sir Henry Hardinge, who was acting as the Duke's "second", in something of a predicament since, oddly enough, there was not such a thing as a pistol about him either! Two more pacific-minded parties to "an affair of honour," it is safe to say, can never have appeared on the field. It was left to the professional doctor in attendance, Dr. Hume, to furnish the necessary means of inflicting injury; the provident medico having thoughtfully included a pair of barkers in his case of professional instruments—impelled to this previsionary course, no doubt, by the thought that it would be a pity to travel all the way to Battersea Fields on a, surgically, sleeveless errand!

The Duke of Wellington's shot went wide, deliberately deflected, as he subsequently admitted; whereupon his opponent, not to be outdone in a punctilious employment of the niceties, deliberately discharged his weapon in the air. There followed certain *pourparlers* as to the exact terms of the written "explanation" with which His Grace of Winchelsea had come provided, Wellington stiffly insisting that it should include the

*More familiar, nowadays, as Battersea Park.

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uncompromising word "apology." This point eventually conceded, the two principals "separated as they had met, with cold civility." The whole affair, in short, had been carried through with an entire absence of melodramatics, typical of the frigid, self-contained soldier to whom a siege, a battle, or a "meeting" was just something that had to be dealt with as it came along, with the maximum of cold, clear-headed efficiency and the minimum of fuss.

But such magnificent detachment as the Duke's was not for all men; as the career of an earlier horse-soldier duellist bears ample witness. Charles Lee, the turbulent individual in question, was the son of General John Lee, and from his birth, in 1731, was destined for the profession of arms. Soldiering was in the fellow's bones; and, despite the handicap of a hot-tempered and a cantankerous disposition, he studied to qualify himself for his profession to such good purpose that his twenty-fifth year found him commanding a Company in the field, as part of an expedition against the French in Canada. For all that his early service was with the Foot, Lee was a predestined "horse-wallah" if ever there was one. In later years—during a period of unemployment following his service with the 16th Light Dragoons, in the Brigade commanded by their erstwhile Colonel, "Gentleman Johnny" Burgoyne—in accepting a temporary appointment offered him by Stanislaus Augustus, the newly-elected King of Poland, he wrote home to a friend:—

> "I am to have a command of Cossacks and Wollacks, a kind of people I have a good opinion of. I am determined not to serve in the Infantry of the Line; *one might just as well be a churchwarden.*"

By the time this was written, Lee had already gone through all the preliminaries to a duel—whilst he was doing his early service in America—with an individual whom he had no hesitation in stigmatising as "a cowardly little surgeon." This surgeon, as it appears, had dared to libel his more fire-eating companion-in-arms, in a lampoon which obtained considerable circulation throughout the Army. In a terrific state of fury and indignation, Lee promptly challenged the author of the skit to

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a "meeting." But the pusillanimous Sawbones would have none of so bloodthirsty a suggestion; whereupon the hot-blooded Charles lost no time in routing him out and penalising him with a severe thrashing. Nursing a sour spirit of revenge, but unwilling to seek redress in the, then, orthodox way, the misguided little Surgeon descended to a peculiarly cowardly piece of treachery. Placing himself, at dusk, on the road along which he knew the enemy was wont to pass, as Lee rode up he sprang out of concealment, seized the bridle of his horse and raised a pistol to fire point blank. Fortunately for the startled Charles, the animal, alarmed at the sudden appearance of the apparition out of the gloaming, plunged violently on the instant of discharge, and his rider escaped with no greater injury than " a severe contusion right under the heart," as he subsequently described it to a relative. His assailant, wrought to desperation by the failure of his first attempt, drew a second pistol; but this was struck from his hand by Lee's companion. Captain Dunbar.

Although Lee was still prepared to accord an honourable " meeting " to his would-be assassin, the matter was ultimately settled without exchange of thrust or pistol shot; the culprit making a public acknowledgment of his offence, and thereafter retiring into private life.

This, as has been indicated, was during Lee's first sojourn in North America; a period wherein he had been endowed by the local Indians with the name of Onnewatirika, which signifies, literally, " Boiling Water," but may be metaphorically interpreted as one whose spirit is never asleep.

But it was not until another decade had passed that " Boiling Water " boiled over to such dire extent that a " meeting," at the usual dispiriting hour of dawn, was the inevitable consequence. This was in Italy, whence Lee had migrated from Poland in the hope of recuperating from a somewhat mysterious affection to which he invariably referred as his " Hungarian fever."

Actual details of the encounter are scanty; but it is clear that, in Shakesperian phrase, " it was indeed a bloody business." Both the Italian Officer whom Lee had challenged and the fiery

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Charles himself were shots more skilled than most ; so there is little wonder that both sustained injury, the local military champion suffering a body-wound of some severity, while Lee himself was deprived of the use of two fingers.

Ever inclined to controversy, and wrong-headedly combative, it is matter for small wonder that Lee should have taken the side of the revolted Colonists in their dispute with the British throne. His loudly-proclaimed partisanship soon gained him active employment with the forces of rebellion ; and, despite his innumerable disputes and disagreements with his brother officers, his sound military training and practical experience swiftly earned for him the post of Second-in-Command to Washington.

It was not until the affair subsequently known as the Battle of Monmouth Court House that Lee's military eccentricity—to give it no harsher name—brought him to loggerheads with the authorities, with consequences detrimental to his martial career from which it was destined never fully to recover.

Had the turbulent Charles been content to accept the rebuke administered to him by Washington on the field itself, it is more than likely that his " fumbling " at Monmouth would have been attributed to a pardonable error of judgment. But it was not in his character to sustain reproof without flying off into a fiery ill-considered attempt at self-justification. A stream of self-assertion, counter accusation and plain vilification flowed from his too-ready pen, directed, firstly at Washington, and subsequently to the world at large. As an outcome, he found himself under arrest, with three charges levelled against him : " Disobedience to orders . . . ; misbehaviour before the enemy . . . ; and disrespect for the Commander-in-Chief in two letters."

Sentence of suspension from any command in the army for a period of twelve months was followed by a challenge from, of all people, the redoubtable Baron von Steüben—Washington's John Moore—another member of that numerous tribe of alien patriots who had offered their services in the cause of American independence. This, for some inexplicable reason, Lee refused to take up ; although there can be no possible suggestion of

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pusillanimity about his avoidance of the "meeting," since a similar invitation from Washington's principal A.D.C., Colonel John Laurens, was accepted with alacrity.

A rendezvous was promptly arranged at which Lee suggested that he and his opponent "should advance one on the other, and each fire at what time and distance he thought proper." This being agreed, the two principals, having been placed with their backs to each other, on the signal being given, instantly wheeled and made towards the centre of the field. Both came on warily but with equal determination, measuring the swiftly decreasing distance which separated them with cautious and calculating eye. It was the impetuous Lee, however, who first raise his pistol to fire; and at almost the same instant Laurens also took aim and squeezed the trigger. Practically as one discharge the two reports rang out; then, as the smoke cleared, both men were to be seen still standing upright. Laurens was already preparing for a second shot when Lee was observed to stagger a little, while his pistol dropped to his side. Immediately the cry went up that the General was wounded, and Laurens, fearful that the injury was more serious than it subsequently proved, advanced towards his opponent as if to offer him support. The seconds, Hamilton and Edwards, hurried up under a similar misapprehension. But Charles hastened to assure them that the wound was inconsiderable, "less than he had imagined at the first stroke of the ball"; and promptly proposed to continue with the combat.

In this determination Lee at first appeared to be adamant; but after a certain amount of high-falutin' about the niceties of punctilio, it was mutually agreed that "honour had been satisfied." So, with a ritual exchange of salutes, principals and seconds moved off with dignified mien to their respective quarters.

This constituted Charles Lee's last appearance on the field—of duelling or of battle. His activity somewhat inhibited by an unromantic tendency to gout, and his congenital contumaciousness mellowed, it well may be, by the mollifying processes of time, he retired to an estate amidst the rural fastnesses of

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Virginia, wherefrom only an occasional effusion from his still-lively pen served as a reminder of his native genius for pugnacious controversy.

If Charles Lee consistently looked the part of a typical swashbuckling soldier of fortune, no one could have carried the traditional aura of a "great lord"—which, in fact he was—with more profound assurance and aplomb than James Thomas Brudenell, 7th Earl of Cardigan, Commander of the Light Brigade at Balaclava and sponsor of that modest knitted woollen garment with which his name is always—if sometimes in ignorance of the kinship—associated.

With the temper of a livery nabob lurking beneath a surface demeanour of icy arrogance, even his best friend would have been forced to admit that milord Cardigan was a little "difficult."* With his supercilious, coldly-aggressive manner and his intolerant air of superiority, the wonder is, not that he should for so long have eluded the ordeal of the "field of honour," but that he had not, by the time he reached it, already spent a good quarter of his waking hours upon it. The provocation which did finally induce him to make his appearance thereon was contained in a letter, over the signature of "An Old Soldier," which appeared in the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*, in the issue dated September 3rd, 1840. Containing a variety of pungent reflections upon the character of his lordship as an officer and gentleman, the epistle had been written, as it was ascertained, by a certain Captain Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett, sometime of the 11th Hussars, of which distinguished Regiment Cardigan was still Colonel.

His lordship's resentment having been aroused by this letter, he immediately demanded satisfaction of its author; despite the fact that the earlier interdicts upon settling private differences by resource to the duel had been reinforced by an enact-

* That he was not, on occasion, without a kindlier side to his nature—successfully as he concealed it, in the normal way—is witnessed by the fact (to name no other) that no-one manifested a more solicitous care for the wounded Brigade Trumpeter Brittain, badly hit at Balaclava, than did his usually undemonstrative Brigadier. Every care that money and influence could provide, in addition to the endless hours he spent by the wounded man's bedside, serve to demonstrate that a considerably greater store of sympathy went to Cardigan's make-up than is generally supposed.

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ment—Victoria, Cap. 85—placed upon the Statute Book a mere three years previously.

Harvey Tuckett, like Barkis, being "willin'," a "meeting" was promptly arranged; and at five o'clock on a bright afternoon in the late September of the same year, the two principals in the dispute, with their respective seconds—a Captain Douglas acting for Cardigan and a Captain Wainwright for his opponent—foregathered at a secluded corner on Wimbledon Common.

The usual preparations having been completed, the two contestants were placed at a distance of about twelve yards from each other; and the signal given to fire. The first exchange was without effect; but with a peremptory gesture, Cardigan motioned for another pistol. Both men were again supplied with weapons; and with the second discharge Harvey Tuckett fell, bleeding freely from a considerable, if relatively superficial wound.

The victim was immediately attended to by Sir James Anderson, the surgeon-in-charge; but Cardigan turned away to find himself face to face with Thomas Dann, the owner of an adjacent windmill who, accompanied by his son, had been a witness of the whole affair. In his most lordly manner, Cardigan demanded to know the fellow's business, and it was something of a shock even to his habitual imperturbability to discover that, in addition to his responsibilities as a miller, the worthy Dann also sustained those of a Constable—a Constable, moreover, fully determined to do his duty and take the whole party into custody. A grudging permission to remove the injured Harvey Tuckett having been wrung by Sir James Anderson from the somewhat obdurate and literal-minded Dann, Cardigan, with his most impressive assumption of the "grand manner," took over control of the proceedings. Waving the over-awed Constable to his appropriate place at the tail of the procession, he proceeded himself to lead the way to the nearest Police Station-house, hard-by at Wandsworth. Inspector Busain was the officer-in-charge at the time; an individual not without experience of the ways of the contemporary *noblesse* since—as he subsequently

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volunteered—he had no difficulty in identifying Cardigan as a " real lord " because " he swore something fearful " !

As the charge which Lord Cardigan was about to face was one of felony, he had no choice but to stand his trial by his Peers, with all the pomp and ceremony of the House of Lords—one of the few trials of a Peer by his Peers. The trial took place before Lord Denham, acting for the time being as Lord High Steward.

The ingenious Sir William Follett, briefed for the defence, proceeded with infinite resource and flexibility, to demonstrate that the Prosecution had entirely failed to prove—at least to the satisfaction of the law, however little doubt might remain in the mind of the ordinary man—that Captain Harvey Tuckett had any sort of identity whatsoever ; and, even if such he possessed, it had not (legally) been demonstrated that such identity identified him with the identity of the individual who had fallen a victim to his noble client's pistol !

All of which was beautifully legal and magnificently involved, and embodied such a superb example of tricky jurisprudence and the ability to exploit " a nice point of law," that learned Counsel was able to insist—and get away with it—that black, far from being ebon, was most demonstrably white of the fairest and most translucent hue !

There was no other course for the Peers but to find milord Cardigan " not guilty " of an act which everyone was perfectly well aware he had indubitably perpetrated.

II.

It is singular that in none of the cases cited, despite the equestrian proclivities of the various contestants, was the general excitement of the encounter enhanced by an agreement to fight the matter out *à cheval.* One instance of a duel waged with both combatants mounted is recorded, however, in the brave days of " John Company's," India. The event occurred at Dinapore in the early Spring of 1788, and signalized the climax to a quarrel between a certain Captain Maitland of the British Service, and Colonel Stuart, an officer in the employ of the Company itself. Considering the difficulties attendant on the

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" moving platforms " that their respective chargers represented, it is a matter of no little astonishment to learn that the gallant Colonel winged his man with a neat shot through the shoulder at the first discharge. It is considerably less astonishing to discover that Stuart himself escaped unhurt.

But if, at first glance, the circumstances of this encounter border somewhat on the unusual, they must rank as little more than commonplace compared to those governing the extraordinary vendetta that arose between two officers of the French service of, roughly, about the same period ; an affair which had its inception in Strasbourg in the year 1794.

Stationed in that frontier garrison town was a certain Captain of Hussars named Fournier, a noted duellist, possessed of a skill-in-arms which only served to encourage freer rein in his tendency to bully and generally " throw his weight about." During the course of his various activities, on the most frivolous pretext he had challenged and killed a young citizen of the place, of the name of Blum ; the sole support of a widowed mother and the younger members of his family. The affair, as may well be imagined, occasioned considerable outcry ; sympathy with the bereaved family was universal, and the victim's funeral was attended by a vast multitude of mourners.

As it so happened, a ball had been arranged to take place at the Headquarters of the local Officer-Commanding, General Moreau ; and preliminaries had progressed too far to permit of the event being cancelled. The occasion was to be graced by the attendance of many of the local notabilities ; and the General, gravely concerned lest the presence of the swashbuckling Fournier should prove offensive to his citizen-guests, expressly instructed his Aide-de-camp, Captain Dupont, an officer of Dragoons, to prevent the duellist's entry into the ballroom.

The A.D.C. accordingly posted himself so that when Fournier eventually made his swaggering appearance, his progress was abruptly arrested by the curt challenge, "Do you dare show yourself here ? "

With a glare of swift anger gleaming in his eyes, the bully peremptorily demanded an explanation of the other's attitude.

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" It means," replied Dupont calmly, " that you ought to have understood that on the day of poor Blum's funeral, it would have been only decent to remain at home. As it is, you can return to your quarters and go to bed—by order of the General ! "

At first it seemed that Fournier, in his fury, would attempt to force his way past the man who barred his passage. But, mastering his initial impulse, he swung back to the A.D.C. with a taunting smile. " I cannot call your General to account for insulting me by closing his door on me," he muttered angrily, " but I do look to you, and I'm resolved to pay you handsomely for the commission of door-keeper you have so willingly accepted ! "

" As to that," retorted Dupont calmly, " I'll fight you when you like. The fact is, your insolent and blustering behaviour has annoyed me for a long time, and my hand itches to deal out to you the punishment you deserve."

The duel duly came off and, rather surprisingly, in view of his reputation for invincibility, Fournier was stretched on the grass by a vigorous sword thrust. " That's the first touch ! " he gasped as he sank to the ground. " Then you wish to have another bout, do you ? " asked Dupont. " Most assuredly, my good fellow," was the implacable reply, " and before long I hope ! "

In a month Fournier was well again, and they fought once more. But this time it was Dupont who was grievously wounded. Yet, in falling, he did not fail to exclaim " That's the second ! As soon as possible—we'll meet again ! " adding, with a stifled groan, " And then for the *finish* ! "

The two adversaries were about equal with the *arme blanche*, but with the pistol the chances would have been very different. Fournier was an absolutely crack shot ; and we have it on the authority of M. de Pontécoulant (from whose *histoire* many of the amazing details of this queer business have been gleaned), that often when the Hussars of his regiment were galloping-by smoking, the duellist-Captain amused himself by firing and smashing their pipes between their lips ! If Fournier could accomplish

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that, then Dupont was perfectly justified in refusing to try him with his favourite weapon, as had been proposed.

They fought for the third time, therefore, with the steel; but at no greater penalty than slight injuries on either side. Their jointly-shared lust for extermination in no way diminished by these preliminary bouts, it was thereupon decided between them that the contest should be continued *ad infinitum* until one or other of them should confess himself beaten—or satisfied. To this end, formal terms of war were drawn up as follows:—

"1. Every time that Dupont and Fournier shall be within a hundred miles of each other, they will each approach half the distance to meet sword in hand.

"2. Should one of the contracting parties be prevented by the duties of the service, he who is free must go the entire distance, so as to reconcile the duties of the service with the exigencies of the present treaty.

"3. No excuse whatever, excepting those resulting from military obligations, will be admitted.

"4. The present being a *bona fide* treaty, cannot be altered from the conditions agreed upon by the consenting parties."

Thereafter, the contract was religiously fulfilled in all its rigour. Moreover, the contracting parties found no difficulty in keeping their engagements; and, as time went on, the state of war between them became a normal condition, a second nature. Their eagerness to meet was like that of two newly-affianced lovers. They never crossed swords without first shaking hands in the most boisterous and apparently friendly manner. Nor was the correspondence whereby they kept each other advised as to their respective movements couched in terms of less apparent amiability.

At intervals, the promotion of one or other of them provisionally interrupted their meetings, since junior officer might not "engage" with senior. But so soon as they again got upon equality of rank, the party last promoted never failed to receive a letter couched in some such manner as the following:—

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"My dear Dupont,

"I hear that the Emperor, doing justice to your merit, has just promoted you to the grade of Brigadier-General. Accept my congratulations upon a promotion, which by your future and your courage, is made natural, a mere matter of course. I have two reasons for exultation for this nomination: first, the satisfaction of a fortunate circumstance for your advancement; and secondly, the facility now vouchsafed to us, to have a thrust at each other on the first opportunity."

In due course both men achieved the substantive rank of General. A little later Dupont was ordered to join the Army of Switzerland. He duly set out and arrived, unexpectedly, in a village occupied by the Staff; a village without a single inn or tavern with which to bless itself. The night was dark, cold, and unwelcoming; not a light was to be seen, save in the window of one small cottage. Without hesitation, Dupont made his way thither, flung open the door—and found himself face to face—with Fournier!

"What! You here?" exclaimed the latter rapturously. "Now for a thrust!"

They set to without more ado, conversing as they fought.

"I thought you had been promoted to some high administrative function," commented Fournier, between a lunge in *tierce* and a quick parry.

"You were wrong; I am still of the trade. The Minister has sent me to the fourth *Corps d'armée*, and here I am."

"And your first visit is to me? Capital!" cried Fournier, driving his sword through the other's neck and pinning him to the wall, just as a flurry of officers, attracted by the noise, burst in to separate the unrelenting twain.

So matters went on, and so they had been likely to continue but for the interposition of an event in the life of one of them which forced matters to a head. It was Dupont who came out with the startling announcement that he desired most ardently to get married; and that he was prepared, moreover, to try to

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put an end to the whole business by meeting his opponent armed with Fournier's favourite weapon—the pistol.

A little more to equalise matters, a rendezvous was arranged in a wood near Neuilly. The combatants were to enter the enclosure armed with a pair of horse pistols, and then, having separated and being out of sight of each other, were to track each other down as best they could and fire at convenience.

On the day appointed, the two Generals met as agreed. Having exchanged greetings, they went their respective ways, taking care to get quickly under cover. For a long time silence reigned over the green depths of the wood, as they crept cautiously forward, striving to catch a glimpse of each other through the impenetrable thicket whenever the flutter of the leaves hinted at the betrayal of a human presence. All at once, as though by a common movement, both came in sight simultaneously, standing behind two trees. The situation was delicate—critical. To stir meant certain death, to one of them at least. Dupont, however, was the first to risk the attempt, or, rather, so to pretend. Raising the flap of his coat, he allowed one end to project out of cover. Bang! came a bullet on the instant, cutting clean through the cloth.

"That settles *one* shot!" muttered the would-be Benedict, with a sigh of thanksgiving.

After a short interval, Dupont again had recourse to guile, but this time on the other side of the tree. Holding his pistol in the left hand, he presented the barrel, as though about to fire, at the same time, and with his other hand, temptingly holding out his hat. Bang! came another bullet, driving his headgear into the bushes nearby.

"Now, *mon brave*, it's all up with you!" exclaimed Dupont exultantly, stalking out, both cocked pistols gripped in his fists. Striding up to Fournier, he curtly announced, "Your life is at my disposal; but," and his grim face relaxed a little, "I will not take it."

"Just as you like about that," muttered the renowned pistol expert, his eyes falling in crestfallen humiliation.

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" As I have said," Dupont continued, " I will not claim it ; only you must remember that I do not give up my right of property in it. Beware of ever crossing my path again, for if you do I shall still be within my rights to put into your brain the two bullets that await you in my pistol barrels now ! "

As it so happened, the two men never did meet again ; and with Dupont's marriage came the termination of a quarrel which, from first to last, had extended over a period of exactly nineteen years !

Truly, as was observed by the Emperor in whose service these two bellicose Officers fought—when they were not too busy fighting each other !—" *Le grandeur des actions humaines se mesure a l'inspiration qui les fait naitre* " !

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JOE BOWMAN—A FAMOUS FELL HUNTSMAN.

By Richard Clapham.

Any reference to fox-hunting on the fells of the English Lake District at once brings to mind John Peel who was made famous in song the world over. It is safe to say, however, that had it not been for the spirited verses written by John Woodcock Graves, Peel's fame would not have extended beyond his own northern territory. John Peel hunted the country adjoining the fells proper, and he had thus no claim to be a fell huntsman. He often rode a pony and owing to his intimate knowledge of the district, he used to get along the roads and see a great deal of what his hounds did.

A quarter of a century after his death in 1854, another and much greater star appeared on the northern fox-hunting horizon in the person of Joe Bowman, who became huntsman to the Ullswater in 1879, and carried the horn with only a short break until 1924. Joe soon began to make a name for himself, and his fame as a huntsman and hound-breeder reached far beyond the fell country and although like John Peel he had a song "Joe Bowman" written in his honour, it was on his own sterling qualities in field and kennel that his fame rested. Joe is still hale and hearty, although long past the allotted span, and he lives within a bow-shot of the kennels whose door he has so often thrown open on a hunting morning. If you ask a fox-hunting dalesman who are the two best beloved sportsmen in Lakeland, he will promptly reply "Lordy" and "Hunty," otherwise Lord Lonsdale, and Joe Bowman.

Joe was born at Matterdale in 1857, and was thus ushered into the world too late to be a contemporary of John Peel.

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He inherited his love of hunting from his mother, who, before her marriage to Matthew Bowman, was Miss Mary Dawson. The Dawson family had been closely connected with hunting for many generations, evidence of which lies in a horn that has been handed down for 200 years. Two of his uncles hunted hounds during Joe's childhood days, and the boy learned much about hunting from them. At first Joe followed farming, and later worked at the Greenside Lead Mines, near Patterdale. On the retirement of Abe Pattinson the Ullswater huntsman in 1879, Joe Bowman was appointed to the post, and for a long time he hunted without a whipper-in. At that time Squire Hasell, of Dalemain, was Master. Mr. Hasell died in 1910, and he was followed by Mr. W. H. Marshall, of Patterdale Hall.

In 1911, after hunting hounds for 32 seasons, Joe was presented with a gift of £150 as a token of esteem from some 700 friends. The presentation was made in front of the Patterdale Hotel after a hard day's hunting. Joe in his reply said that he had been told that an ancestor of his who was deaf and dumb used to go out hunting with a man who was blind, and used to say to him " Thoo mun lissen and I'll leuk " (You must listen and I'll look).

Joe's temporary resignation in 1911 was owing to heart and leg trouble. His whipper-in, George Salkeld, took his place, with B. Wilson to turn hounds to him. When war broke out Salkeld and Wilson joined up, and Joe Bowman again took charge of hounds. With little or no outside help, for fields were naturally small, Joe carried on with all his old keenness, and it seemed as if hounds knew that they must do their best for him. In 1924, to everyone's regret, Joe had to retire owing to advancing years. His place was taken by the whipper-in, Braithwaite Wilson, who had returned safely from the war. Wilson was a wonderful walker on the fells, and a most capable huntsman. He is now huntsman to the Buxton and Chapel-en-le-Frith Harriers. Joe Weir his whipper-in was promoted, and still hunts the Ullswater, with J. Wilkinson to turn to him.

During the latter part of Joe Bowman's reign, he had the help of a very keen amateur whipper-in, i.e., Mr. Charlie Parry,

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now the popular Master of the United. On one occasion Charlie was driving Joe home from Kentmere after a hard week's hunting, and for a wonder Bowman admitted that he was tired. Nearing the end of the journey, Charlie pulled up his horse and turning to Joe, said in the vernacular "Noo, thoo's bin growsing all t'way back thoo mun git doon here," pointing to the churchyard. Joe, amazed, enquired why. "Because," said Charlie, "It's neea use me takken thee all t' way up t'hill ta hev ta fetch thee doon agen." Joe's cottage was at the top of a long hill near the kennels.

In his younger days it took a good man to keep up with Joe Bowman on the fells, and as already mentioned he hunted hounds for some time without the assistance of a whipper-in. Anyone with practical experience of fell hunting knows what this means. During the latter years of his reign, however, he was not called upon to do so much, for with an active whipper-in to help him, and a knowledgeable field to give their aid, he could take things in a rather more leisurely fashion. It was an education to watch Joe handle his hounds. He would cast them off on a fell side and work them like a shepherd working his dogs. They knew every intonation of his voice, a voice that could be heard clearly to the innermost recesses of the fells. He was an artist on the horn, too, although he used it more sparingly than would a south-country huntsman.

Joe has a great love for children, and when he was huntsman, it was nothing unusual to see one or two youngsters hanging on to him as hounds went to the meet. He was the hero of all the local school lads, many a one of whom later developed a keen love of hunting thanks to Joe's tuition. In addition to his hounds he set great store by his terriers, and in his time he possessed some of the best that ever bolted a fox or worried a lamb-stealer underground. Most of his terriers were of what came to be known as the Patterdale breed, brown or blue in colour, with a hard wiry coat. These terriers were narrow in front, and a bit on the leg, to enable them to cross rough country and surmount rock ledges underground. One of Joe's terriers once killed

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three foxes in a borran or rock earth, the combined weight of the three being 62 lbs. To-day the show people have taken up the fell terriers under the name of Lakeland Terrier, and already they are growing beards and elongated heads such as the show folk love. Hopeless is the case of a working breed once it is bred to show points. There is an old motto about "Handsome is as handsome does" that applies strongly to any terrier that is used for underground work.

During his long career as huntsman, Joe Bowman killed well over 2,000 foxes, many of which tipped the scale at 20 lbs. and more. In 1903, Joe and his hounds accounted for 35 brace of old foxes, and 24 brace of cubs, a wonderful record in such a wild and mountainous country as Lakeland. His heaviest fox was a dog weighing 23 lb. It was killed in Wycop Ghyll, Crossfell. On several occasions hounds killed 2 brace of foxes in a day. In 1920 the Ullswater killed 1½ brace in a day, the weights of the foxes being 19¾ lbs., 18 lbs. and 16 lbs. respectively.

I was with Joe Bowman many years ago when I saw my first Lakeland fox killed. One of the Ullswater bitches got away with a fox on her own, and ran it to ground not far from where we were standing on the Tongue, at Troutbeck Park. For a hound to find, hunt, and kill a fox single-handed on the fells is no unusual occurrence. To give one example. In the spring of 1921, Ullswater Careless struck the line of a fox when out with the farmer where she was walked in summer. The bitch found her fox at Brock Crag, in Fusedale, and ran it through Rampsgill towards Mardale, thence through Martindale Forest to a farm at Strang Crag, where she pulled her quarry down off a window sill. The fox weighed 17½ lbs., and was a fine dog. The run lasted 4 hours. Anyone who knows the country mentioned will appreciate the perseverence and keenness of the bitch that accomplished this feat single-handed.

During the time that Joe was huntsman, the Ullswater recorded many long runs. One of these took place in the season 1922-23. Hounds were in Mardale for the annual shepherd's meet, and on the Monday a fox was unkennelled at Woodford Ghyll from whence hounds drove him over the following route:

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Mosedale, Longsleddale, Harter Fell, Nan Bield Pass, Kentmere, Troutbeck, returning by Thornthwaite Crag, High Street, Hayesdale, Rampsghyll Head, Tuppenny Crag, Kailpot, Mardale, where the fox went to ground in Short Stile, Riggingdale, and was finally accounted for. This run was through eight valleys and seven parishes.

Another great hunt was from Grisedale. Hounds had killed one fox early in the morning, and unkennelled a fresh one which led them through Helvellyn, Fairfield, Langdale Pikes, Borrowdale, thence to Honister quarries where the fox took refuge on a ledge. Here a first season hound named Crowner, was killed, and Forester became crag-fast and had to be rescued by ropes. The end of the hunt was seen by the inn-keeper at Wastdale, who viewed a hound running close to his fox through the fell breast. Not long after that the hound rolled the fox over. This hound was Cleaver, which Bowman always considered the best he ever had. The inn-keeper caught Cleaver, put him up for the night, and sent him off next day with a message tied round his neck. The hound found his way back to kennels bearing his dispatches. That day Joe got as far as Honister, and returned via Watendlath. How many miles hounds covered during this great run it would be difficult to say.

Joe Bowman was always good at repartee, and quick to make the most of any situation in which he found himself. Which reminds me of the day when he arrived with his hounds at Howtown Pier after a hunt on the fell. An official demanded that steamer tickets should be taken for each hound that was to make the journey up Ullswater Lake. Joe said no, and embarked without his pack. Half-way up the lake he pulled out his horn and awoke the echoes of the surrounding hills. Hounds promptly answered the call, flew round by road and when the steamer pulled in at the Ullswater pier the entire pack was there to meet it and their beloved huntsman. As Joe stepped off the boat he smilingly turned to the exacting official and remarked: "Noo then, who's won?" How many miles Joe Bowman has covered on the fells in all sorts of weather would be

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hard to guess at. I have heard him say more than once "Ah've walked many a mile ower these fells alone but ah've nivver been lonely," occasionally he has been lost in thick mist, "but nivver fer long" he will tell you. On the other hand he has often been one of a search party out to rescue others who have been lost.

It is not often that one hears three packs of foxhounds in full cry at one and the same time, but Joe once heard it in Borrowdale, when the Blencathra, Ullswater, and Eskdale ran into that picturesque valley.

Many rough experiences came Joe's way on the fells during his career as huntsman, one of the worst being his journey home from Mardale in one of the wildest blizzards that ever broke over Westmorland. Visitors to the dale were snowed in, but Joe set off before the storm came and was caught on the tops. He was over fifty years of age then, but still hard as nails. Hounds had to battle their way against the storm as best they could, while Joe picked up his two terriers and carried them in his arms. Finally he became so benumbed that he had to abandon one terrier in order to save the other and himself. At last, half frozen, he reached Patterdale, where he soon recovered. Some days after the body of the dead terrier, a victim of the storm, was picked up. One could relate many such incidents on the fells, when men, hounds, and terriers have been called upon for all their fortitude in order to escape disaster.

The fells of Lakeland form a dangerous hunting country, especially when the snow lies deep, thus accidents to hounds are not uncommon. To give one example, on January 30th, 1922, hounds were thrown off in the low ground, and found a fox which led them over Helvellyn where deeply drifted snow and ice-covered crags made the going doubly treacherous. When hounds finally returned, Cragsman, Cruel, and Trilby were missing, and Matchman arrived in a desperate plight to die at the kennels. Eventually the bodies of the hounds, together with their fox were found below Low Man on Helvellyn. They had fallen over a snow cornice. Cragsman was one of the best foxhounds I ever knew, and he was equally good when hunting otter. For several seasons after the war he used to hunt with what are now the

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Kendal and District Otterhounds, in summer, and no better hound ever gave tongue on the line of an otter. He was a small and very active hound, just the sort for work in rough country.

For many years Joe Bowman and the Ullswater hounds were regular attendants at the farmers annual Shepherds' Meet, in Mardale. At first this ancient meet was but a small gathering of shepherds and fox-hunters, and much of its later popularity must be set down to Joe, whose genial presence and knack of making things go attracted more and more people from all parts of the country, until the Mardale gathering became a good second to the famous Grasmere Sports. Now, alas, the Dun Bull inn in Mardale has seen the last of these jovial meetings, and the little church at which the fox-hunters, including Joe and his whipper-in in their red coats, so often attended, has been razed to the ground, for the valley is to be flooded in order to increase the city of Manchester's water supply.

At the 1924 Mardale Shepherds' Meet, Joe was presented with a silver horn which bore the following inscription :—

" The Horn of Mardale—

May he who windes this silver horn
Aye wake the echoes of the morn
And heavenwards where e'er he wend
The spirit of Auld Joe attend.

Presented to Joe Bowman by the hunters of Mardale as a token of unswerving loyalty and affection. Mardale Meet, November 22nd, 1924."

As a fell huntsman Joe Bowman was second to none, and although the mantle of fame fell upon John Peel, the latter gained his world-wide reputation solely from the song which his friend John Woodcock Graves wrote. Peel and Bowman were two very different men. The former was a Cumberland yeoman who owned and hunted his hounds on an income of £400 a year. His country adjoined the fells proper, and he rode about the roads to keep in touch with his pack. He could go out when he felt like it, and was his own master. Bowman on the other hand was a professional huntsman who had his duties to perform in

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all weathers, and in a country of high altitude where the going is the most difficult and dangerous in England. His job was always arduous, as any one realizes who has hunted regularly on the fells, and often perilous, so that Peel's experiences fade into insignificance when compared with Joe's. Besides being a wonderful huntsman, as good in the kennel as the field, to which the breeding of the Ullswater hounds has borne witness, Bowman was—or I should say is—seeing that he is still hale and hearty, a remarkable man in other ways. With good brains, a tenacious memory, a well-balanced judgment and unusual powers of narration, he has been a source of edification to countless friends of high and low degree who have hunted with him or visited him at his cottage within sight of the Ullswater kennels.

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SMALL GAME SHOOTING

By COLONEL F. A. HAMILTON, LATE 3RD CAVALRY, I.A.

A GREAT deal has been written about this ever-popular sport. In addition to the Badminton Library, and more recently the Lonsdale Library on the subject, there are many other works. I can but offer my own humble experiences and some hints which may be of value to the younger generation.

Most of us well remember the first time we fired a real shotgun. My first effort was not a happy one. I was a very small boy, at a children's party in Victorian days, wearing a black velvet suit with a white lace collar. After a sumptuous tea we were enlarged from the dining-room into the hall. Now it happened that a cousin of less tender years than myself and who ought to have known better, had left his .410 bore gun fully loaded and at full cock, in the umbrella stand by the hall door. It at once caught my eye, and I proceeded to open fire on the drawing room door, which I just succeeded in hitting as my grandmother was about to open it from the other side. Fortunately the shots, which I think were Sparrow-hail, did not penetrate the oak panels and so no great harm was done. I was taken away by my nurse, and hand-in-hand we went for the remainder of the party!

At the age of ten I was allowed, by a friend, Captain T., to fire his gun at a rabbit. I drew a careful bead, pulled the trigger, and landed on my back. I had pulled both triggers. The gallant Captain was much amused, and soon afterwards gave me another chance. He took me out ferreting, and handing me his gun stationed me within sight of a burrow. I waited breathlessly until at last much rumbling took place in the burrow and out came a rabbit, which seated itself at

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the mouth of the hole. I fired, and down went the rabbit into the black mud at the bottom of the ditch. I threw down the gun and ran forward to retrieve my muddy prize, but was recalled by the Captain, who explained that it was not usual to do your own retrieving. From that day onwards I was instructed in the noble art of shooting things.

In spite of the care taken to instil into me the usual maxims, I had some narrow escapes from my own gun. On one occasion I was carrying my gun, muzzle downwards in the correct position, when I tripped over a strand of wire and just missed blowing my toes off. On another day I was carrying my gun over my shoulder, muzzle upwards, quite correctly, when passing under a beech tree my gun went off. In each case I must have had my finger too near the trigger.

This recalls to me the story of a gamekeeper at a certain shoot, where the son of the house was not too well trained. The boy's father saw the keeper coming towards him looking much scared.

"What on earth is the matter," said he to the keeper. "You are all white in the face."

"Well, sir," said the man, "and so would you be; I was standing counting the game near that tree, sir, when up comes Master Bob, playing the jew's harp on the triggers of his gun, and blows a hole between my two feet the size of a wasp's nest!"

It is a record that at a certain shoot when a woodcock got up, as sometimes happens, some wild shooting took place.

"I say," said one young member of the party to his friend, "I believe you have shot my father!"

"Never mind," was the reply, "take a shot at mine!"

I once saw a host take a shot at his son and a young friend of his, who were delaying the operations by stopping in the middle of a ride involved in a heated argument. The range was long, and the shot was directed at the legs of the culprits, so no real harm was done, but it had the desired effect of moving them on. I assisted in removing the pellets of shot from the

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nether portions of my friend's anatomy that evening with the point of a penknife.

Should we be detailed to walk with the beaters or in rear of them we should be careful not to shoot at any birds which are going straight for the forward guns, if we do we may spoil their shooting. Some of the most difficult high birds which give the greatest satisfaction to kill are those which break back over the beaters' heads; for this reason it is often a compliment to be given these places. We can recollect, however, the occasion when the keeper, who hated to see his birds missed, and still worse, wounded, shouted to a gun who was walking with the beaters to shoot at certain birds going forward.

"But," remonstrated the gun in question, "I am leaving them for the forward guns."

"But," said the keeper in agony, "they can't hit them, sir! Over! Forward! There, look at that!" he yelled, almost tearing his hair out as four barrels were again discharged outside without result. "What's the use of driving pheasants to the likes of them?" "Them" being two gentlemen who were addicted to looking upon the wine when it was red, and sitting up late over whisky and sodas and cigars to the detriment of their shooting and nerves.

There is a story of a young gentleman who was what may be termed a nervy, jumpy shot, who having sat up very late the previous night and breakfasted lightly off a peach and a very strong brandy and soda, was shooting with a friend who recounted this story of his doings. This young man happened to be about 30 yards from a hollow lane along which a beater was proceeding, carrying three or four hares on his back. They wobbled about as he walked and the jumpy one catching sight of their movements just above the fence, instantly fired a snapshot with the effect of putting several pellets into the unhappy beater's back. Fortunately such cases are rare, but as an old General told me many years ago, "if you want to shoot well be moderately temperate; never shoot where you can't see, and always give the beaters the benefit of the doubt!"

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To my mind silence is essential when shooting. If you have taken the trouble to find out the *modus operandi* or plan of campaign, shouting and talking should be quite unnecessary. A man who roars at, or whistles frequently to his dog is a positive nuisance and upsets any shoot. There is plenty of time to talk at luncheon or at home, or in the close season, but if you want a successful shoot you must be as silent as possible. I have known a good snipe shoot spoilt by one of the guns making too much noise.

The jealous shot is an objectionable character. He is unfortunately often met at small and large shooting parties. His object all day seems to be less to enjoy himself than to spoil the enjoyment of others, and he will always prefer his neighbour's bird to his own. He is anxious to get into the best place and is often not satisfied when he has got it. He keeps a score of what he kills which is often exaggerated. He is in short a conceited and selfish person out shooting and is not often asked a second time. He often plasters birds as they rise, and before they can get well on the wing or go to the forward guns.

It should be a fixed rule in covert shooting that the guns inside should only shoot at ground game and at such pheasants as are going out to the side or going back over the heads of the beaters, leaving the low-lying birds to go forward. If this rule is adhered to sport is greatly increased and there is far less danger to "lives" and "eyes." While on the subject of danger it must be added: that the gun should be regarded as an enemy to life and should be carried with the muzzle almost vertical to earth or sky.

When loading, after inserting the cartridges, close the breech by raising the butt of the gun, not the barrel. Never shoot very long shots at ground game. Never shoot ground game on the sky line, or on the brow of any hilly or undulating ground. If you hear a "stop" tapping, but cannot see him, tell him to come out into the open and show himself where you can see him. Note the exact position of neighbouring guns and let them see yours. Remove your cartridges when crossing a fence. To shoot as well as possible, in addition to keeping fit, your gun

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must fit you and suit you in every way ; weight, length, balance, etc. When you have achieved the above and have a gun that suits you, you require all the practice you can get. When shooting, feet should if possible be in such a position that you have a good and comfortable stance and can swing easily in any direction. You cannot swing from an awkward position. Hold your gun with the left hand well forward ; this will help to prevent you from shooting low or behind birds or ground game. When shooting at a bird let " forward and high " be your motto. Always swing and do not " poke." A quick, continuous swing, for a crossing shot at a bird or a tilt in the case of birds, hares or rabbits going away from you is what should be aimed at, and can only be achieved by practice. Don't dwell too long or you will lose your swing and start poking. Shoot with both eyes open if possible ; with a well-fitted gun you should not have to take aim as you do in rifle shooting. Always keep on the alert, and most essential of all, " look your own height off the ground," especially when shooting snipe, woodcock and birds that are very quick off the mark. By this means birds and ground game will catch your eye at once and loss of time in getting on terms with them will be obviated. Do not hold your gun too tight, a nice light grip with the gun nicely balanced in your hands tends to quick shooting and an easy swing or tilt. Any further details can be learnt at a good shooting school.

Don't make shooting more cruel than necessary. Shoot humanely, learn to shoot, by practising at clay pigeons before you shoot at living creatures and then shoot before and not at the living creatures, unless they are sitting shots. Never mind if you miss, try not to wound ! By swinging and shooting before the object you will, when you hit it, kill it dead and so spare suffering to the animal and your own feelings. Do not shoot at hares and rabbits going away from you, unless they are near enough for you to see the back of their heads, otherwise you will probably break their hind legs and they will struggle away and die in suffering.

The above injunctions are not too easy to carry out, and the best shots will make a mess of it sometimes, but they are

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what we should aim at and can achieve if we take enough trouble. It is only fair to the game we shoot at and to our host, and last but not least, the keeper who has spent so much time and taken so much trouble to rear the birds. If in doubt whether the bird or animal is within shootable range, give it the benefit of the doubt and forbear to press the trigger. The head and neck is the ideal place to hit your game. The birds will then fall head downwards in little feathered lumps, and the hares and rabbits turn their head over heels and never move again.

It is a great thing to kill your first few birds or rabbits properly. It gives you confidence ; you feel that you have got the knack and that nothing is wrong with you, and with any luck you should shoot well. A very good snipe shot, whom I knew, used to snap at the first two or three snipe if he was feeling at all nervy or jumpy, but that was in a place where there were plenty of snipe, and he could afford to let a few go.

A word as to dogs. To my mind, far and away the best dog for a man of moderate means is a good active spaniel of the springer type that will hunt and also retrieve. They will face briars, nettles and rough undergrowth, are clever and will go on all day. They will outlast a labrador or retriever and will to a certain extent do the work of a setter or pointer, by letting you know (by speaking to a pheasant, or by " feathering " keenly) that one of them is in the near vicinity. Some spaniels are very clever at sending game out of cover in your direction. Many of them are excellent at water. I have always liked shooting over good spaniels. I had one black dog called " Bang " who was as perfect as a shooting dog could be. On one occasion at a shoot the host, who liked a good dog, was standing near me at the end of a small spinney. I had shot a rabbit and also a cock pheasant. My host said : " Let me see how your dog works." I sent him towards the rabbit. He passed that over and brought in the pheasant and then returned for the rabbit. On another occasion I was lucky and shot two partridges right and left in some roots. " Bang " went to retrieve them. I came up to him and found him lying down

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with a dead partridge in his mouth. I took it from him, patted him and told him to fetch the other. He would not move for a long time, and when he did I found the other partridge, which was a "runner," underneath him. It was his way of dealing with a dead bird and a runner at the same time. (It is true, you unbelievers!) Spaniels are small, not much trouble in the house, and are most faithful companions.

Good pointers or setters are delightful to shoot over if you can manage to keep them and have enough work for them to do! I am sure that a red Irish setter is the best when trained, but like all red-haired creatures, including chesnut horses, they are inclined to be "hot" and difficult to train. It is as well to find out from your host whether he objects to you bringing a dog with you to his house. Dogs that are normally quiet at home will often make night hideous in strange surroundings. It is not always satisfactory to bring your dog with you to a friend's shoot. Your friend may have dogs of a jealous nature who look upon it as their right to retrieve all fallen game. It is, after all, their "demesne," and one has no right to complain, but when there are dogs of this kind you had better leave the retrieving to them, otherwise your dog may become embroiled with one of your host's dogs in a struggle for a bird, which leads to unpleasantness. I have had my spaniel knocked clean over by a large golden labrador who was trying to retrieve a bird before any dog could get to it. This puts your dog off and cramps his style, so that he ceases to function and take any further interest for the day. I once saw a remarkable example of a man's love for his dog. A friend of mine owned a black, curly-coated retriever called "Shaughan." Late one very cold afternoon in December he shot a duck, which fell into a lake. He sent his dog in after it, and in the effort he got into some weeds, was unable to go back or forwards, and was in a fair way to be drowned. With a shout, "He's drowning, he's drowning," his master slipped off his boots, plunged into the lake and rescued him, but only just in time! There was a thin coating of ice on the lake, and as the dog's master was well over fifty and a big, heavy man, it was a gallant performance.

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At a certain grouse shooting party in Scotland, a well-known sportsman from London was much surprised because certain members of the party did not answer to their names when he called to them. He accordingly inquired from a friend the reason for this apparent lack of interest on the part of his fellow guests. The reply was "Well, you see, these Lairds only answer to the name of the place where they live. For instance, Macpherson of Cluney answers to 'Cluney,' Maclean of Pennycross answers to 'Pennycross,' Fergusson of D— to 'D—,' Cameron of Lochiel to 'Lochiel.'"

"Oh! Thank you so much, I quite understand," said our friend. During the move to the next line of butts, one of the Lairds in question had occasion to call to him, but was given no reply. After this had happened several times, the exasperated Laird shouted "Damn it all, can't you hear me, I've been bellowing myself hoarse?"

"Oh, did you mean me?" said A., "but I'm 29, Green Street!"

A large covert shoot was in progress in a mining district, and a small "tail" of miners attached itself to each gun at the commencement of the beat, the number increasing and growing out of the bowels of the earth as the day proceeded; each "tail" betting freely with the next "tail" on each shot, and backing their particular gun to have the largest number when the game was counted at the end of each beat. The youngest member of the guns was not shooting well, and after two or three bad misses a Herculean miner came up to him and gently but firmly informed him, that he (the miner) had backed him, had already lost a lot of money, and that if he did not improve his shooting "he had a mind" to give him a "damn good hiding." This intimation did not encourage the nervous youth or improve his shooting.

On a certain sporting estate in Ireland there was a white hare, for which the superstitious natives had a great respect, and fancied it to be the reincarnation of a long-since-dead chieftain, known as the O'Sulivan. This old hare lived for many years, and before a shoot the guns were always warned not

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to shoot the white hare. Unfortunately on one occasion a member of the party, who was a stranger to those parts, did not hear the warning and early in the day shot the hare. Great was the excitement and consternation as the head-keeper held up the dead white hare, and solemnly proclaimed to the beaters "Boys, The O'Soolivan is dead!" Nothing would induce any of them to beat any more that day!

Finally, as an old sportsman once said to me: "When you go shooting there are four things to see to:—

1. Don't shoot anyone else.
2. Don't shoot any dog.
3. Don't shoot yourself.
4. *Do* shoot some game! And I can always do with a bird"!

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HOME AND DOMINION MAGAZINES.

The July "Army Quarterly" opens with the 1939 military prize essay by Major Barclay on the subject of inter-services co-ordination and co-operation. His suggestions are that a deputy Prime Minister for defence, having under him four departments dealing with the services, overseas forces, civil industries, and civil protection, should be added to the Government in peace-time, and that much greater attention should be paid to inter-Services co-operation in the realms of higher organization, combined staffs and training exercises. There follow a number of interesting historical articles, and then a highly thought-provoking paper by Brigadier Anstey on "Common Sense Applied to War." He lays down ten precepts, and discusses them, with a wealth of historical illustrations, in a refreshingly clear and vivid manner. An anonymous essay on "War Aims" suggests that, if war comes upon Britain, we cannot, for moral reasons alone, content ourselves with a purely negative war aim, any more than with purely defensive strategy or tactics, and that we should fight quite frankly for the abolition of dictatorship as a menace to world peace—an object that would unite the whole country as nothing else could.

Perhaps the most interesting item in the August "Fighting Forces" is the analysis by Dr. Hugh Dalton of the Labour Party's proposals for army reform. Readers of this will probably be pleasantly surprised to find how much of it they will agree with, and how little there is that can be really called objectionable after full consideration. Mr. J. M. Spaight foresees the future wresting of air supremacy by fighter aircraft and the reduction in importance of the bomber, in which event the air menace to civilization will shortly be a thing of the past. Another admirable air article is the Air

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Correspondent's "Spanish War Theme," based on the account given in an article by the American General Reilly of air co-operation with ground attack on a hostile defensive position, and concludes that in any future war with us a Continental power will use its air arm in that way or against our overseas trade, and not against civil targets, throwing the onus of instituting a policy of "frightfulness" upon Britain. Major Reynolds, fresh from interviewing a number of militia recruits about to embark on their six months of compulsory service, speaks most favourably of their physique, attitude of mind, and *morale*.

"The Tank Journal," as the magazine of the Royal Armoured Regiment has now been re-christened, contains an account of frontier war duty on the Sham Plain, near Bannu, in 1937, together with a number of historical articles on the Great War tank battles. An article on tank design pleads for more co-operation between those who build the vehicles and those who have to fight the vehicles thus built, and a paper on foreign tank doctrines discusses many points of interest in the ideas of French, German and Russian theorists, and pleads that the moral effect of tank action should not be lost sight of, for it is all-important.

The "Royal Artillery Journal" includes as its first item the Duncan Silver Medal Essay on future possibilities as regards artillery fire observed from the air. The author, Lieutenant-Colonel Hilton, proposes the formation of a "Flying Branch, R.A.," specially devoted to work of this nature. Colonel Shilstone discusses the question of A.A. layouts for the defence of vulnerable areas, and lays down three principles governing such a layout—a line of guns must be sited 5,000 yards in front of the area to be defended, a line of forward observer posts must be 13,000 yards ahead of the gun line, and there must be a line of searchlights 4,000 yards behind the observer line. On this basis the protection of base ports, fleets in harbour, and vital

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areas situated on the coast is likely to be a matter for air rather than ground defence. There are two useful articles on relief by air and on the Royal Malta Artillery, and a good selection of sporting and other lighter items.

The " Royal Engineers Journal " is rather more full of items of general interest than usual. Major-General Bond outlines the new organization of engineers, and Mr. Morton discusses the part to be played by economics in modern defence, particularly as regards economic mobilization, suggesting the institution of an Economic War Staff to work in close co-operation with the Services and deal with questions of allocation of man-power, plant and machinery and finance. There is a translation of an article in the German engineers journal on the Czech fortifications, which, it is interesting to note, were everywhere so incomplete at the time of the September crisis last year that only a few sectors had their full fighting value and the fall of one sector would have brought the collapse of the whole system. Major Davidson-Houston contributes an interesting account of his experiences in a visit to Soviet Russia.

The " Journal of the United Service Institution " includes a good account, with maps, of the year's war in China from July, 1938, to July, 1939; the author is of the opinion that the present conditions of stalemate will continue for another year, at least, before one side or the other begins to show signs of collapse. Light tanks and infantry co-operation, especially in frontier warfare, is discussed in a paper, which stresses the value of the former to the latter; the tank can provide a means of accelerating the forward movement of the infantry against resistance too strong for the latter to overcome, while in withdrawal it serves as a buffer and saves casualties.

In the "Royal Air Force Quarterly " the principal article by Dr. Sternberg discusses the war potential of Germany after her seizure of Czechoslovakia; the result, he says, has been some

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immediate increase in her resources for war, but no solution of her difficulties as regards food supply, raw materials, or petrol, the real key-notes of modern war. Moreover her activities have antagonized and alarmed the world, and made certain a great speed-up in the preparations for war of her possible enemies.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS

"Pat and Her Polo Pony." By Shirley Faulkner-Horne. 5s.

"Pat and her Polo Pony" is first a novel and then an instructional book on riding and polo. With the scene set in England, in the beautiful New Forest country, the story yet seems to be written with India as the real background and it is an Indian charm that decides the trend of events.

It is essentially a book for young people, but yet the care and deep knowledge of riding and polo which Miss Faulkner-Horne has put into her book would be of great interest also to the not so young.

Pat, as the heroine of the book, and trainer of her pony "Nala" to first-class polo, is a delightful character amid the other charming people of the Patterson and Newall families, and everyone will enjoy accompanying them through the pages of this very pleasant book. N.P.B.

"The Language of Sport." By C. E. Hare. (Country Life.) 7s. 6d. net.

Here is a vade-mecum for the sportsman and countryman; the author is to be congratulated on compiling such a work which will prove as enjoyable to read as it will prove equally invaluable as a reference.

The glossary of terms used in all field sports makes fascinating reading because the author gives in the majority of cases the origin of the term based on much historical research.

"Fishin', shootin', and huntin'" are all carefully treated and the devotee of each sport will be happy to dip into the pages of this admirable work.

It was a pity, however, that the author did not make use of the pamphlet issued within the past two years by the Royal

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College of Veterinary Surgeons dealing with the colours and markings of horses in order to obtain uniformity of description. The sub-committee appointed by the veterinary authorities in preparing a universal system recommended that the term "drappled grey" should be discontinued as it is of a seasonal nature only.

The author is not correct in describing a colt as a "young stallion up to three years (racehorses)." On the turf the term colt is used to describe a young stallion up to and including four years, and a filly is described as a filly up to and including four years. After four years the entire racehorse is described as a horse, and the filly is described as a mare.

Nothing has been left out of this book, which has a chapter devoted to the wild boar, pigsticking, and the Blue Riband of this sport in the renowned Kadir Cup.

It is very surprising that the publishers did not consider this altogether admirable work worthy of proper illustrations. One pauses at the origin of the word Mews, page 87—here was a subject indeed to illustrate, and one recalls the picture preserved in the Royal Mews, Buckingham Palace, depicting the Royal Mews as they once stood in the dim past where the National Gallery now stands. Here Henry VIII kept his hawks, and so the word mews is derived from the hawking vocabulary.

Undoubtedly the book to put by your guest's bedside, but rack it up securely with a head chain else it will depart assuredly in his baggage on the morrow as a memento of hospitality received. F.C.H.

"Racing England." By Patrick R. Chalmers. (B. T. Batsford, Ltd.) 12s. 6d.

Here is a capital book admirably written by one who has a very intimate knowledge of the turf spread over a number of years. One notes that the author witnessed Flying Fox being saddled for the Derby as a boy in 1899. Each chapter is devoted to one particular aspect of this vast subject as the title of the book would correctly lead one to expect. The history and origin of racing, and the foundation of the Jockey Club, are carefully

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recounted and these chapters are enlightened with quaint references and anecdote guaranteed to relieve the monotony of cold facts and ancient dates for the average reader.

Such pillars of the turf as "the Butcher of Culloden," Admiral Rous and his inseparable companion, George Payne, are all referred to—it might be of interest to note that the present scale of weight for age is founded on the scale published by Admiral Rous in 1873, with only slight subsequent revision and modification. Tregonwell Frampton appears as he naturally must in any book devoted to racing; trainer to three Kings and two Queens of England, he enjoyed the privilege of being alluded to by Queen Anne as "Guvernor Frampton."

I think, however, that "Mankato" has lifted the shadow of doubt regarding the alleged cruelty to his horse Dragon by this trainer of the King's "running horses." The stigma was caused by the anti-racing community in order to bring the turf into disrepute.

Jockeys, ancient and modern, are dealt with in a style suitable to their profession of speed and dash, and they gallop through the pages, but in a book of this calibre one would like to have seen more of Steve Donoghue (his name is spelt incorrectly in the index) the greatest jockey and horseman since Danny Maher. He appears, however, in an admirable frontispiece by the greatest of painters of equestrian subjects since Stubbs in A. J. Munnings. The reviewer recalls this fine canvas in the artist's studio—an outstanding picture. The book is superbly illustrated depicting racing England from every angle. Furthermore some fascinating pictures by Herring and Henry Alken are reproduced, and one must note the quaint print showing Newmarket in the 18th century with work on the gallops whilst a Royal coach trundles up Warren Hill.

One lingers in admiration of the racing silhouette taken obviously from Cuckoo Bottom at Lewes—such a sky and clouds are typical of this delightful training centre for "jumpers." On the other hand the picture of Minoru with his Royal owner recalls sadly the fate of this only winner of a Derby for a reigning sovereign of England. He was pole-axed by the Bolshevists

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in accordance with their diabolical scheme for the destruction of not only human aristocracy but also all pedigree stock in the equine world.

The publishers, Messrs. Batsford, are indeed to be congratulated for this decorative publication at such a reasonable price as 12s. 6d. The book will prove an ideal stable companion for another of this firm's publications in "Hunting England."

The reviewer has no hesitation in stating that "Racing England" will prove a most welcome addition for the Mess or Club library. F.C.H.

"Coldharbour." By Michael Cobb. (Selwyn & Blount.)

Most readers of the CAVALRY JOURNAL have doubtless read in the Journal, the stories which have appeared from time to time by Michael Cobb. This is a novel by him which deals with his dog and the derelict farmhouse he bought and did up for himself. You may think this is a dull subject, it is not, for the author's skilled pen makes it most amusing. The *nom de plume*, Michael Cobb, conceals the identity of a very distinguished cavalry soldier, and I have so often partaken of his hospitality at the bar of the Cavalry Club, that I felt I could not review the book with that impartiality all reviewers should have; so I gave the book to an old lady of 80 to read; "I liked it very much," she said, "I found it most amusing." But to make more sure I handed the book to an intelligent schoolgirl of 15. She told me that she had liked it terribly (she meant of course that she had liked it very much), but to make quite certain I asked a sophisticated young woman of 30 to read the book, "I thoroughly enjoyed your Michael Cobb book," she remarked, "and I was very much amused at the account he gives of when he was mistaken for the Blackpool Trunk Murderer." Well there it is; Christmas is approaching, and therefore you will be quite safe to buy this book for your great uncle and/or aunt, also for your great-nephew and/or niece.

This is just the book to read in your bomb-proof shelter during an air raid. F.A.N.

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"The Royal Deccan Horse in the Great War." By Lieutenant-Colonel E. Tennant. (Gale & Polden, Ltd.) Price 10s. 6d.

This is a history of two famous Indian cavalry regiments—the XX Deccan Horse and the 29th Lancers (Deccan Horse)—the two units being amalgamated in 1921 to form the Royal Deccan Horse. The author, who served in the XX Deccan Horse, gives, in a long summary, an account of the many campaigns in which they took part before the Great War. Seringapatam, the Pindari and Maratha War, Mutiny, Afghanistan, Burma and China are included in their Battle Honours.

The Regiments were raised from the Nizam's cavalry and have a long record of continuous active service in India.

The two Regiments arrived in France after the armies had settled down to trench warfare, there being little scope fer mounted units; nevertheless their record of trench fighting as infantry compares favourably with the best traditions of British troops.

Early in March, 1918, the XX and 29th together with other units of the Indian cavalry proceeded to Palestine—where they took part in Allenby's great drive to Aleppo, fully sustaining their early reputation and traditions.

Appendices give lists of British officers who served on active service with the regiments and the honours awarded during the Great War.

In an appendix the author describes the origin and evolution of the Silladar System.

Nearly one hundred and fifty years of magnificent service are contained in just under two hundred pages. S.J.P.

"Rabble in Arms." By Kenneth Roberts. (Collins & Co.) 8s. 6d.

"Gentleman Johnny." By Bruce Lancaster. (William Heinemann, Ltd.) 8s. 6d.

That these two books should appear almost simultaneously is a fortunate coincidence, both for the reader and for the muse of history. Dealing, as they both do, with Burgoyne's advance from Lake Champlain to the final *debâcle* of Saratoga—the first

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from the American, the second from the British, angle—they are complementary and serve, between them, to preserve a balance which might otherwise be a little lacking.

Both are marked by vivid writing and the authority which comes of conscientious but never obtrusive research; both present us with full-length portraits, the one of that born warrior Benedict Arnold, the other of that queer but engaging figure, "Gentleman Johnny" Burgoyne. Both these protagonists were "characters," and very well worth writing about; and if Mr. Roberts's study of Arnold appears to be a better likeness "in the round" than Mr. Lancaster's limning of "Gentleman Johnny," perhaps it is because the latter writer has narrowed his gaze to the study of the Burgoyne of this particular period, rather than taken into his consideration, and yielded to the influence and implications of, his life and prowess as a whole.

Burgoyne, maybe, was less of a "born soldier" than Arnold, but infinitely more of a complex personality; and one, moreover, to agree with Larmartine that nature is not made up of soldiers and civilians but of human beings. Which may explain why Mr. Roberts's task was considerably less formidable than that undertaken by Mr. Lancaster.

Hence the recommendation to read both books. Apart, they run a risk of giving a certain impression of incompleteness and one-sidedness; but taken together—like certain potent powders of which we wot!—a result may be apprehended which will prove entirely satisfactory. R.H.

"Clear Round." By Jill Farmiloe. (Country Life, Ltd.) 5s.

"Clear Round" is a book which should not be absent from the bookshelves of any lover of horseflesh. The clarity and ease of style with which it is written makes delightful reading and we can only feel sorry that Miss Jill Farmiloe has temporarily "retired" from the show-ring so that her "Diary" comes of necessity to a close.

Seagull, Mountain Lad and Firefly become creatures of strong personality under the simple and natural character-drawing of

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Miss Farmiloe's pen and we must regret that we are not young enough to ride and know them intimately as she has done.

Miss Farmiloe says "Clear Round" is not an instructive book. It probably never set out to be so but undoubtedly there is much we can learn about the art of riding from its pages, that to do so really well one must first learn to know all the tricks and fancies and understand the nature of one's horse. Most horses have quite a contempt for people who ride according to a set of rules and expect the best from their mounts nevertheless. They want to be understood; they want to give of their best to those who understand and are kind to them.

Miss Farmiloe's knowledge and love of horses are apparent throughout "Clear Round" and it is hoped she will add further to our bookshelves. N.P.B.

"When I was a Boy." By General Sir Ian Hamilton. (Messrs. Peter & Faber, Ltd.) 18s.

Some reviewers of this book hinted that they were surprised that a soldier could write so brilliantly, but all readers of the CAVALRY JOURNAL know well enough that General Sir Ian Hamilton is not only a master of the sword but also a master of the pen.

Sir Ian begins his story with his birth in 1853 and his life as a child at Hafton, by Dunoon, in the Highlands of Scotland. What a delightful life he and his brother Verecker had, free of an enchanting highland home. Of his mother he could remember but little, and his father was with his regiment, the 92nd Gordon Highlanders, a regiment of which Sir Ian Hamilton is now the Colonel; the two little boys were mainly brought up by their grandfather and delightful aunts. How well the author describes the feelings and thoughts of a young boy in a happy Scottish home. As everyone knows who has had the same experience, the real important people inside the house are the butler and cook, whereas out-of-doors it is the coachman and head gardener who really count, and housemaids are very nice, children are the real democrats, and live in a classless society.

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Out of this happy world the poor little Highland lad, was flung into the hurly-burly of an English private school, which even for 1863, was hard and onerous; poor little Hamilton had always worn the kilt, and did not know how to manage his braces, which made, as he writes, all the other boys feel like wise old men compared to him, which they prepared to demonstrate, as only little boys can. After Cheam came Wellington, a very different Wellington to what it was in my day (1900) and even more utterly different to what it is now. Then it was a new raw red brick building set in what was more or less desolate country. Benson was then headmaster, the future Archbishop of Canterbury, a stern disciplinarian, as Sir Ian was to learn, for the future General's back was usually striped like a zebra's.

Sir Ian now faced a serious problem, the system of purchasing commissions was about to be abolished; and there were, he knew, floods of candidates for army commissions, and the competition would be fierce. The author owns that he had learnt nothing at Wellington; so he was faced with the necessity of a crammer, neither his father or his relations imagined he had a hope of passing any examination, but a certain Captain Tendy, did the trick. There must be thousands who have known the thrill of hearing that their hopes have been fulfilled, and their anxieties allayed, by a successful examination; but there can be very few who could describe their emotions in the same brilliant way that Sir Ian writes of his feelings on 18th August, 1870, when he learnt that he had passed very well into the Army.

Before going to Sandhurst the author spent some months at Dresden in the house of General Dammers, a Hanoverian General, who had commanded the Hanoverian Army at the battle of Langensalza against the Prussians. It was the Germany of 1870, a pleasant Germany of kindly people, a Germany that Sir Ian admired and liked, alas very different to the Germany of 1939. From Germany the author went to Sandhurst; and later was gazetted to the 12th Suffolk Regiment, at that time stationed in Ireland; in this Regiment he spent his

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early soldiering days, until he was gazetted to the Gordon Highlanders, with which he has been so closely associated for over half a century. In spite of the adventures and successes of his later life, he always remembers with pride that he wore the roses of Minden in his head-dress.

It is only possible to touch the very fringe of this fascinating book, in the short space allotted to reviews in the CAVALRY JOURNAL. The book is packed with interest, and a host of characters pass in review ; Henriette, his governess, his laughter-loving father, Colonel Hamilton, of the 92nd, who was a great whist player (he lost quite a large sum of money at the game); Sir Ian's beloved brother Verecker; his aunts and uncles; the cruel sadistic headmaster of his private school; his crammer, a remarkable man, Captain Tendy; the dear old German General Dammers and his wife; the almost incredible Colonel of the Suffolks, Lieutenant-Colonel Meade Hamilton; and last, but by no means least, the little demi-mondaine who helped him to pass his French *viva-voce*; the author picked her up in the Burlington Arcade, told her of the ordeal he was about to undergo, and asked her to lunch; she gave him good advice, she told him not to wear his tie of Prussian blue, which would annoy the examiner, so bought him a magenta tie; true enough the examiner spotted it at once, and asked the future General to tell him all about the battle of Magenta, this Hamilton could not do but gave an expurgated edition of how his cousin had given him the tie, one can be sure it was a very amusing story, and Sir Ian deservedly passed high.

How amusing is his account of a Sunday in the Highlands or of how he failed to win the Sandhurst Point-to-Point, I should like to quote pages, but alas cannot.

It was with a sigh I closed this book, for some hours I had been able to forget Hitler, and Danzig, and live in those spacious years about 1870, when Britain was secure, self-confident and prosperous, and when people could face the near future with assurance.

This is a splendid book.

F.A.N.

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" Regent of Hungary." The authorized Life of Admiral Nicholas Horthy. By Owen Rutter. (Messrs. Rich & Cowan, Ltd.). 18s.

It is indeed a relief to find this outstanding work about such a very remarkable and striking personality in Europe to-day in contrast to the amount of literature of the decidedly left wing calibre which has inundated the bookstalls and practically monopolised the review columns of the press.

Biographers would have truly envied Mr. Owen Rutter in his fascinating task in portraying the life of such a character, who is indeed the personification of chivalry in the truest sense.

To-day Hungary is being watched by the argus eyes of the politicians and her terrain no doubt by covetous neighbours. Geographically her position is not enviable, particularly since the Treaty of Trianon, which in all its ruthlessness deprived her of her seaboard and mountain ranges for her frontier. Hungary further desires friendship with her Polish neighbours, with whom she linked hands last March in the snow-bound Carpatho-Ukraine mountains.

The role which she may fulfil in the future is not certain, but one thing is very definite and that is that Hungary will never consider any kind of liaison with the Soviet or a Communistic regime.

Admiral Horthy's career has been a remarkable one, just as his position to-day is without parallel in any country in the universe. For over thirty years, and until he was fifty, he was a naval officer. He emerged from retirement to become Commander-in-Chief of an army which he himself created in order to save his country from the diabolical influence of Red Russia, with its festering sores of communism ever ready to pollute the civilized world.

Having led his army to victory, in spectacular fashion mounted on his grey charger, wearing his naval uniform, against Bela Kun's Moscow adherents, he became Regent of Royal Hungary, which to-day has no monarch.

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Admiral Horthy never appears iu public in any other dress than that of an Admiral of a navy, which with the exception of patrol boats on the Danube, is non-existant. He has all the attributes of a sailor and his record and in his pursuits he is a counterpart of his former vis-a-vis in the late Admiral Beatty. He has been a good polo player and he has made his own ponies for the game. He has won numerous races and incidentally it is of interest to note that he broke his collar bone in Calcutta in 1893, when competing in a steeplechase. When well placed with the leaders his mount, loaned to him by a British officer, came down at the last fence.

Admiral Horthy possesses a great charm of manner which instantly puts one at one's ease, particularly as he is master of seven languages. Everyone who has the privilege of seeing him will carry away a never-to-be-forgotten impression.

One can easily visualise the Hungarians who are a race of breeding and natural dignity rallying round such a courageous leader and a very great gentleman.

Truly this is a book of outstanding calibre which should not be missed by the student of European affairs. The biographer, who is the Editor of the " Hungarian Quarterly," has portrayed the Regent's career with a careful regard for historical accuracy as his references will confirm, furthermore he writes ably and in keeping with his subject in a calm dignified tone and he has not allowed a natural enthusiasm for his subject to override his pen.

Undoubtedly historians will allot Horthy his rightful place, he is already guaranteed a high pedestal like the late King Albert of the Belgians, who also manfully weathered the storm through the trials and tribulations which beset his country.

The book will have a special appeal for readers of the CAVALRY JOURNAL for Admiral Horthy is devoted to horses. There is a delightful photograph of him amongst his bloodstock in the paddocks of his ancestral home, Kenderes.

F.C.H.

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SPORTING NEWS

POCOCK LONE SCOUT TROPHY FOR HORSEMASTERSHIP AND SCOUTING

THIS Trophy, sponsored by "M" Squadron of the Legion of Frontiersmen, Montreal, Canada, is for annual competition between members of the Non-Regular Horsed Cavalry of the British Empire and the Legion of Frontiersmen. It is named in honour of Captain Roger Pocock, the great horsemaster and scout, formerly of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and founder of the Legion of Frontiersmen.

The conditions require competitors to cover a course of 70 miles in not more than 24 hours, through unknown country, finding the way by map, every competitor travelling alone, accepting no assistance of any kind and bringing himself and horse in without unduly distressing either. Competitors have also to pass tests in compass-work and finding the way by sun and stars.

Full marks are : The Ride—Condition of man, 80 ; condition of horse, 120 ; scouting tests, 120.

Every commanding officer interested arranges the "heat" for his own unit, then sends a full report on it to the Supreme Committee in charge of the Competition, in Montreal, who examine the reports and adjudicate the winner.

In 1938, the first year of the Competition, the following regiments entered :—

Bihar Light Horse, Muzaffarpur, India.

17th Duke of York's Royal Canadian Hussars, Montreal, Canada.

Prince Edward Island Light Horse, Prince Edward Island, Canada.

There was a grand total of 15 competitors. The results were :

1st Sergt. (A/Sqn. Sergt. Maj.) O. H. M. Herford, Bihar Light Horse ; Score 320. Elapsed time for ride, 8 hrs. 12 mins.

2nd Tpr. A. J. Salisbury, Bihar Light Horse. Score 318. Elapsed time, 12 hrs. 37 mins.

3rd L/Cpl. R. Cyr, 17th Duke of York's Royal Canadian Hussars. Score 318. Elapsed time, 18 hrs. 5 mins.

4th Sergt. J. A. Stuart-Williams, Bihar Light Horse. Score 310. Elapsed time, 8 hrs. 44 mins.

5th Sergt. W. S. Caseley, Prince Edward Island Light Horse. Score 310. Elapsed time, 31 hrs. 30 mins.

The Adjutant, Bihar Light Horse, furnishes the following particulars regarding the winner and his mount :—

" Sergt. (A/S.S.M.) O. H. M. Herford ; aged 30 ; English ; about 5' 6½" in height ; very broad and powerful ; always in first-class condition and exceedingly keen in all sports—polo, pigsticking, etc. Rode with saddlery, etc., 15 st.

" Horse : Brown Australian gelding, ' Fat George ' ; 9 yrs. ; 15 hands 1¾". Plays polo regularly and is fairly useful pigsticker. Always in very hard condition."

Sergeant Herford, as required by the rules, wore service dress and equipment and used regulation saddlery. He carried as rations : toffee, curry puff, liver and partridge paste sandwiches, gin and lime juice, and as forage, the following: 3 lbs. crushed oats, 1 lb. gram flour, 1 lb. raw sugar, 2 handfuls of lucern. He reports :—

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" I cantered fast to begin with, doing the first 27 miles in 2 hours, having walked, leading the horse, for 2 periods of 10 minutes each.

" Rested 50 minutes for water and feed.

" Proceeded from here at a canter, walking and leading the horse for about 10 minutes.

" Rested again about 21 miles from the finish for a further 50 minutes and washed the horse down after it had drunk, fed with oats (2 lbs.) raw sugar (½ lb.) lucern and gram flour (¼ lb.).

" Cantered in the rest of the way, stopping once to give the horse a short drink and wash out its mouth and nostrils, after which I lead in hand for 10 minutes.

" I carried extra oats, gram flour and raw sugar for the horse and extra food for myself, which I threw away at the second resting-place."

Reports on heats run for 1939 must reach the Supreme Committee not later than February 28th, 1940.

Those interested may obtain copies of the rules by writing :—

The Supreme Committee,
The Pocock Lone Scout Trophy Competition for
Horsemastership and Scouting,
The Legion of Frontiersmen,
c/o Bank of Montreal,
Windsor Street Branch,
Montreal, Canada.

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Results of Cavalry Competitions, Australia, 1938-39

1st & 2nd MILITARY DISTRICTS.

Prince of Wales Trophy.

					Points awarded
2 Cav. Bde.	3 Tp.	"C" Sqn.	12 L.H. (Denman)	N.S.W.	487
4 Cav. Bde.	3 Tp.	"C" Sqn.	7 L.H. (Bombala)	N.S.W.	480
1 Cav. Bde.	4 Tp.	"C" Sqn.	2/14 L.H. (Kilcoy)	Q'land	458

Lord Forster Cup.

2 Cav. Bde.	2 Sec.	M.G. Tp.	15 L.H. (Kyogle)	N.S.W.	448
4 Cav. Bde.	2 Sec.	M.G. Tp.	21 L.H. Stockinbingal)	N.S.W.	349
1 Cav. Bde.	1 Sec.	M.G. Tp.	2/14 L.H. (Enoggera)	Q'land	334

3rd, 4th, 5th & 6th MILITARY DISTRICTS.

Hutton Trophy.

3 Cav. Bde.	3 Tp.	"A" Sqn.	8 L.H. (Tallangatta)	Victoria	392
Fd. Tps. 5 M.D.	2 Tp.	"C" Sqn.	10 L.H. (York)	W.A.	365
,, 6 M.D.	1 Tp.	"B" Sqn.	22 L.H. (Burnie)	Tasmania	333
6 Cav. Bde.	1 Tp.	"B" Sqn.	9/23 L.H.	(Orroroo), S.A.	298

Lord Forster Cup.

Fd. Tps. 6 M.D.	1 Sec.	M.G. Tp.	22 L.H.	(Ulverstone) Tasmania ..	362
3 Cav. Bde.	1 Sec.	M.G. Tp.	13 L.H.	(Sale) Victoria	341

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